

PHOTOPLAY

LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY
SCREEN
MAGAZINE

MOVIE MIRROR

10¢

JULY

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JUDY GARLAND
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
LOVE AND RITA HAYWORTH: The Story of a Daring Fight for Freedom

Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by charming brides!

HAVE YOU ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly... or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning... not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



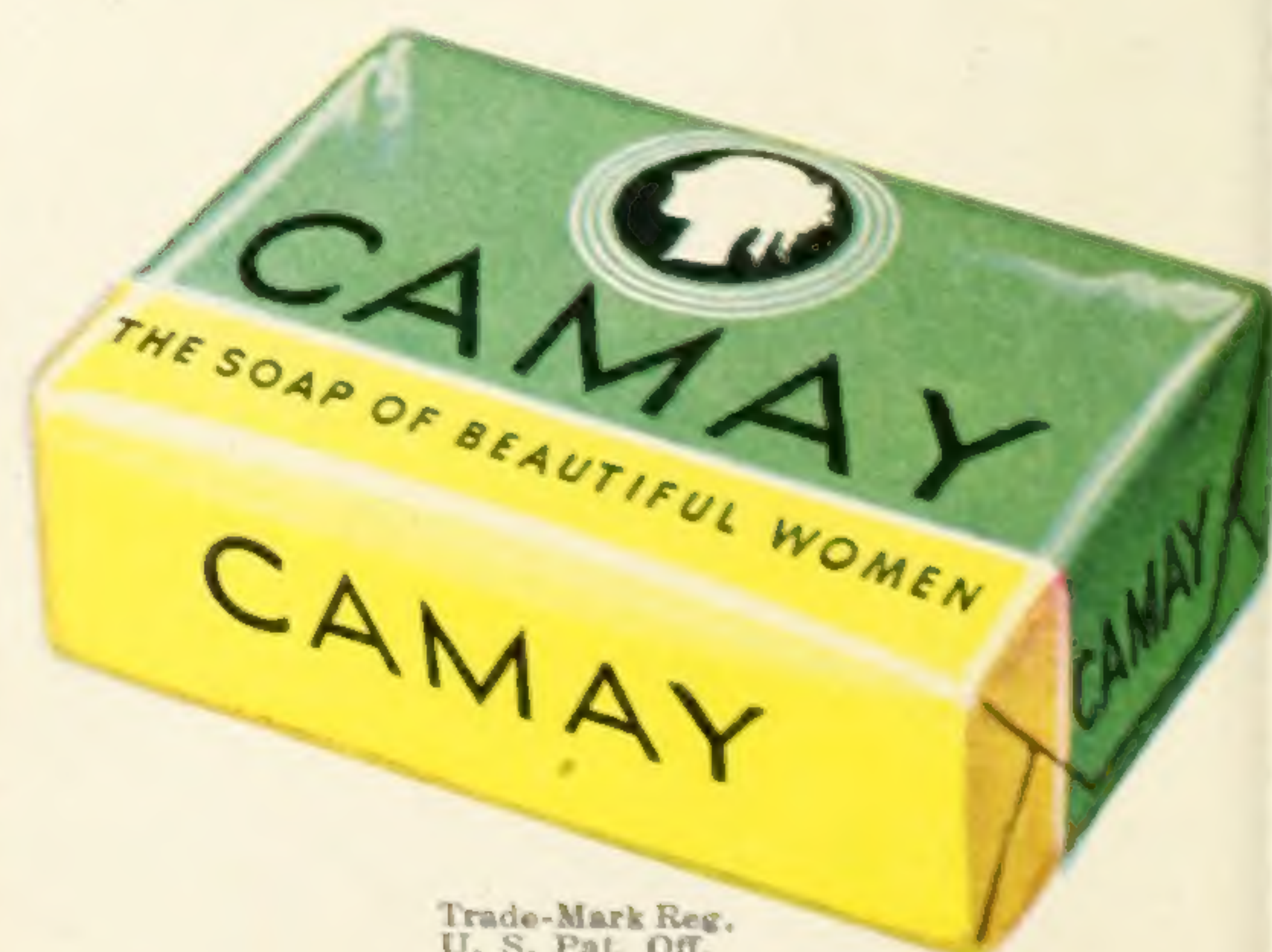
Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion!"



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



"All that . . . and You, Darling . . ."

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it—and came back.

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights . . . a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown" . . . and patting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, "Sure, she may have talent . . . but she's got something else, too!" he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible. And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it.* Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong . . . that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard?

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

The
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

**Published In
this space
every month**



**The greatest
star of the
screen!**

Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we're following in the footsteps of the eminent foreteller.



We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★
We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

Let us tell you about that preview.

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

But it was not certain what the public would say.

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job...

★ ★ ★ ★
That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver
had been perfection itself...

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting...



It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of “Big Parade”—had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

“Mrs. Miniver” had joined the big parade of the screen’s noblest.

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★
Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

— Lea

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE
MIRROR

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EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Dynamite with a girl or a gun!

ALAN LADD . . . the
new screen thunderbolt!

Veronica Lake
Robert Preston
in
"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"

A Paramount Picture with
LAIRD CREGAR · ALAN LADD

Directed by FRANK TUTTLE

Screen Play by Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett

Based on the Novel by Graham Greene

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Philip Dorn: It's not his fault



Jean Gabin: Boyer will laugh



Maureen O'Sullivan: She's happy at last

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THEY claim, around Hollywood, that it was Abbott and Costello who invented the slogan, "Keep 'Em Laughing" but the whole town has adopted that phrase now . . . and a mighty sharp idea that is, too . . . for creating laughter is distinctly Hollywood's dish . . . and behind the scenes in movie town, full many a thing is going on right now that is both wacky and wonderful. . . .

For instance . . . every day finds more young leading men gone . . . now Ty Power is in the Navy and Ronnie Reagan, right on the threshold of his most brilliant career after his wonderful work in "Kings Row," has been called to fill his cavalry reserve officer post . . . so the "older" lovers and the very young are being depended upon more than ever. . . .

Thus Twentieth Century-Fox is trying to cash in right away on the grooming it has been giving for more than a year to Jean Gabin, who is not young . . . and thus it was that after the preview of "Moontide," Gabin's first American movie, one famous reviewer turned to another and said, "Gabin's so good Charles Boyer's toupee is turning grey with envy" . . . typical Hollywood humor, that. . . .

Age is getting an inning, too, in the case of Monty Woolley . . . "The Man Who Came To Dinner" wasn't quite

the riot at the box office it was supposed to be, but Woolley was . . . the result is that he has more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of contracts waiting for him that he could take advantage of if he could only be in two places at once . . . for Broadway wants him for two plays and a musical and Hollywood wants him for four more films . . . so right now he's settled upon doing "Pied Piper" at Twentieth . . . but the interesting part of it all is that Woolley, beard and acting ability exactly as good as it is today, called round at every movie studio some four years ago . . . he was regarded merely as "a beard" then, not "the Beard" and while he played an occasional ambassador or some similar bit role, he never got a chance at a good part until the acid-etched role of *Sheridan Whiteside* put him across . . . which merely puts his story in that crowded file of other good actors who are ignored simply because they have never been properly cast. . . .

It's typical Hollywood politics that is booming the career of Philip Dorn, who has been allowed to languish too long since his outstanding hit in "Escape" . . . a brilliant actor, Dorn was unhappy but uncomplaining when he was wasted on a tiny bit in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" and his sin-

cerity and artistic conscience were revealed in the fine performance he lavished on that silly role . . . but the turning of the tide of fortune came when Warners tried to borrow him from M-G-M for two different pictures . . . result? . . . Metro's got him cast in five fine ones now. . . .

Also typical of this zany town is the fact that Metro could successfully kill Laraine Day from the *Kildare* pictures . . . in fact the *Kildare* film in which the *Doctor* had a new romance turned out to be the most successful . . . but they don't dare kill Ann Rutherford out of the *Hardy* series . . . and that presents a nice problem . . . for Twentieth Century-Fox has put little Ann under contract . . . so she'll have to be borrowed back on her original lot at a highly advanced salary . . . and what that actually proves to the wise Hollywood insider is that Ann is more popular with the public than Laraine Day is. . . .

AND then, by way of contrast, there are two such varied careers as those of Maureen O'Sullivan and Katharine Hepburn, both touched by today's conditions. . . .

After being tagged a flop and then getting into "The Philadelphia Story" and making that such a terrific stage and screen (Continued on page 23)

Glorious News
For A Glorious
JULY 4th!

THE FIRST TIME AT
POPULAR PRICES!



After one whole year
of acclaim, beginning
with the 4th of July
the price is reduced
for this greatest of
great pictures so that
all the U.S.A. can see
it—and celebrate!

GARY COOPER as

"Sergeant York"

Exactly as
shown at
advanced
prices

WINNER OF
THE ACADEMY AWARD
just one of the hundred
honors heaped upon it!



Presented with Pride by **WARNER BROS.** with
WALTER BRENNAN • JOAN LESLIE
GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION
Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandler and Howard Koch & John Huston • Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant York • Music by Max Steiner

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Unforgettable performances, unforgettable film: Ida Lupino and Jean Gabin in "Moontide"



Fire, humor, pathos: Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield in "Tortilla Flat"

✓✓ Moontide (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The regeneration of a wanderer and waif through love.

SEE Gabin! It's the watchword of the month and one that will echo right down through the months to the day the Academy Award is due again. If that day doesn't find a tousleheaded Frenchman accepting, with a very, very slight accent, a coveted Oscar, then some powerful performances will have to come out of Hollywood in the meantime.

We think this is the equal of, if not better than Monsieur Gabin's French pictures. As a gusty wanderer among the world's waterfronts who finally finds, to his astonishment, that he wants to settle down with the forsaken little waif, Ida Lupino, whom he has rescued from drowning, Gabin gives an unforgettable performance. Ida Lupino is the one and right choice as the girl and she rises to every demand of the character.

Thomas Mitchell, the evil barnacle who clings to Gabin, and Claude Rains, the philosopher, are very good. They are more than that actually. Both fit their roles like gloves. Or is it vice versa?

Your Reviewer Says: The sensation of the month.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Moontide
My Gal Sal
Tortilla Flat
Take A Letter, Darling

Best Performances

Jean Gabin in "Moontide"
Ida Lupino in "Moontide"
Victor Mature in "My Gal Sal"
Rita Hayworth in "My Gal Sal"
Robert Cummings in "Saboteur"
Spencer Tracy in "Tortilla Flat"
Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flat"
John Garfield in "Tortilla Flat"
Frank Morgan in "Tortilla Flat"
Fred MacMurray in "Take A Letter, Darling"
Rosalind Russell in "Take A Letter, Darling"

✓✓ Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)

It's About: Life and love in old Monterey.

HERE is a good picture. You'll like it because: 1, It has four wonderfully drawn characterizations in Spencer Tracy as a no-good loafer; Hedy Lamarr, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas; John Garfield as her subdued love; and Frank Morgan as the village miser.

You'll like it because: 2, It never goes overboard in theme or text; 3, It has fire, humor, drama and pathos.

Miss Lamarr has never given a better performance. The scheming, conniving no-good loafer lives and breathes on the screen under Tracy's underplaying touch. It's Tracy's best performance in a long time. Garfield is the most believable hot-tempered Danny you can imagine and, to our surprise, the usually befuddled Morgan brings a spiritual authenticity to his role of the village recluse who gives his all for his love for dogs.

There are so many beautiful, so many humorous, so many everyday things about "Tortilla Flat" one can't help but take it to one's heart.

Your Reviewer Says: All good things rolled into one package.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 102

✓✓ My Gal Sal
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The life story of a young American song writer.

FOR the first time on the screen Victor Mature proves himself an actor—an actor so good he actually becomes the man he portrays: Paul Dresser, the young song writer from Indiana who set Dad and Mother to singing "My Gal Sal" and "On The Banks Of The Wabash," tunes that are just as catchy now as they were in the gay days.

From his home on the farm, Vic flees a tyrannical father, takes up with a crooked medicine man, gets himself tarred and feathered, joins another traveling show, is seen by the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, who laughs at his hickish behavior.

Infuriated, Vic sets out to show Miss Smarty a few things. He does. In New York he finds Rita using one of his songs in her show and from then on, Vic, as Dresser, composes one hit after another and finally—but that's for your delectable enjoyment.

Rita is beautiful and performs delightfully. Carole Landis is very good as the show girl who befriends him, John Sutton very handsome as the producer and Jimmy Gleason excellent as the music publisher. But Victor steals most of the honors.

Your Reviewer Says: It will linger in the memory.

✓✓ Take A Letter, Darling
(Paramount)

It's About: A male secretary who subdues his woman boss with love.

CUTER than Christmas, gayer than New Year's, peppier than July Fourth is this entertaining two-edged sword that cuts the gloom (pardon the mixed metaphors) and lets the sunshine into your heart.

Rosalind Russell is a "hard-berled" woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. Only l-o-v-e hits our Rosalind in the midst of a campaign and when Fred ogles the blonde charmer that controls the product that wants advertising, Rosalind melts and jealously runs into the arms of the blonde's brother, MacDonald Carey.

It turns out well, though, with snappy dialogue leaping like candle flames from the screen.

Constance Moore is lovely as the blonde. Robert Benchley is seen here and there as Rosalind's partner.

Your Reviewer Says: Take a bow, darlings.

(Continued on page 99)

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum



WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.



After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!



Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

Eye-for-an-eye
look at George
Montgomery,
fiance Lamarr

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

* PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Brass buttons polished and grin in working order, Ronald Reagan went to the Military Ball with wife Jane Wyman. Claudette Colbert's dinner pal was Cesar Romero in his State Guard uniform

EVENTS OF THE MONTH: The Military Ball, held at the Palladium, was a huge success with practically every star in the industry scattered amongst the throng. Red Skelton and Mickey Rooney signed autographs until their cramped hands refused to hold the pencils. Marion Davies, who acted as hostess, was everywhere. Marion, who donated a hospital to the local State Guard (the party was a benefit for the hospital) deserves great credit for the success of the affair.

Rosalind Russell and her husband,

Fred Brisson, the Ronald Reagans (he in uniform), Irene Dunne looking too beautiful, Hedy Lamarr and Rita Hayworth on either side of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, with Hedy's devoted swain, George Montgomery, near by (so were Bud and Lou), Judy Garland with a carnation snood, Betty Grable and George Raft, and even Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, who seldom go social, were a few of the notables who attended.

It takes Hollywood to put on a show such as this. . . .

Jane Withers celebrated her six-

teenth birthday with a good old-fashioned hay ride. It took three wagons to carry the guests to Jim Jeffries' barn out Ventura Boulevard, with Jane and Leo Carrillo leading the parade on horseback.

The jitterbug contest at the barn was a riot. Bobby Jordan and Edith Fellows were the cutest pair there.

All in all it was a terrific party for young and old and Jane will never forget her sweet sixteenth birthday. . . .

The Victory Caravan, carrying some of the biggest names in the industry,

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

pulled out for its initial opening in Washington, D. C. A special train was chartered to carry Charles Boyer, Eleanor Powell, Rise Stevens, Laurel and Hardy, Desi Arnaz, Ray Middleton, Jerry Colonna, Bob Hope, James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Merle Oberon, Joan Bennett and many, many others, including orchestras and a glamour girl chorus.

The Caravan will visit thirteen cities in two and a half weeks, putting on a three-hour show of music, drama and comedy in the biggest available theater auditoriums.

The funds gathered will be added to the Army and Navy Relief Funds.

When it comes to charity on the grand scale, it takes Hollywood to come across!

A Few Facts About Interesting People: Desi Arnaz, Cuban husband of Lucille Ball, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Cuban Reserves and is subject to call any moment.

Don Barry has been granted two billings. He'll be known as "Red" Barry in his Western films and Donald M. Barry in his big feature roles. Don, who is one of those rarities—a fine actor, as well as cowboy star—is his own worst enemy when it comes to cocksure conceit. Too bad, too.

Ruth Hussey has lost fourteen pounds on the strangest diet yet. When Ruth wants sweets she eats nothing but sweets and one starch means a whole meal of starches, etc. You should see that figure.

Myrna Loy is obtaining a Reno divorce from husband Arthur Hornblow.

Clark Gable will lend his talents toward making Defense shorts for Uncle Sam as well as pictures for M-G-M.

Bette Davis's feverish restlessness has driven her from house to house until now Bette is living in an amazingly modest bungalow in a most unfashionable canyon. Why? Nobody in Hollywood can figure it out.

He Had to Open His Big Mouth: Joe E. Brown is back in Hollywood from a thirty-three-day tour of our Alaskan camps, outposts, gun positions and bases. Up in the land of ice and snow his name will never be forgotten. It will keep pretty fresh in the hearts of those lonely kids, too, no matter where they go in this world-wide war.

Joe E. was the first and only bit of entertainment that had come their way in many long months and maybe those fun-thirsty kids didn't gulp it down. What's more, Joe E. ignored all restricting red tape and went on his own initiative.

WHAT DID HE MEAN... "SEE PAGE 9"?

HE WANTED YOU to read this ad, my dear... it's his way of telling you love will die, *unless* you learn the feminine secret of "double-protection" against offending! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap! Discover "double-protection" in your bath—right now, with one soap that's truly gentle and fragrant...

UMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS! HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth... subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super-sensitive*, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart...get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Bill Holden, who's wearing a uniform now, has a last look at a Lux broadcast with Ray Milland and Veronica Lake



Little Foxes Anne Shirley and Deanna Durbin make things pleasant for escorts of the Ciro's evening Craig Stevens (left) and Henry Wilson (right)



Fun at the VACS Fights: Loretta Young, beribboned beauty, comes to look at husband Tom Lewis



his dad Bing and friend Bob Hope. When Gary gets bored he breaks out in song and from then on Bing and Bob are minus an audience.

"We have orange trees for orange juice in our back yard," a little neighbor boy taunted little Johnny Farrow, three-year-old son of Maureen O'Sullivan Farrow. "And we've a lot of lemon trees to make lemonade," he went on. "Well," said little Johnny triumphantly, "we've got an olive tree for martinis."

Robert Young and his little daughter Barbara were out riding when a low-flying plane caused the horses to shy. Instantly Bob was off his horse and at Barbara's side. For a moment she gazed at him wide-eyed and then said, "That's right, Daddy, you come to me when you're scared. I'll protect you."

Mickey Keeps Grinning: Let me tell you this—Mickey Rooney's bride, Ava

(Continued from page 9) A touching story was told Cal that concerns Joe E. (Hollywood's ambassador of good citizenship) and the people, five whites and a few hundred Eskimos, of Gambell, a tiny town on a far Alaskan outpost, a town never before visited by a celebrity. With quiet dignity an Eskimo leader read to Joe E. their proclamation that henceforth March seventeenth (the day of his arrival) would be known as Joe E. Brown day and declared a holiday. That's what his visit meant to them.

There were tears in the eyes of this man Hollywood knows as a clown

when the proclamation was read. Tears in his eyes and heart. He came home and made a proviso in his will, Joe E. did. When he is gone, his children will carry on the tradition of sending greetings each March seventeenth in the name of Joe E. Brown to the citizens of Gambell.

Much good comes out of Hollywood. And a large portion comes from the wide mouth and open heart of a man named Brown.

Our Kiddies' Corner: Littler Gary Crosby is stealing the thunder from those charity golf matches put on by



Randy Scott gets a Ciro's earful of what's news in the Army from U. S. soldier Burgess Meredith

Gardner, is much prettier than her pictures have her. We thought so the first time we saw her and last week on the "Me And My Gal" set we decided she was much, much prettier and daintier. Ava had come on the set to return a pair of earrings she'd borrowed from Judy Garland. The girls are very good friends and love swapping recipes. Mickey and Ava are very happy in their modest little apartment and Mickey shows no regret at having given up a spacious big home to live in a few rooms.

Oh yes, it's love all right. M-G-M found that out when Mickey refused to remove the wedding band from his hand during his picture, "A Yank At Eton." Which reminds us of a very funny thing that happened on that set. Before Mickey married Ava he had courted Tina Thayer, who now plays a role in the picture. Maybe the proximity of ex-girl friend Tina embarrassed Mickey, but for one scene Tina was supposed to say to Mickey:

"Don't you know about shipboard romances? They are ephemeral things."

After pondering a moment Mickey is supposed to reply: "It all depends on how you look at it. To me this isn't one of those epher—what you said things."

However, Mickey got his tongue twisted over the words.

He blew the first part of the speech and then, half sheepish, half annoyed, he finished up loudly:

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS
HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING
HER "ONE NEGLECT"



1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.



2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."



4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I happy!

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL.—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact. SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

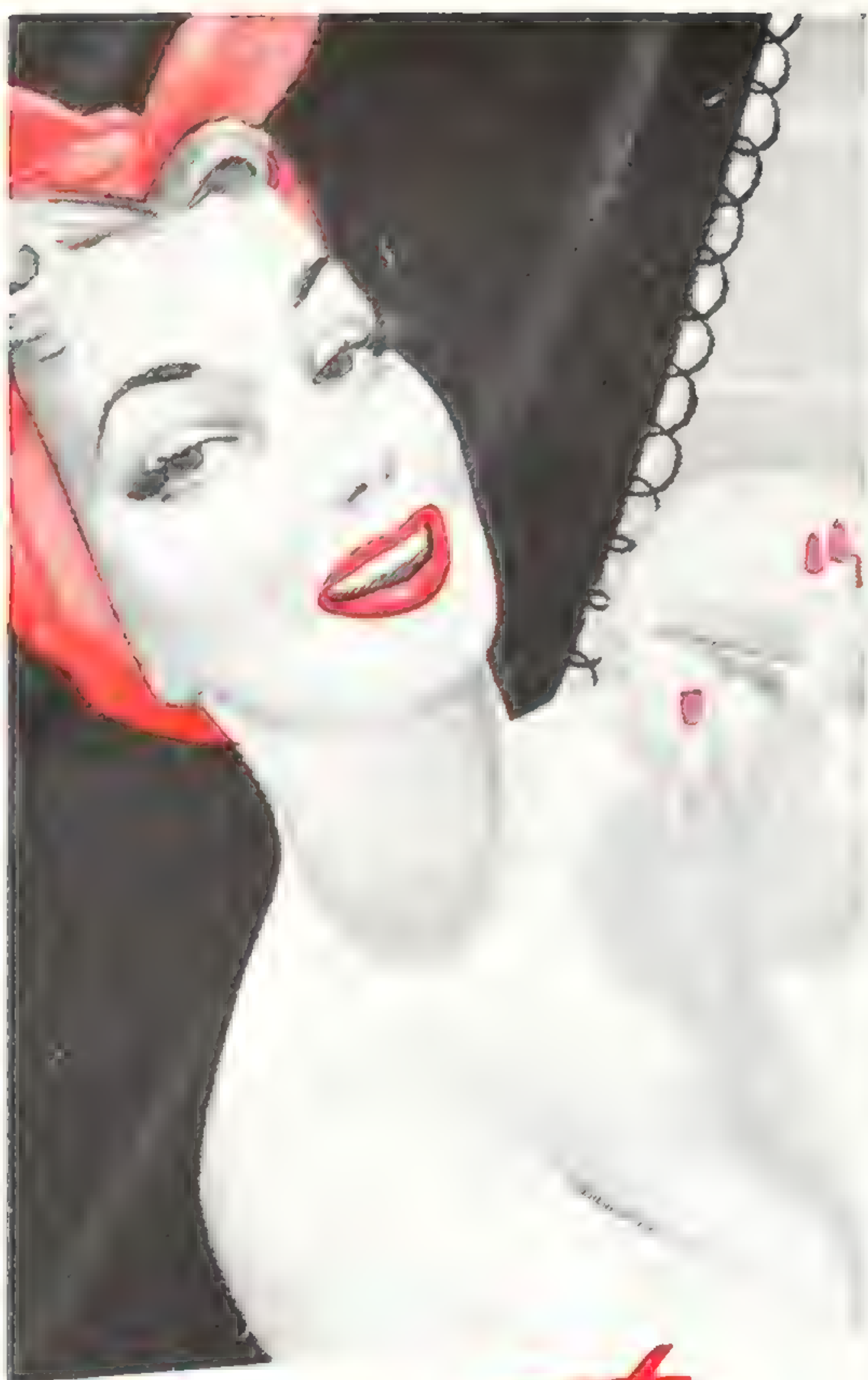
Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Co., Inc.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-742. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.



Moment of Luxury

**WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM
OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!**

COMPARE Cashmere Bouquet Talcum with others you've used! Note the silky feel, the total absence of grit. That's because Cashmere Bouquet Talcum is finer—made to face-powder standards.

COOL AS STARDUST, it falls on your skin; dries lingering moisture; leaves a satiny, protective film so soothing to sensitive areas that chafe easily.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX, you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your person "the fragrance men love." No whisper of perspiration staleness to brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations



Why boys like the morale-building business: Joan Bennett helps entertain the Army at one of the AWVS canteens

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

"To me, this isn't one of those big fat ephemeral things!"

It was so unexpected that the whole company broke up in laughter.

Yes, he's the same old Mickey and marriage has only made him faster on the comeback.

Inside Tidbits: Feuds between women stars are bad enough, but the extent of the mad-on between Betty Grable and Victor Mature, with Betty dressing down Vic on the set 'til the rafters ring, is really something. One particular Grable outburst was returned by Vic with the quiet words: "You should learn how to behave from Carole Landis." And then all Hades broke loose, for Betty isn't particularly fond of Landis, either. For a few more details of the "mad," see page 56.

Charles Boyer is smarting a bit under the fact that Jean Gabin is almost accentless in his very first picture. "Moontide," after less than a

year in America, whereas Mr. Boyer still speaks thickish English, to say the least.

When Gabin arrived he could say only "hello" and "go to hell," which some kind soul assured him meant "good-by." Wait, we say, not only 'til you hear Gabin's splendid English but until you get two big eyefuls of that Frenchman's acting. Put Cal down right now as saying next year's Academy Award will be received by a tousle-haired gentleman with a very slight accent. And we don't mean Jerry Colonna, either.

The fact Annie Sheridan and her husband, George Brent, were obviously quarreling while out to dinner the other night doesn't mean a break-up in that marriage exactly.

You'll remember Annie and George did quite a bit of quarreling before marriage and that didn't prevent a wedding, did it? Why should such fracas now mean a divorce, for heaven's sake?

If you don't believe that

You can look as smart as a star

for \$6.98, \$8.95 or \$12.95

See page 62!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror's
NEW FASHION CLINIC

The Bride Wore—What? While thousands of little brides-to-be were flying about collecting dainty finery for their trousseau, the loveliest of them all, Hedy Lamarr, was buying up bright green, red and orange satin cowboy shirts. Yes sir, luscious Hedy Lamarr has gone cowboy with a bang since her romance with former cow-hand George Montgomery, and insists hers will be a real out-West wedding with both her and George dressed in Western garb. Can't you just see Hedy in a red bandana with a banjo on her knee? Or is it a "git-tar" these modern cowboys play?

If Hedy is already married by the time you read this you can ignore the rumors that flew about to the effect that the pair wouldn't wed because once the lasso was tied Hedy would be liable for George's eleven dependents, which would relieve George for active service. You know how these rumors are.

Another report had Hedy planning a double wedding with her dear friend Margaret Woods, an M-G-M wardrobe girl who is engaged to Lt. James Jennings. At any rate, Hedy will act as bridesmaid for Margaret when she does wed.

Meantime, George is giving Hedy lessons in riding and declares she's a natural-born horsewoman. And can't you picture Hedy cantering along the bridleparks in a green satin shirt?

Yippee, cowgirl!

Thisa and Thata Dept.: When Victor Mature heard the loud and favorable reaction from the critics to his performance in "My Gal Sal," he

A new husband toasts a new wife: Wedding-reception view of Paul Douglas, radio announcer, and Virginia Field



YES, JANTZEN . . . and everything you need to make you glamorous while swimming . . . very uplifting bra, waist-trimming, hip-slimming, tummy-smoothing foundation control . . . stunning, sunning necklines . . . glorifying fabrics . . . exciting colors . . . in a word, everything. Knit with "Lastex" yarn they hold their line, lift, loveliness, through sun and water. "Bali-Batik" (left) fascinating new knitted pique 5.95 . . . (right) "Softie"—"featherwool" sleeker 7.95. Other models 4.95 to 10.95 at leading stores throughout America.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

AVOID LIPSTICK PARCHING



USE
Sub-Deb

Your lips dominate your face; *don't* let them grow chapped and broken and parched.

Make friends with "Sub-Deb"—a treasure of a Lipstick that actually promotes silky softness—while giving you glamorous color! Yes, Coty blends a special, softening ingredient into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. Today, change to "Sub-Deb." Keep the glossy sheen that smart lips—sweet lips—must wear! \$1.00 or 50¢.



TRY MAGNET RED

Clear, thrilling red—so smart—so universally flattering! Other high-fashion colors in the brilliant Coty 9-shade collection:

GITARE

bright "gipsy" tones

BALI

luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA

lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE

ultra-chic "Latin" red



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Look hard at this hay-ride party and you'll find Jane Withers, Gene Reynolds, Bobby Jordan, Edith Fellows and Freddie Bartholomew tuning up on Jane's birthday

immediately launched a campaign to have the title changed to "Our Boy Victor." Hunk-of-Man's antics are like a beacon in a blackout to Hollywood. For instance, the town went into hysterics when Vic actually hired a woman gardener. Vic says he's so allergic to men he has to have a blonde cultivating his Victory Garden. . . .

Brenda Marshall (Mrs. William Holden) and Jane Wyman (Mrs. Ronald Reagan) are forming a war-widow club in Hollywood now that their husbands have left for camps. Why not such a club in your home town? Brenda and Jane will think up schemes to promote War Bond sales.

The beaux of Donna Reed, the Iowa farm beauty who made such a hit in "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy," have

to have the little starlet in early because that's the rules of the Studio Club where Donna lives. . . .

For the first time in her life Garbo actually paid a neighborly call upon her across-the-street neighbor, Paul Henried. You could have knocked the young Austrian actor over with a feather when he found the silent Swede on his doorstep. Seems they had mutual friends in Europe Greta was anxious to hear about. . . .

The recent blackout found old Cal deep in the heart of "Juke Girl." The press was crowded into a Warner Brothers projection room when the lights went out and everything turned very black indeed. But quite nonchalantly we all paraded downstairs and into one of the studio's very swanky air-raid shelters where for



Three who knew each other when greet each other now: Bill Boyd, Jack Holt and Richard Dix at a luncheon in honor of Cecil B. DeMille

two hours we were out of touch with the world.

Bob Hope was way up in suburban Azusa about to receive the keys of the city at a Bob Hope banquet. In the midst of things the whole town went black, of course, and Bob says he finally came out of it with a key to the back door of Pomona. And oh, how they *don't* love Robert in Pomona!

NOTICE—MacDonald Fan Clubs: Jeanette MacDonald has just received word from her enormous English fan club that the money formerly used for stamps and photograph requests is now being given to the Red Cross. They wondered if Jeanette minded.

Far from minding, Jeanette is so pleased she asks us to pass the word along to all her fan clubs, expressing her pleasure at the idea. Cal feels other stars may have the same reaction. Why not write your favorites and find out?

Live Alone and Like It: Eighteen-year-old Linda Darnell has moved into her own tiny apartment and has gone into the business of housekeeping with all her young heart and energy.

There is no servant waiting for Linda upon her return from the studio with warm food ready and served. Linda hustles up her own and does a good job of it at that, especially at broiling steaks and chops. On Sundays Linda visits with her family who agreed the only solution to a crowded household and to the quiet Linda must have when making pictures was the separate home idea. Linda felt her early rising at 5:30 and retiring at 9:30 was too much strain on the family's daily life.

And then, think how glad everyone is when Sunday rolls around again.

Hearts and Flowers Corner: Actor Richard Ney is the happiest young man in Hollywood since Greer Garson has become his dinner partner. The two are seen everywhere together. . . .

Cutest twosome in town is Ray MacDonald and Betty Jane Graham, Judy Garland's close friend. With Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Betty and Ray are once-a-week patrons of the Vine Street bowling alley that features Mike Riley's crazy band—the one that throws things at the customers. Lana Turner walked in the other night just in time to receive a custard pie in her beautiful face. The amazing thing is—no one gets mad. Maybe these Hollywood kids are setting a good example of how to keep good-humored to some of the older stars who need it. . . .

It's still John Payne and Sheila Ryan despite the fact John escorted

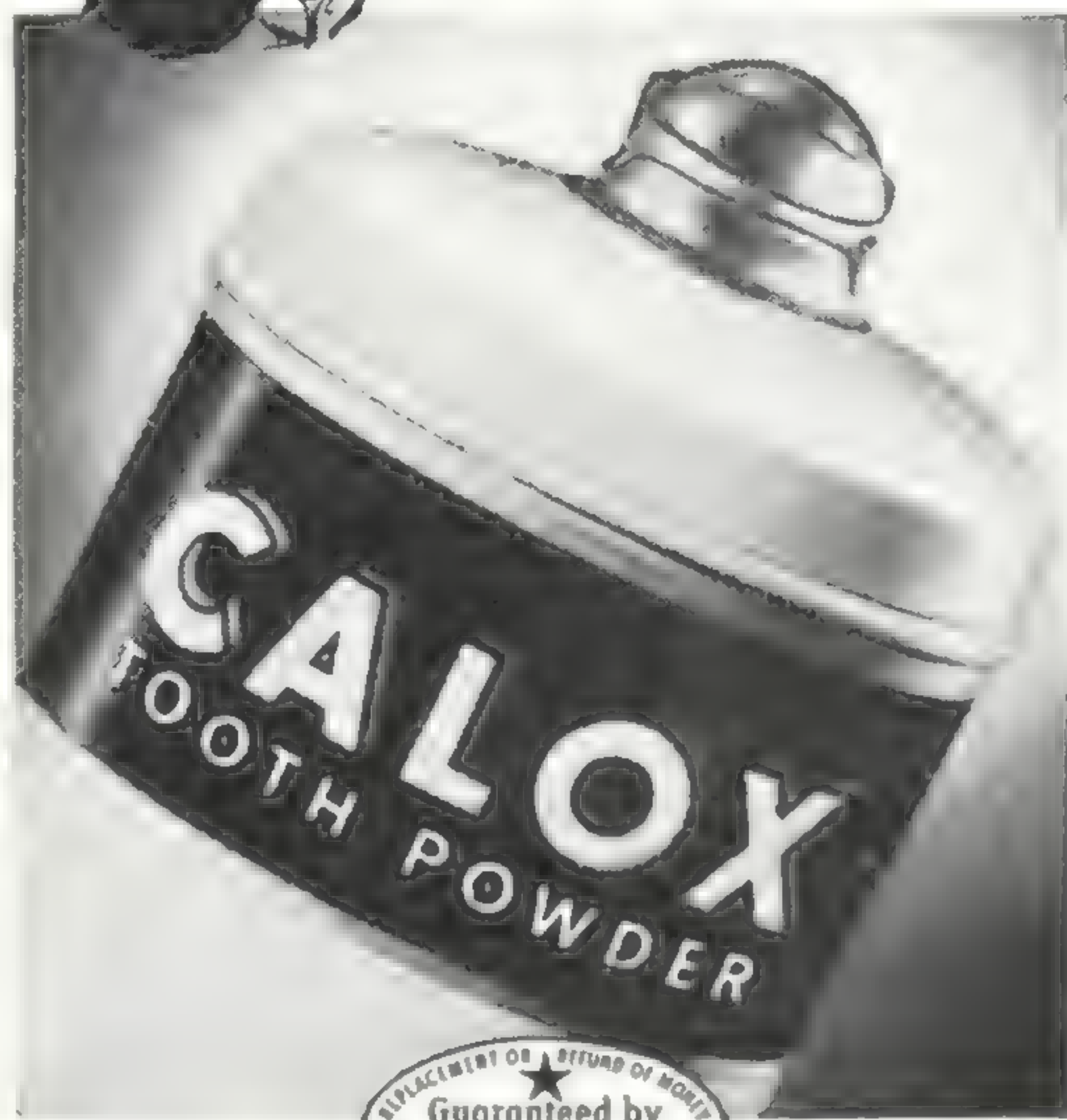
"In Hollywood, YOU GOTTA HAVE POLISH!"



Joel McCrea says: "Even when an actor's role is that of a diamond in the rough, everyone expects his teeth to be well polished!" With screen standards so high, it's a mighty fine tribute to CALOX TOOTH POWDER that so many stars use it.

Two ways to WHITENESS

*your dentist follows both!
so can you—with Calox*



Notice your dentist's technique when he gives you a dental cleaning. First, he thoroughly cleans your teeth. Then, and only then, does he polish them.

In your home care why be satisfied with less than BOTH cleaning and polishing, when you can get Calox?

Calox gives you five special ingredients for cleaning and brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, removes deposits, cleans off surface stains. And with every stroke Calox polishes, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear, and natural lustre . . . In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox Tooth Powder for your smile!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



**"POUR
YOURSELF
a pair of
STOCKINGS"**

... with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the same sleek, streakless leg make-up that English girls have been "going wild about" ever since silk hosiery disappeared for the duration.

This "wonder" product gives stockingless legs real eye-catching glamour, imparting the same velvety-smooth attractiveness to the legs that it does to the face, neck and arms.

Smooth it on in a jiffy . . . you'll find that it's comfortably cool, looks like sheer silk and won't rub off. It's waterproof, too!

Just "pour yourself a pair of stockings" today with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP . . . and forget runs, the high cost of silk stockings and all the other war-time hosiery headaches.

Ask for the special hosiery shades—*Rose Beige* and *Golden Mist*.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it!.. Try it!.. You'll love it!

**MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP**

50c, 25c and 10c at cosmetic and hosiery counters everywhere



For an exquisite all-day powder base or for harmonizing face and leg make-up . . . use one of these flattering shades:

Peach • Rachelle • Brunette
Suntan • Hawaiian • Nut Brown

©1942, Miner's, Inc.



By popular request: Mr. Cary Grant stands up to spread sunshine for his applauding fans at the charity fights

Same place: Milton Berle shares grins for the winning side with Eddie "Rochester" Anderson. Mrs. Anderson at right



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Kay Francis to the Military Ball. There is such a thing as studio politics, you know. . . .

George Holmes, former Texas football star and now a Hollywood actor, is Linda Darnell's newest escort. George has booked up all the free nights Linda has, which aren't many when she's working for the next three months. . . .

Teresa Wright, who was so good in "The Little Foxes" and is now playing Gary Cooper's wife in "Pride Of The Yankees," will probably be a wife in real life by the time you read this. Teresa is engaged to dialogue director Niven Busch. . . .

Priscilla Lane, for all she's been reported seeing her old Victorville beau, John Barry, is pretty happy with Lieutenant Joe Howard, so we understand.

Hello, Tomboy: How's about it, girls? Are you really a tomboy at heart? Well, don't worry about it, for some of our biggest glamour girls were once freckled-faced female hoodlums. Down in Texas, Ginger Rogers was the leader of her gang and so active her own name of Virginia

was discarded in favor of Ginger, which suited her to a "T." Claudette Colbert refused to play with the little girls in her neighborhood and at nine was the crack swimmer of her community and the only girl on her brother Charles's soccer team.

Hair-over-one-eye Lake was always a tiny kid, but in Lake Placid, N. Y., they still refer to her as Tomboy Keane. Veronica's real name was Constance Keane. Veronica says she got more trouncings at home for climbing telephone poles than she got in school for shooting paper wads. Even cool and beautiful Madeleine Carroll confesses she was a member of the home-town hockey team and Myrna Loy claims she could throw a harder and meaner snowball than any kid in Montana. Mary Martin never had a saw or hammer out of her hands when she was a kid deep in the heart of Texas, clap, clap, clap, and tore down fences just so she could nail them together. Priscilla Lane was a barn climber and fell off the roof a good half-dozen times.

So don't despair, mothers, if Sue or Sal is a rip-snorter. It takes a lot of pep to make the grade today!

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Out-West Boys Go South: Whoopee, Cal goes cowboy for the sake of the Marines. Figure that one out. It happened the Sunday before Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette, the funny man in all Gene's pictures, left for Eastern personal appearances. Gene was going down to San Diego to visit his brother Dudley of the Marines and put on a show for the boys, assisted by Smiley who kills 'em with his monkeyshines. So Cal was invited to go along.

We rolled along in a three-car caravan, Gene, his wife, sister and Mary Lee in one car; Cal, Smiley and his two-man troupe in another, and the Melody Ranch boys in the third, leaving right after Gene's afternoon broadcast.

You never saw boys happier to see Hollywood folk than those Rifle Range Marines who whooped at Smiley and cheered Gene's songs. Afterwards we all had special supper in the big mess hall and then wandered through the enormous kitchens. Smiley almost got lost in the huge potato masher and had to be dragged out backwards.

When it comes to downright genial fellow-to-fellow friendliness you've got to hand it to these Western players. Seems they knows just how to reach every boy's heart. And as long as there's a heart beating for Uncle Sam, Gene and Smiley will reach 'em.

Cal's Answers to Your Questions: The original Navy Blues Sextette is still in Hollywood, but Peggy Diggins is the only one to remain at Warner Brothers. Lorraine Gettman, Marguerite Chapman and Georgia Carroll are at Columbia Studios; Claire James is married to director Buz Berkeley; and Kay Aldridge is Republic's new serial queen.

Bob Stack is not in the Army due to a knee injury. Yep, you're right. It does place young Mr. Stack in an embarrassing position indeed, especially since he has no dependents.



Fink's flash bulb picks off another celebrity at the fights: Margaret Sullivan. Admirer is husband Hayward



*Glide into
his Heart*

Flower-Fresh the Arthur Murray Way ... USE ODORONO CREAM

• In his arms, gliding to sweet music... don't let the magic of the moment escape! Guard your precious appealing freshness the way glamorous Arthur Murray Dancers do—with Odorono Cream! They often dance ten miles a day without a moment's fear of disillusioning underarm odor or dampness.

Be glamorous, too! See if gentle Odorono Cream doesn't stop perspiration safely for *you*—up to three whole days at a time! Non-greasy, non-gritty, no waiting to dry. And it will not rot your most fragile frocks. Follow directions. Get a jar—begin today! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York



Jean Bjorn,
Nassau teacher, holds
partners entranced by
her exquisite daintiness.

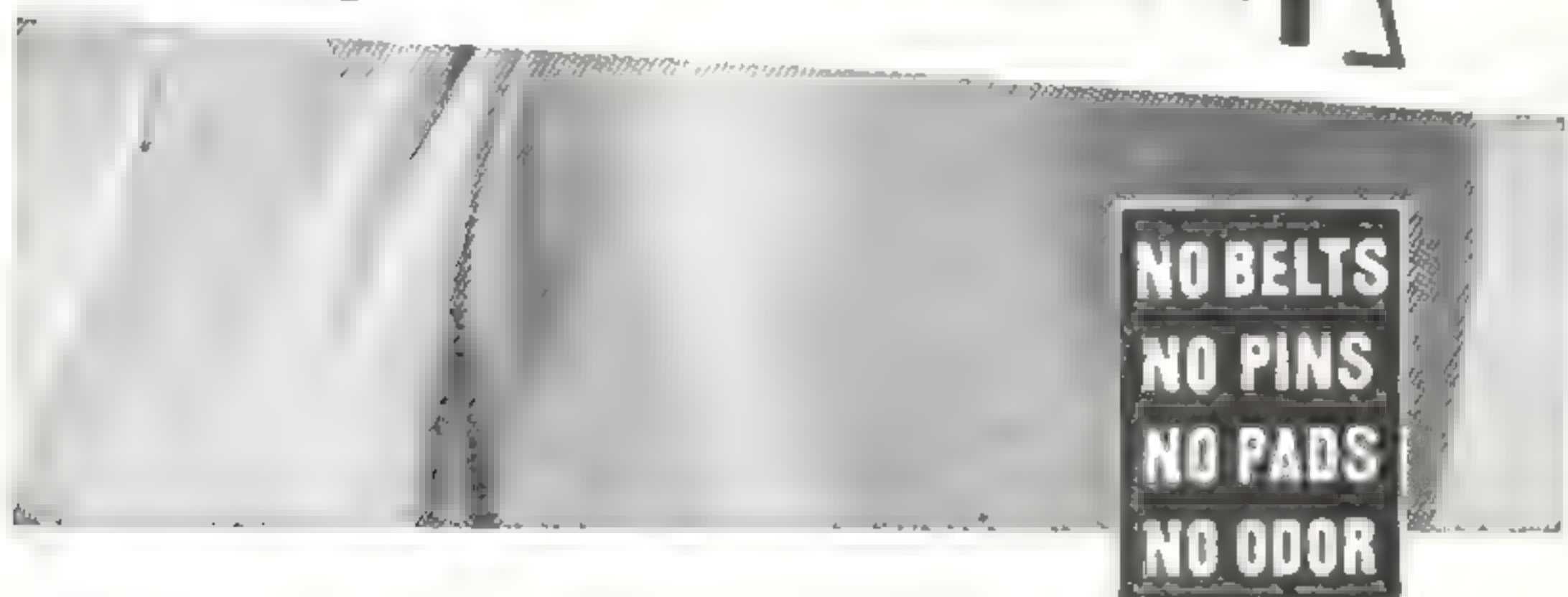


Stops PERSPIRATION
SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN



TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE [worn internally]



PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and *use Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and “the girls at the office.”

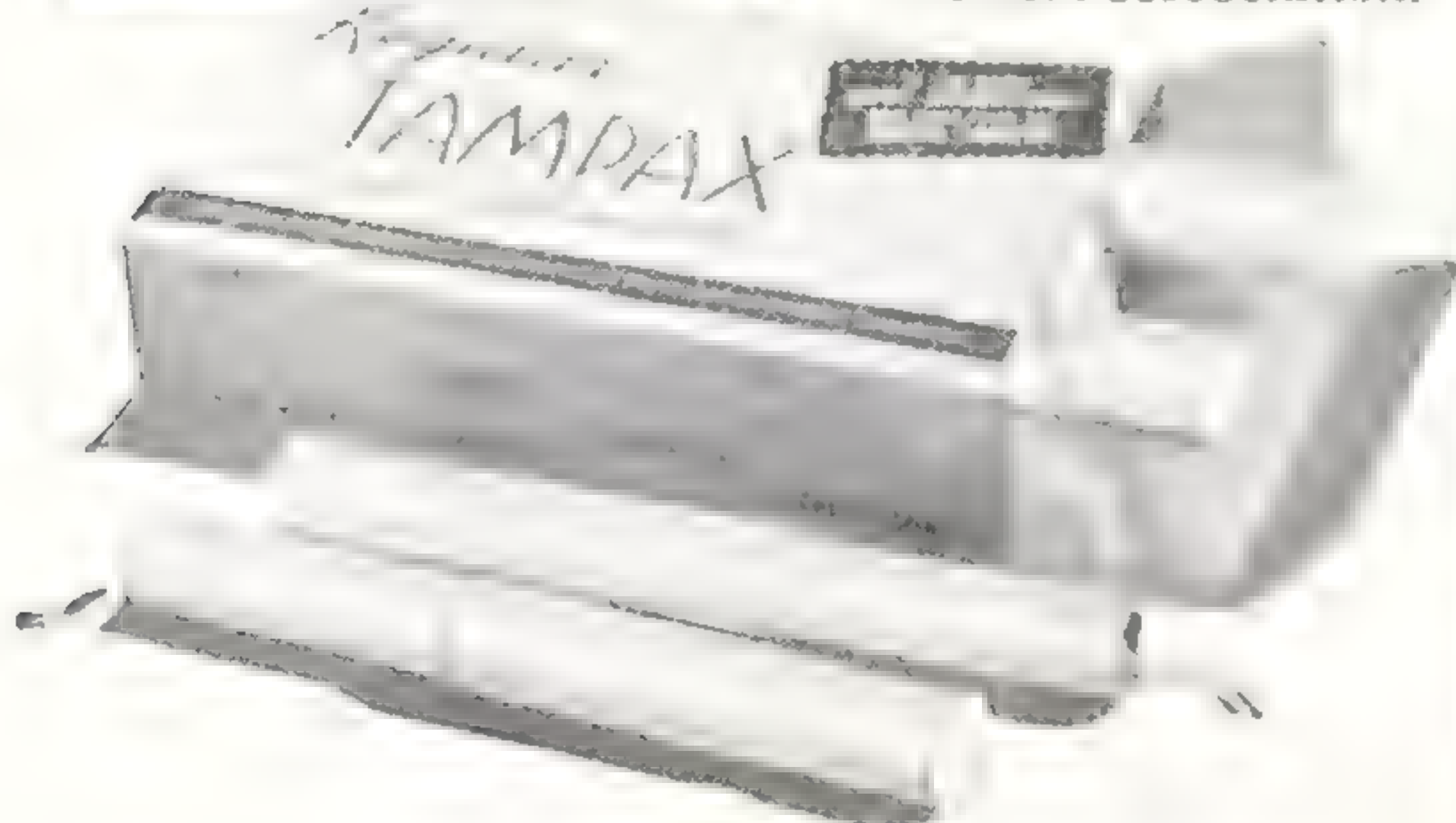
You need no belts, pins or pads. Also you need no sanitary deodorants, as no odor forms with Tampax. This dainty device consists of *pure, surgical cotton* compressed and sealed in one-time-use applicator. It is so perfected that the wearer actually cannot feel the Tampax. She can dance, play games, swim . . . use the shower . . . with amazing freedom. Tampax is so compact that disposal is naturally easy.

Regular, Super, Junior are the three sizes to meet all needs. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) At drug stores, notion counters. Trial box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month. Start now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**467,000,000
TAMPAX
MADE AND SOLD**



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Score one for Dennis Morgan; score \$5.00 for a reader's viewpoint on him

\$10.00 PRIZE Stop Wondering, Girls!

HAS your Romeo ever described your “looks” to you? Has he ever told you that you have Ann Sothern’s hair, Hedy Lamarr’s eyes, etc.?

If so, have you ever wondered what you would look like if you had those lovely features that Romeo has been telling you about?

Well, girls, you may stop wondering, because here is an “average American girl” with: Ann Sothern’s hair, Olivia de Havilland’s eyebrows, Hedy Lamarr’s eyes, Priscilla Lane’s nose, and Deanna Durbin’s mouth.

DOROTHY A. COULTER,
Grand Rapids, Minn.



Each of the features in the picture (left, below) was taken from one of the colored portraits published in Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

\$5.00 PRIZE Dennis Morgan

OH polish up the sunshine
And fluff the clouds a bit
A little bird just told my heart
That this is really IT!

The school books say, in days of yore
Apollo was a menace,
(Add things I never knew before)—
His other name was Dennis.

You’ve got that something in your smile
All stars and stuff—Oh gee!
Could you step down on earth a while?
Look, Dennis—this is me!

Do you believe that girl meets boy?
(My dear, how do you do!)
And fan meets film star now and then,
And fairy tales come true?

And can you hear a wedding bell,
Soft music on the organ?
And see me in a rosy spell
Becoming Mrs. Morgan?

For you I’d swim from shore to shore
I’d climb the highest Alp.
Ah, what’s the use of saying more—
Enclosed please find my scalp.

DOT BLODGETT,
Salt Lake City, Utah

\$1.00 PRIZE
Personal to Lew Ayres

DEAR DR. KILDARE:

Don't you think you should have asked *Dr. Gillespie's* advice before making your decision?

You say your role in "All Quiet" influenced you. Remember, your soldier was German and he was disillusioned with the aggressive, avaricious tendencies of his country. Had he been fighting to preserve something fine all would have been different.

You say war is wrong. That's why we're fighting, my friend. If a maniac came along your street and took your neighbors' homes and possessions and made them slaves, you would give him everything of yours and kiss his boots.

Is it publicity? Please not now. This is too serious and you have many admirers. Don't you owe them something, if only to respect yourself?

Are you afraid? Most of our men are, but they don't let that stop them and *that's* courage. No sane person really wants to fight—you know that. I couldn't possibly go to see any of your movies. I'd get hysterics if I'd see *Dr. Kildare* get heroic.

What's happened to you, Mr. Ayres? The others in your industry are so unselfishly patriotic.

(MRS.) A. R. WARREN,
Galveston, Tex.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Another Ayres Angle

YESTERDAY—a hand reaches for a butterfly . . . a sniper's bullet finds its mark . . . the hand reflexes in death . . . all's quiet on the western front. The Boy who played it felt the horrors of war in his heart and hated war to the depths his heart could hate.

Years roll by . . . years in which the Boy becomes a man . . . ideas re-create themselves . . . ideals fashion

themselves into new shapes and forms . . . the man in that boy has new perspectives on life and on today's horizons another war has formed itself from the selfish greed of man. But Man finds it hard to conform his ideals and ideas to the present which time and experience of the past have impregnated. And this Man cannot leave his mould . . . a mould made of God and time's creating.

Lew Ayres . . . the boy reaching for the butterfly . . . perhaps knows that the path of life is but a pattern set for his feet. Judgment of his decision is not for me—memories of Lew are too roseate and vivid.

JOHN THAYER,
Cambridge, Mass.

For the true story of the strange case of Lew Ayres, see page 29.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Pictures I Can't Forget

"H. M. Pulham, Esq.": Bad boy raised from the dead.

"The Little Foxes": Bette Davis as Tallulah Bankhead.

"Woman Of The Year": Don't kid me. I know they didn't live happily ever after.

"Johnny Eager": Van Heflin completely surrounded by beauty and some talent. (Continued on page 85)

Rick Twins surprise their dentist with proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick, Palatine, Illinois,
Twins, chorus: "Pepsodent's really 'super'!"

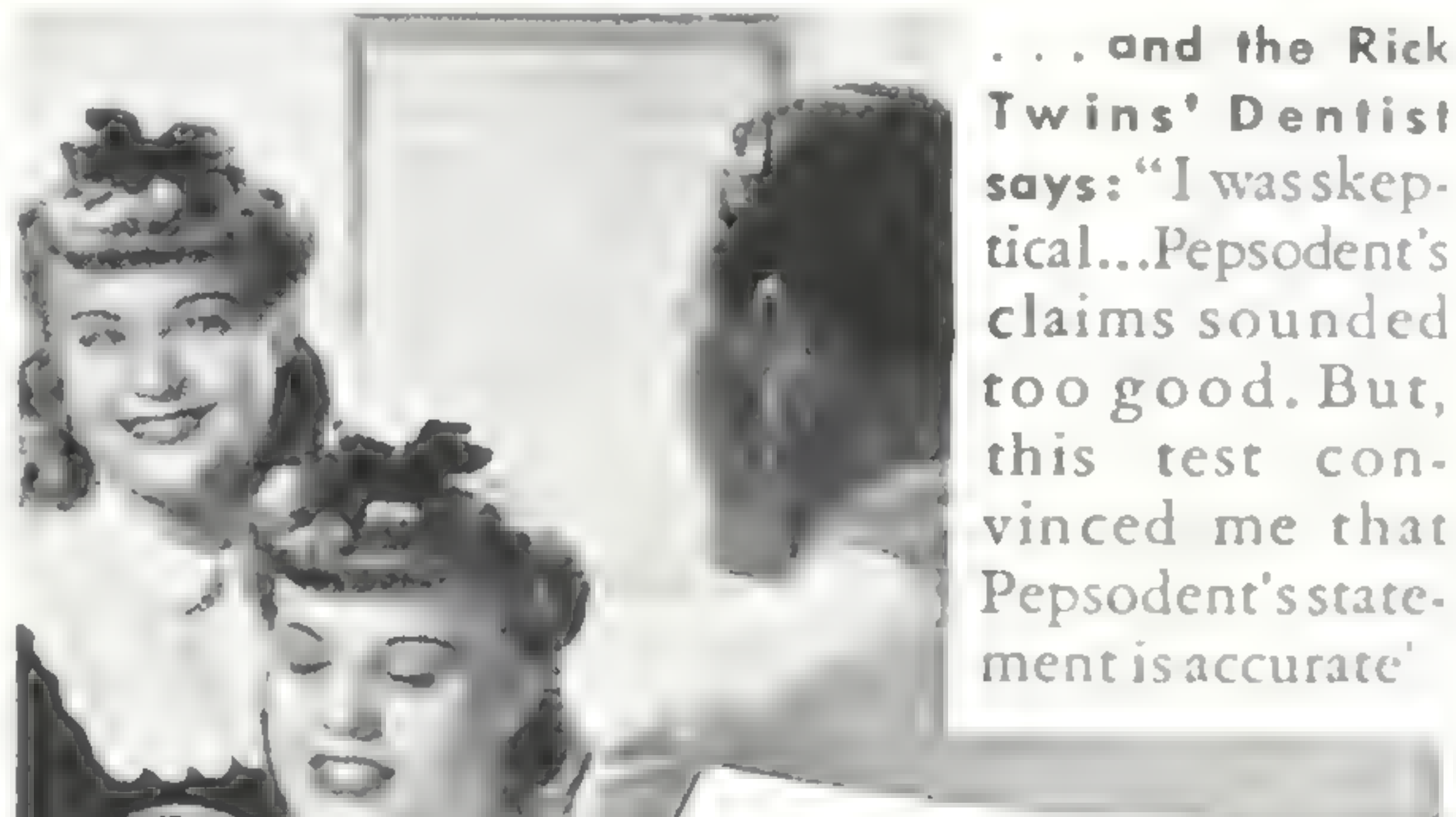
"People always had a hard time telling us apart . . . in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere!"



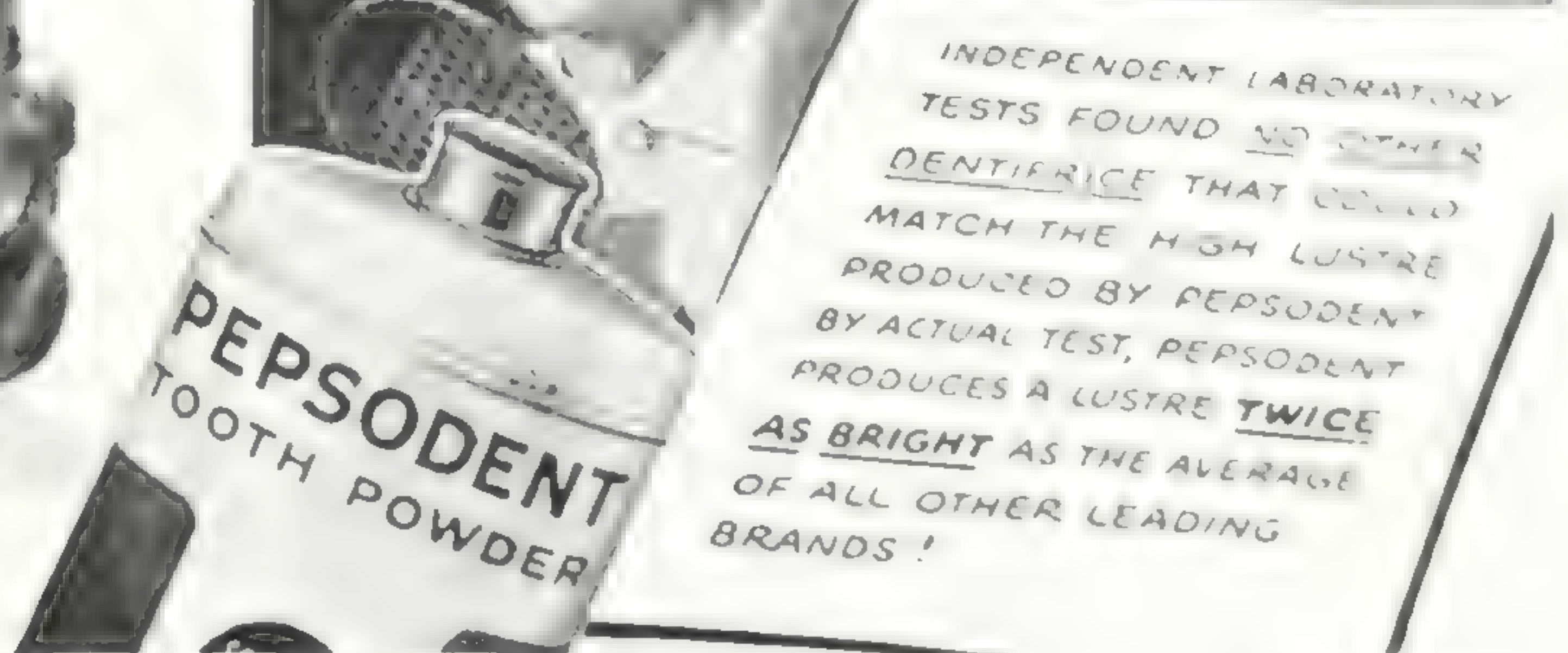
... But, say! After Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent Powder, it was different! I chose another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be very much difference."

For the safety of your smile . . . use Pepsodent twice a day
. . . see your dentist twice a year.

"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed . . . when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"



... and the Rick Twins' Dentist says: "I was skeptical... Pepsodent's claims sounded too good. But, this test convinced me that Pepsodent's statement is accurate"





PAULETTE GODDARD
Starring in the Cecil B. deMille Production in Technicolor
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
A Paramount Picture

Canaries ARE★★★★HITS IN HOLLYWOOD

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation*! Wherever the great of Filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his joyous song.

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Lady looks at etchings — or the equivalent: Fred MacMurray and Roz Russell in the new laugh riot, "Take A Letter, Darling"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE**—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Ian MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a hard chase. The cast is expert but the melodrama is not so expertly executed. (April)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. Both the players are very personable and Jane sings well. Eugene Pallette is Jane's father and Elizabeth Patterson is Paige's aunt who wants him to marry a society girl. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the lives of his children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio: Lum and Abner, those beloved old codgers of the airways come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. A horse race and fire-engine ride climax the doings of this droll pair. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's all too silly for words. (June)

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college in this latest instalment of the adventures of the *Bumpstead* family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications.

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Century-Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nolan as the detective *Michael Shayne* who leaves his fiancée, Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner cruise to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi saboteurs.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen jewels provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings-on aboard the *Pacific Clipper*. Newspaperman William Gargan is determined to discover the jewels

and there's a strange assortment of characters aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides the romantic interest. (April)

✓ **BORN TO SING**—M-G-M: A comedy-musical, with Leo Gorcey, Ray McDonough and Rags Ragland trying to get back to the show producer the music written by Vincent Weidler's father. The youngsters are funny and tiny Richard Hall is a jangle. (April)

SHADOW STAGE

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BROOKLYN ORCHID—Hal Roach-U.A.: William Bendix, owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is married to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is married to Florine McKinney who doesn't like Miss Bradley. But when a third woman enters the picture, the turmoil gets going, but it doesn't get anywhere. Marjorie Woodworth is beautiful. (April)

BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called upon to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva who is detaining him because he knows too much. Toomey's prescription for the wounded man brings help, and you never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

✓ **BUTCH MINDS THE BABY**—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character is this comedy of a paroled convict, Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and agrees to mind the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran as Virginia's cop suitor. (June)

✓ **CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS**—Warners: This timely picture is about the training of bush country recruits to become R.C.A.F. flyers, and has many exciting moments. The story has Jimmy Cagney as an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who earns the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale for his unethical conduct, but gets regenerated. With Brenda Marshall. (May)

✓ **COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE**—M-G-M: Another winner, packed with genial entertainment, is this latest in the series, in which Mickey Rooney must take out poor little rich girl, Donna Reed, who finally learns a few tricks and proves a sensation. Andy's heart still belongs to Ann Rutherford, however. (May)

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE—Warners: Nancy Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in a New York hospital where John Garfield is interned and with his aid brings about the downfall of a Nazi spy ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi head and Moroni Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric Hugh Herbert inherits a pickle factory which sponsors a radio program featuring Richard Davies and Jane Frazee in a newlywed series. Hugh gets himself all mixed up in a plot to substitute Anne Gwynne for Jane. With Mischa Auer.

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopaths into killing the victims of Basil's choosing, and Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes out-of-work actor Lew Ayres who seeks for the murderer. It's rather interesting, but if this is what Laraine sacrificed the *Kildare* series for, she lost in the deal. (June)

✓ **FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount: This gay musical is fun and entertainment. William Holden is a shy sailor who his fellow gobs believe is irresistible to women. They bet he can kiss Dorothy Lamour, dance-hall singer, who loathes sailors, which leads to many complications. With Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton, Leif Erikson and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. (April)

FLY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is plenty of trouble and several harrowing escapes. Albert Basserman and Martin Kosleck carry important roles. (June)

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL—RKO-Radio: This old story provides a mediocre background for the dancing of Ray Bolger, the clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley, through a fake publicity stunt, secures a good job for night-club musicians Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Bleas, and cabdriver Desi Arnaz helps the hoax along. (April)

FRISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club in order to help her ol' gambling daddy, Minor Watson, but this alienates the family of her fiance, Kent Taylor, who are the leaders of a reform organization. (May)

GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Preston Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. So far so good, but when the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to stop them. Miss Hopkins is splendid as the awful mother, but the story doesn't matter much. (June)

GENTLEMAN AT HEART, A—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, clever, money-making bookie, tries to enter the world of art because he's fallen for Carole Landis, who runs an art dealer's shop. His endeavors lead to a lot of laughs. Milton Berle gives his characteristic performance as Romero's chiseling associate and J. Carrol Naish, a painter who copies masterpieces, is very funny.

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but

Irene Dunne says:
"I prefer this one!"

"I found the cola that's tops in taste," says Irene Dunne, "when I tasted the nation's best-known colas, without knowing which was which... and picked the one I liked best. It turned out to be Royal Crown Cola."



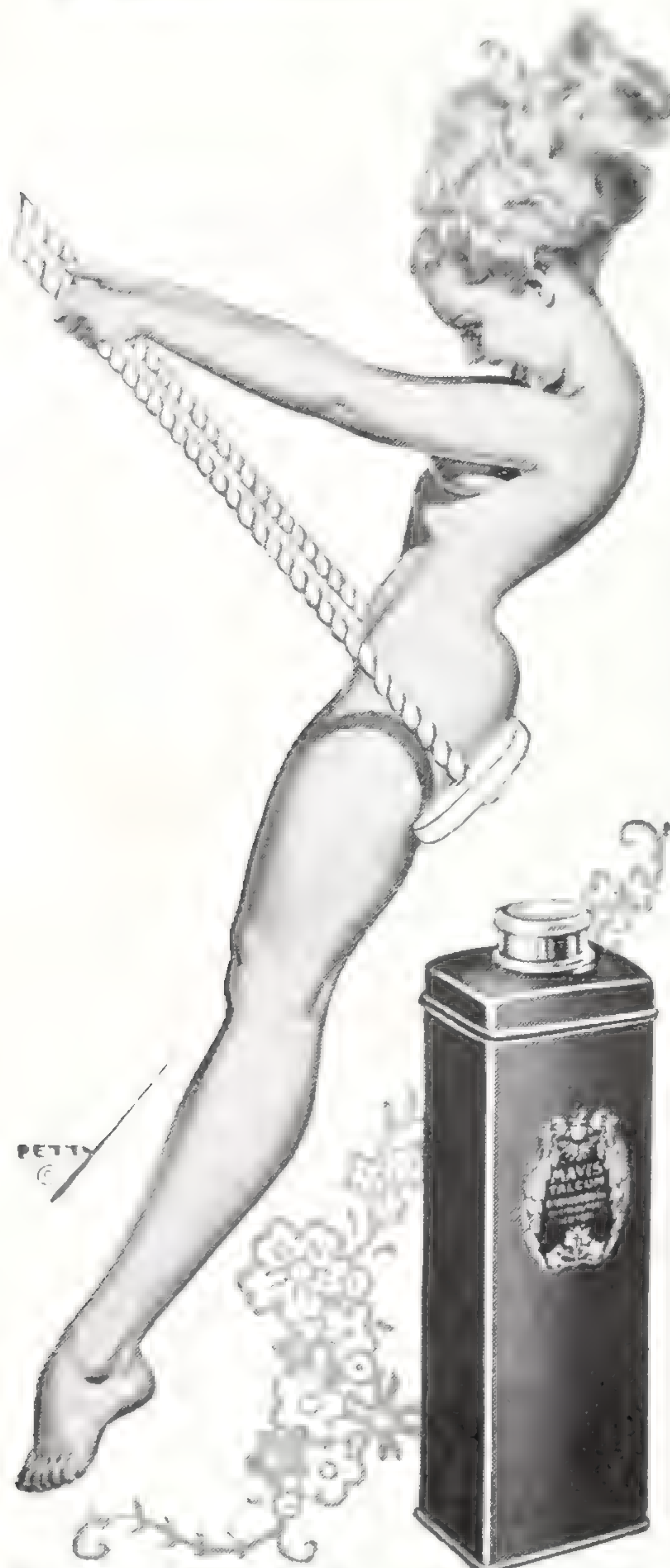
► "Now," Miss Dunne continues "the year round, whenever I want a 'quick-up', I reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola." Not one but two full glasses in every 5c bottle.

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after a double-cross he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic, even with all the weird goings-on. (June)

✓✓ **GOLD RUSH, THE**—Chaplin: A must for everyone is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of the subtitles, and those who laughed and wept at the silent version will find its emotion-stirring qualities as lively as ever, and the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike as appealing as ever. (June)

✓✓ **GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE**—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the very old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life history of a great senator, Joel McCrea, from the time of her elopement with him. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

✓✓ **INVADERS, THE**—Columbia: An impressive masterpiece, this story of seven Nazis stranded on Canadian soil. The performances of Leslie Howard as a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, a French-Canadian trapper, and Raymond Massey, a Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynis Johns. (May)

✓✓ **IT STARTED WITH EVE**—Universal: By all odds Durbin's best picture, this has her as a hat-check girl who pinch-hits for Robert Cummings's fiancée, since his dying father, Charles Laughton, demands to see the girl his son will marry. But Laughton's so pleased with her that he proceeds to get well, which causes no end of difficulties. (May)

✓✓ **JAIL HOUSE BLUES**—Universal: Nat Pendleton, who has been pardoned from prison, refuses to leave because he wants to remain in stir to produce the big prison show, but when Ralf Harolde escapes, Nat goes after him, and meets Anne Gwynne and singer Robert Paige.

✓✓ **JOE SMITH, AMERICAN**—M-G-M: Robert Young, an average American working in a defense plant, is kidnapped by enemy agents and tortured to reveal details of a bomb sight. How he lives up to his patriotic ideals makes a fine, convincing film. Marsha Hunt as his wife, and Darryl Hickman as their son, are very good. (April)

✓✓ **JUNGLE BOOK**—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real mother, Rosemary de Camp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. It's novel and delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

✓✓ **KID GLOVE KILLER**—M-G-M: Intelligent writing, acting, and directing combine to make this B picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman his friend and a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who almost marries Bowman, are all excellent. (June)

✓✓ **KINGS ROW**—Warners: Here is a superb drama, telling the story of five children from their schooldays to adulthood. Ronald Reagan is the town sport who loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of sadistic doctor Charles Coburn. Ann Sheridan is the girl who loves Reagan and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist who is Reagan's friend. All performances are terrific. (May)

✓✓ **KLONDIKE FURY**—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

✓✓ **LADY FOR A NIGHT**—Republic: Above all else, Joan Blondell, who runs a gambling boat, wants to become a lady of Southern gentility, so she forces Ray Middleton to marry her and steps right into unhappiness. John Wayne as the real hero, Middleton, Blanche Yurka and Edith Barrett are very good, but the picture isn't. (April)

✓✓ **LADY HAS PLANS, THE**—Paramount: Comedy, drama and romance, with Paulette Goddard as an American radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy who has secret plans tattooed on her back. Ray Milland is a news correspondent. Hilariously funny. (April)

✓✓ **LADY IS WILLING, THE**—Columbia: A tired story of an actress, Marlene Dietrich, who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby specialist, Fred MacMurray, for two reasons; in order to have the husband required by law for legal adoption, and because a doctor will be handy. (April)

✓✓ **LARCENY, INC.**—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunnelling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate business men that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman and Jack Carson. (June)

✓✓ **MALE ANIMAL, THE**—Warners: A man-sized panic, this hilarious comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his beautiful wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Besides this problem, Fonda almost get dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

✓✓ **MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE**—Columbia: John Howard is the high-minded hero who after escaping a murder charge by fleeing to California, learns that the man who sought his life is now himself accused of murdering Howard and treks all the way back to aid his enemy. It's all pretty boring. (May)

✓✓ **MAN WITH TWO LIVES**—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl, to the horror of everyone concerned. It's finally all explained as being a nightmare, but really, after all! (June)

✓✓ **MAYOR OF 44th STREET, THE**—RKO-Radio: In order to aid former racketeer Richard Barthelmess, George Murphy takes him into his business as agent for dance bands. Anne Shirley looks lovely but she's not at home in her role as hooper assistant to Mr. Murphy. (May)

✓✓ **MISTER V**—Edward Small-U.A.: Leslie Howard plays the modern *Pimpernel*, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. The story has a tendency to lag in spots but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and Francis Sullivan, as head of the Gestapo, give brilliant performances. (May)

✓✓ **MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN**—Paramount: For sheer delightful novelty, this story of insect life takes the prize. There's *Hoppity*, the hero grasshopper, his girl friend, *Honey*, plus many other beautiful characters. (May)

✓✓ **MY FAVORITE BLONDE**—Paramount: The howl of the month is this riotous farce in which British agent Madeleine Carroll, who's pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. You never saw such a procession of mixups as these two get in and out of; it would take your breath away if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

✓✓ **NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Joseph Allen Jr. grows tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bari, so turns for comfort to blonde charmer Mary Beth Hughes. Then Nils Asther steps into the fray only to get killed. What a waste of a fine actor like Asther! (May)

✓✓ **NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH, THE**—Paramount: Secretary Ellen Drew is accused of murdering her boss, Nils Asther, until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written, it's a good movie.

✓✓ **NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK**—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Halfway through, she wishes she hadn't been so persuasive, what with all the Renovated widows who clutter up the story. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

✓✓ **NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE**—Universal: Here is the best screen fight you've seen in many a day. It takes place between Brod Crawford, hero mining engineer who invades a community in Alaska, and Lon Chaney Jr., the villain of the place. Comedy honors are stolen by Willie Fung and Keye Luke. (April)

✓✓ **PACIFIC BLACKOUT**—Paramount: Robert Preston, inventor of an aircraft rangefinder, is framed by secret Nazi official Philip Merivale and Eva Gabor and convicted on a murder charge. But he escapes and Martha O'Driscoll helps him locate saboteurs. Lots of get-up-and-go about it. (April)

✓✓ **PARDON MY STRIPES**—Republic: Newspaper reporter Sheila Ryan so befuddles football player Bill Henry who is now working for gangster Harold Huber that he accidentally loses a bag of money out of a train window and it falls into a prison yard. When prosecuted, he goes to prison and tries to find the money.

✓✓ **REAP THE WILD WIND**—Paramount: Another Cecil B. DeMille thrill-packed, rip-snorting adventure story of ships and men and women of the 1840's. In Key West, Paulette Goddard meets John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, and falls in love with him. In Charleston she meets Ray Milland, attorney for Wayne's shipping company. The rivalry between the two men results in a thrilling climax. (May)

✓✓ **REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE**—Paramount: William Holden is the small-town boy who fights the town's politicians. When his predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue and summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other heroes to assist him. Ellen Drew is the girl who stands by Holden. (April)

(Continued on page 101)

(Continued from page 4) hit, Katie Hepburn got "Woman Of The Year" written just for her . . . she sold that to M-G-M at a terrific figure . . . scored another hit . . . and knew she'd discovered the right pattern for herself . . . so she got still another story written around her own talents . . . and this one she owns a quarter of . . . twenty-three percent to be exact . . . it's called "Without Love" . . . Katie has been cleaning up on the road with it . . . heading it, naturally, toward Broadway and then toward movies . . . and all the time, all her business shrewdness staying so completely glamorous and feminine that one Hollywood gentleman can barely eat his meals, troubled as he is with thoughts of love for her (and we don't mean Garson Kanin). . . .

Maureen O'Sullivan, with her lovely, gentle beauty, is a very different type . . . for Maureen is and has been ever since the first day she met John Farrow a woman in love . . . and you will probably remember that from the day that England entered the war, John Farrow has been in service until just a month or so ago when his ill health forced him to retire from active duty. . . .

During all this time Maureen was no "movie wife" . . . she did a few pictures because there wasn't enough income from Johnny's war salary to support all three of them, John and Maureen and their baby . . . but the moment she was free of a picture, she flew to Canada to spend whatever time she had with John. . . .

Then John, very ill, came back to Hollywood and Maureen went with him down to the desert to nurse him back to health . . . she never gave her career a glance during that interval . . . but today John is well enough to be directing "Wake Island" . . . so a happy Maureen goes beaming about Hollywood . . . Sol Lesser having bought the right to the "Tarzan" stories and intending to produce them with Johnny Weissmuller and little Johnny Sheffield in their usual roles wants Maureen, naturally, for *Jane* . . . so Maureen has signed for just those two pictures a year . . . enough income to protect herself and her baby if John gets strong enough to go back to service once more. . . .

Ah, there are so many stories of goofy Hollywood reactions to the war . . . swell stories like Metro's intending to call "Joe Smith, American," by a new title, "Highway To Freedom," when they sent it to Australia . . . but the Aussies cabled that they wanted the original title . . . because they love us and the American way down in Australia . . .

So that's Hollywood in wartime, sometimes wilful, sometimes wacky, but always and forever wonderful.

THE END

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Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK



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Your War

A TRUTH which is beginning to seep through into our consciousness has been recognized in England for more than a year as the revolution that it is. Women are shattering the last shackles which have bound them. In the winning of this war which is consuming all effort and all dreams women are stepping into a new world.

This becomes clear to anyone who listens to Anna Neagle, the golden bright star whose English film of Queen Victoria's life and whose American performances in "Nurse Edith Cavell," "Irene" and "Sunny" have given audiences many memorable moments. Miss Neagle had just touched American shores, after crossing the Atlantic on a troopship carrying hundreds of young men to Canada where they will be welded into an Empire scheme of training pilots. For eight months she had been in London and now she was in New York sitting in a penthouse flooded with late spring sunshine telling the story of women in war.

In England 3,000,000 women are now in the uniform of the armed services. They are flying Spitfires, ferrying bombers to distant landing fields, standing by with ground crews to rush repairs, to speed refueling, to grease and overhaul oil-spattered engines of planes returning from combat. They are donning the hip boots and rubber jackets of the fire fighters, steering ambulances around the bomb-scarred streets of small English villages to bring help to the wounded.

In millions of jobs there is no longer any distinction between men and women, except that in many factories,

efficiency tests are revealing an amazing fact: women on production lines often produce more goods per hour than the men they have replaced.

In England, 3,000,000 women in uniform—in America, by the year's end, 6,000,000 women in war factories; 500,000 women on farms reaping harvests, sewing crops, tending herds.

Already you have seen telegraph company caps perched on the curls of girl messengers, elevators operated by women, buses run by feminine drivers, even taxicabs operated by women.

IN HOLLYWOOD producers begin to cast all-women films. Joan Crawford succeeds in persuading Metro to allow her an opportunity to direct a short and—if successful—a feature-length film, so that eventually her contract will have her working one-third as actress and two-thirds as director.

Soon you will see Lana Turner, Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr in parts calling for them to do men's jobs, so that gradually the idea of women's working on an equal footing with men will not seem so strange. For Hollywood is the great teacher, its blackboard a silver screen which seldom bores audiences that have paid for the privilege of being taught.

There will be no turning back. When the war is won—and there can be no alternative no matter what the agony—women must go on from this new position. They will bring forth the new generation, and will share equally in its destinies.

Ernest V. Heyn



She married Edward Judson for a powerful reason. It's the same one that's causing their divorce

Love

AND

RITA HAYWORTH

The Story of A Daring Fight for Freedom

BY SUSANAH PARKER

BACK in the lazy early Thirties, when you could still do such things, I went one afternoon to the Inn at Caliente for late lunch. You could sit there in the patio, basking in the hot Baja California sun, sipping red wine and watching the small grey desert doves hopping about after crumbs; also sometimes the entertainers who lived and worked at the hotel would come in for a drink, looking quite ordinary and not at all like the glittering figures they would be after dark. I did not even recognize the Cansinos that day—The Dancing Cansinos, Eduardo and his daughter Marguerita—until a man at the next table pointed them out to his companion.

"She's very young, but she has the figure already," he said. "You see, there by the fountain. Stay tonight and watch them. Someday she may be great, so the critics say. . . ."

Just a few days ago, when I read that Rita Hayworth was divorcing her graying, oil-man husband, Edward Judson, the picture of Rita as she was that afternoon at Caliente flashed into my mind; a dark, Spanish-looking, overdressed girl with black hair growing close over the temples, a mouth too wide for beauty. Not a

pretty girl, but exciting somehow. She had sat with her father, listening when he spoke, nodding, sometimes answering. But her eyes, eager and a little wistful, were more interested in the people around her.

I remembered, too, the next time I had seen Marguerita Cansino, in 1940 when her new success had reached its first peak and everyone was saying, "Get a load of that Hayworth woman—she's out of this world." We were a group of photographers and writers, come to the Colonial house in Westwood that Eddie had just built for her. She was late, but Judson kept us amused until she came downstairs, finally.

The last visible trace of Marguerita Cansino, the Caliente entertainer, was gone. Here was a stunning girl, wearing one of those expensively simple black dresses that seem to hide, while subtly revealing, the body beneath. Her skin, almost swarthy that other time, was golden now; her hair was auburn and it no longer grew over her temples—the line of her forehead was widened, changing the entire structure of her face.

She went directly to Judson, like a child presenting herself for inspection. "All right?" she asked.

He considered her for a moment, from head to foot. Then, smiling, he pointed at the jeweled clasp she had pinned at the low V of the dress. "That belongs over there," he told her, indicating where. She changed it immediately. "Now you are perfect," he added. "We can begin."

The photographers reached for their equipment, and we began.

WHEN Rita Hayworth said goodbye to Ed Judson a few weeks ago she was taking, at long last, the final step on her pathway to freedom, a road she chose long ago. Eduardo Cansino, a Latin and a good Catholic, had reared his daughter in the oldest of Spanish traditions. He had provided her with a duenna so that she might never go about unaccompanied, unwatched. He had refused her permission, when she was through with childhood, to accept invitations from or make engagements with men, even boys of her own age. He had decided that she would be a dancer, had taught her to dance, and there it was.

She married Ed Judson when she was seventeen, because she believed she loved him but also because, although he was more than twice as old as she, he offered a means of escape,

a key to the freedom she must have. But she wanted more than freedom. She wanted stardom in Hollywood for herself. Eddie was rich, indulgent and shrewd. He made her a star.

In the process he lost her. There may be some men who can essay to be husband, lover, business manager and adviser to a young, passionately individualistic girl and succeed in each undertaking, but Judson did not. He grew, perhaps, to think of Rita in terms of a property, to be improved



Cameras click on sight of Rita Hayworth, who in Fox's "My Gal Sal" has everything Hollywood wants

and guarded constantly; but that, in a sense, had been Eduardo Cansino's attitude toward his daughter, too. This is not to say that Eddie forgot to love his wife.

The important thing is that she has made her escape from what she has always believed was domination, but which has been called by another name, "guidance," if you like. She believes she is ready to try it on her own, now after all the years of obeying first one man, then a second; of not being able to choose her own

clothes or the location of her evening's entertainment, or decide how she would work, or for whom, or for how much.

Is she ready for such a responsibility, after all?

But then you must know her story, of course, before you can consider the problem that is hers and her studio's today.

HER mother was an English stage actress, born in Washington, D. C., but her father was the third generation of Cansinos and this distinction meant much to him. Had his daughter bloomed in old Seville she could not have been better protected from contact with the things every girl should know, particularly about men.

Edward Judson, in his forties, was a man who had seen much of the world, lived more than his share in the years of his time. In that time he had been the husband of Hazel Forbes, who was a Follies beauty of enormous sophistication and rare experience. Now he wanted fresh, unspoiled beauty, the eager arms and lips of a girl who had given her arms and lips to no one else, ever.

He had seen what most women make of themselves. He wanted a wife he could mold, secure in a pattern of his own choosing.

In return he offered security, affection, a fine home with servants, the jewels and furs and luxuries that money can buy.

To Rita, this seemed what she wanted most of all. Here was the Great Adventure, the chance to break away and be a real, grown-up married lady, with a home of her own and her own man to love and protect her. With all this, she could have what she had been taught was utterly necessary: sanctified respectability.

If freedom she must have—and she wanted it desperately—then she must marry to get it.

In her seventeen-year-old way she loved Edward Judson. He held glamour for her. He had been about the world, he treated her with suave, worldly courtesy and restraint.

And for all her enforced seclusion little Rita had a certain, if theoretical, knowledge of romance by the time she was introduced to him, since she had come with her parents to Hollywood, had done some extra work and had even been considered for the title role in "Ramona." Darryl Zanuck took over Twentieth Century-Fox just then and chose Loretta Young instead, whereupon Rita, gathering her courage around her, changed her name to Hayworth and contracted to do leads in quickies. Each one took three days to make and paid her \$150 apiece, but the experience they gave

her was a greater remittance.

She was able to recognize in Eddie, you see, the qualities she knew were important to an ambitious youngster so ill-prepared for the Hollywood challenge as herself. He was wise and shrewd, and not busy with a career of his own. He had taste, and a knowledge of showmanship, a critical sense about women's clothes. He was rich enough to give her what she wanted, so that during the years necessary to get where she was going she need not worry about food or rent. And finally, he understood about her great desire to become an actress, approved of it, wanted to help. "I've done everything I wanted to do," he told her during one of their evening drives that first month of their courtship, "and I'd be selfish to insist that you give up your career when you may amount to something."

They knew they were in love, by then. He had waited a week after their first date before asking her dancing again, but because he was who he was, and what he was, Rita's father made no objection when the engagements grew more frequent. Eddie showed Rita things she had never seen before—the fights, the tennis matches, the smart clubs; and he took her to concerts, to art exhibits, to museums.

In him she recognized a different kind of love from the self-centered, egotistic passion a boy of her own age would have offered. He was sensible primarily of her emotions and feelings, thoughtful of her whims and moods; he was lover and counselor and teacher, all in one. He saw her as she could one day be, a lovely, accomplished, distinguished creature. She needed confidence in herself, a guiding hand to give her a sense of authority.

THESE things he could do for her. There was, of course, another matter to consider. He was middle-aged, she was still the embodiment of youth, as sparkling and fresh as a first spring morning.

She did not care. She had lived always in adult company, and she had never had another beau with whom to compare Eddie. She knew nothing of the sharp high beauty or stormy impulse intrinsic in the love of youth with youth.

So, one day when she drove him to the station to catch a train for New York, he asked her to marry him; and as he swung aboard she shouted after him, "Yes!" She told her family that night, refuting all their protests and arguments with a simple statement that she knew what she was about, that her mind was made up; and on the day he returned she drove by his house, sounded her horn, and, when he came (Continued on page 76)



The true story behind

THE STRANGE CASE OF LEW AYRES

These facts might never have been revealed; but you, our readers, have asked for the challenging truth

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Every year in Lew Ayres's past had been an unconscious preparation for what happened to him in "All Quiet On The Western Front"

LEW AYRES refused to fight for his country.

He went to the Oregon camp for Conchies (conscientious objectors) where he will clear brush and fell trees and cut fire tracks until the end of the war—unless he's transferred to the Medical Corps.

Doing this Lew risked many things. He risked the smiles of the pretty girls which he loves well, the respect of his friends and coworkers, his motion-picture stardom and the fortune it represents to him.

These aren't things anyone risks lightly.

Quietly, Lew explained his stand.

"No one really wants war . . ." he said. "And it's my opinion we never will stop wars until we individually

cease fighting them and that's what I propose to do. I propose we proclaim a moratorium on all presumed debts of evil done us, that we start afresh by wiping the slate clean and continuing to wipe it clean . . .

"I believe in nonresistance to evil . . .

"I believe we cannot live in Utopia without first becoming Utopian . . ."

Ten years ago or more it might have been understandable for Lew to think in such terms, but not today. For ten years and more we of the democracies practiced nonresistance to evil. Unwilling to turn the earth and the sky and the sea into a battlefield, we gave the Axis powers their aggressive way. They murdered, individually and (Continued on page 81)

"You alone ..."

... can make the final decision: How you stack
up as a person against the little girl who knew
what was wrong and a bigger girl
who didn't—but found out just in time

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY JR.

ONE new and shining quarter.
No more and no less.

Betty glared at it, her face screwed up until she looked like a belligerent kitten. Which was all very well, but had no effect upon the quarter. It remained the only one of its kind on the premises, it was all there was, there wasn't any more.

A three-cent stamp for her letter to Johnny. Ten cents each way on the bus to the studio. Even if she had got seventy in algebra, Betty knew that made twenty-three cents.

The phone call from the studio had been pretty unexpected and there was always the fact that if she hadn't played hooky she wouldn't have been there to answer the phone. But school got so dumb and as long as she had been home, she ought to go. They were very nice at the studio because Dad used to work there. They gave Mom and Betty extra work whenever they thought about it, but they were pretty busy. When they saw you, it reminded them. Mom wouldn't ever amount to anything, she hated it, but Betty was pretty sure she had a future if she could just hurry up and develop so she could wear a sweater and look grown-up. There had been chipped beef again for dinner last night and the rent guy had been around twice, so Betty figured it was time to remind them over at the studio again. The phone call made it easy. Except the twenty cents bus fare.

Because there was this business about a Defense Stamp. Tomorrow was the last day and all the girls in her class had agreed they'd start a little book of them and bring them to class to show Miss Ames. Miss Ames, who wasn't too awful for a teacher, had started something when, very quietly, she had read them an editorial from a newspaper—just as if they were grownups. It had been called "On Me Alone" and it began with a quotation from the diary of Martin Treptow, who fell at Chateau Thierry in 1918:

"America must win this war. Therefore I will work; I will save; I will sacrifice; I will endure; I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the whole struggle depended on me alone. . . ."

After she had finished, the classroom had been very still. Then Miss Ames had said just five words: "This means—on you alone."

When school was over for the day, the girls had got together and decided on their plan for a class Defense Stamp book. Miss Ames said it was a great idea and she knew they'd measure up a hundred percent. Naturally, if you were the one who spoiled that, you'd stand out like a sore thumb all right. Miss Ames said if they had to make some sacrifice, if they could earn the quarter themselves, so much the better. . . .

Of course the studio only wanted her for a still picture. She'd had three

days' work weeks ago playing a couple of scenes where she was supposed to be Myrna Loy before Myrna grew up. Mom had had to take all of that except the quarter. Of course if she mentioned it at the studio now, someone there would probably give her another quarter. But Mom might find out and she'd throw a fit, the way she did that time when she borrowed a dollar off Mickey Rooney. Mom had funny ideas; she said they mustn't ever let people in Hollywood know how broke they were since Daddy died, they must keep up a front. As though Rooney would tell! He was a good guy for an actor. So asking for a quarter back for expenses was out. Mom cried enough as it was.

She did want to send her letter to Johnny.

So you were supposed to buy a Defense Stamp. So what?

BETTY sat on the rickety steps and regarded the ocean with a jaundiced eye while she tried to make up her mind. The ocean looked swell again today. After the long rainy winter, when the mud sluiced down from the palisades and made the waves yellow against the sand, after weeks when the gray clouds hung so low the sea mirrored that same color, it was grand to find it a deep, friendly blue again.

It meant that summer wasn't so very far away now. And summer from Santa (Continued on page 32)



Dorsey had a theory about women and he was trying it out on Janice now. "Hi, Beautiful," he said. "How's your love life?"



A warm number, thought Betty, eyeing the girl in the car. You could tell because she wore so much lipstick and that sweater—the Hays Office would have something to say if she ever wore it in a picture

Monica to Santa Barbara was heaven for kids—summer at Las Tunas was one hundred percent heaven for Betty. Wearing your bathing suit or your shorts all day long, swimming three or four times a day, tramping up in the hills after rabbits, lying on the sand in the hot sun and getting a swell tan, going up to Malibu with the other kids to play tennis, and she was getting pretty good, too, for fourteen. Even Johnny said so, and Johnny was super.

They had all made a pact at the end of last summer. They would all come back, honest-to-goodness. Johnny's mother had carted him off to New York, and Bitsy's father was a doctor and he was always squawking about it was too far for a busy doctor, and Ted and Matthew's folks talked about sending them to a dude ranch for the summer, and Sally's folks had moved to San Diego because her father had a job in an airplane factory. . . .

But that was all winter stuff. It wasn't too important. Parents, after all, ought to think about their children and what was good for them, and they usually did if you kept at it long enough and hard enough and often enough. So they had all agreed to make their folks come back to Malibu no matter what.

Of course Betty stayed there in the winter too and went to Santa Monica to school. Not exactly at Malibu. Malibu was beautiful and exclusive

and filled with movie stars and directors and writers who got big salaries. But Las Tunas was only a little way on your bike and Johnny was swell, too, about getting her in his mother's station wagon and bringing her home when they stayed late and cooked hot dogs on the beach.

When they said good-by, they all hollered, "See you next summer for sure," and that was really the pact.

Johnny had made his mother promise all right and Johnny said his mother was a little screwy, being a writer, but she had never broken a promise. And Johnny sent Betty a picture of himself in his New York Military Academy uniform, which was super, too. His last letter, even, said, "I will be seeing you this summer at good old Malibu. I like it here a lot. I am on the rifle team which is okay, but I will sure be glad to see good old Malibu, you bet, love, Johnny."

Now everything was changed. Everything was awful.

The quarter in her hand felt sticky, she was clutching it so hard.

Right out there in that ocean where they had been swimming every summer since they were little kids, where they took their kayaks and went paddling clear out to the fishing barge, were submarines. Last summer, if you saw a stick coming out of the water with a flag on it, you knew it had drifted down from the "Yank In The R.A.F." location at Point Doane, and everybody raced through the

water to get it first. This summer—that was just around the corner—if you saw anything sticking up out of the water, it might be a submarine with some horrible, mean old Japs, who wanted to kill people and were spoiling everything.

Last summer, when everything was simply super, they used to watch airplanes all the time, Johnny and the other kids got so they could identify them all and even Betty could tell the P-38 because it sort of had two tails, and once the B-19 flew over. A ferry pilot was stuck on Arline's big sister, who was a sort of a dope but pretty, and he used to buzz back and forth on test flights and they all got to speak to (Continued on page 74)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- *Laraine Day:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Fingers At The Window" . . . page 33
- *Tyrone Power:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "This Above All" . . . page 36
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Parane Day



Should a man marry



Ensign Wayne Morris: He married on a Navy salary

So you have your answer ready! Wait a minute—what these six stars say may change your wedding picture!

SHOULD we marry before he goes to war?" That is the question Hollywood sweethearts, as well as sweethearts everywhere, are asking. With long separations, unpredictable futures—even the inevitable possibility of tragedy stretching ahead—what is young love in Hollywood doing about marriage?

The emotional urgency of war is great, the need of security, of a love to cling to, almost overwhelming. Can you be sure what is the best thing to do?

Not until Jeffrey Lynn was making preparations to leave for Army duty would he talk freely about his ideas on marriage. One of Hollywood's few eligible bachelors, he has kept his friends, his studio and his public guessing about the status of his romances. At luncheon, while finishing "The Body Disappears," his last picture before leaving for Fort Moffet, he explained for the first time why he had never married and exactly how he felt about marrying now before he went into the Army.

"I would be afraid to marry now," he said. "I am the kind of fellow who loves a home. For a long time I have wanted to get married. I was afraid to get married while I was working in motion pictures. I would be even more afraid now.

"To me marriage is the most important step I could make. I would do everything within my power to make my marriage a success. My wife, my home would always come first. Everything else would be secondary.

Richard Travis, a "most likely to be called" Hollywoodian, has his marriage mind all made up, wouldn't hesitate



Jeffrey Lynn, just entering the Army, has a "chin out" viewpoint



before going to war?

BY
RILLA PAGE
PALMBORG

"I have a one-track mind. I had to give everything I had to my career. I didn't dare risk jeopardizing my work by worrying how my wife might react to the way I did certain love scenes or see her put the wrong interpretation on publicity stories over which I had no control. If anything I did hurt her, I would have to stop it. Until I had financial security, I did not dare interfere with my work.

"By the same token, I know I would not make as good a soldier married as I will single. If I had a wife, I would count the days until I could return to her. I wouldn't be as ready to plunge into anything that came up. I would be inclined to spare myself. I wouldn't like the idea of leaving my wife for an unknown destination.

"Ever since I was a boy working on the farm, and later when I worked my way through college, I have dreamed of going on a big adventure. I felt I could never settle down until I had had it. Perhaps war is to be that big adventure.

"At any rate I have a job to do that will take everything I have to give. So again marriage must wait.

"No, I would not marry before going to war."

ENSIGN WAYNE MORRIS had served six months on the Navy Cadet Selection Board when he married a nonprofessional—nineteen-year-old Patricia O'Rourke from Georgia—and set up housekeeping in Long Beach, California.

Easygoing and good- (Continued on page 68)

The ideas of French Michele Morgan, who knows what war can mean, may make American girls stop and think

Priscilla Lane, courted by two beaux, knows what she'd do if and when...



Linda Darnel on the unattached list gives a war time wedding theory with bells o





Victor J. Miller



Lyndon B. Johnson

Cesar Romero



John Wayne



The Skelton

He's rattling around here getting everybody rattled.

Red and Edna in their Brentwood back yard. They moved in because the house had a secret panel Red adored. Canine complements are Spats and Fella—there was always a dog, or maybe a duck, or maybe a bear or two

THERE can be no story of Red Skelton without Edna. Red and Edna are as inseparable as cake and ice cream, mustard and hot dogs. They grew up together from the time they were mere kids of fifteen and seventeen as man and wife. Edna's mother, Mrs. Stillwell, had finally said, "I can't stand that redheaded brat mooning around here any more! I give in," and had gone with them from Kansas City to St. Louis to give her consent to the ceremony. Red had no money. Edna loaned him the necessary three dollars and in the ten years they've been married Red has made two payments of one dollar each on the loan. If she ever gets the last buck it will be a miracle, for Red is completely unmoney-conscious. He doesn't know anything about it and cares less. Edna



in Hollywood's Closet

But then, everybody loves Red, his dimples, his Edna, this story about him

always has had to take care of all business deals when there were any deals to take care of.

He keeps bringing clowns home to lunch. "Who's this?" Edna will ask. "Honey," Red will explain, "he's that funny clown that rolled the people in the sawdust last night at Hagenbeck and Wallace's Circus. Remember how Cary Grant went into hysterics over him?"

And Edna will welcome the clown and he will come in and sit there, the saddest, most forlorn little man in the world.

"Clowns," Red says, "aren't funny. They're very sad."

Red should know. He was a clown himself with a top circus for two years when he was a ripe old fourteen or so. His father, who died be-

fore Red was born, had been a clown all his life with Hagenbeck and Wallace's Circus.

Today, Red is the clown of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which you know if you saw "Whistling In The Dark" and "Ship Ahoy," among a number of others. Rowdy, noisy, genuine, he makes the Hollywood glamour boys look a little—well, honestly the word is ridiculous. He doesn't mean to. He doesn't know he does, as a matter of fact. But you see Red and Edna are what people are like when you peel off the veneer and get down to rock-bottom humanity. Red knows from nothing about Ciro's, or giving ultra parties (Red and Edna tried just once to give a dinner party, and boy, did it smell!), or jewelry, or monogrammed chichis, or the froufrou

that makes up so much of Hollywood's social life

He carries a coin purse. It's brown and opens at the top and rattles inside with dimes and things and Red loves it. Everything the carrying of a coin purse by a man represents—meekness, respectability, timidity, elders' meetings at the church, membership on the new fire hose committee—is a part of Red's character, which is wonderful, only you'd hardly expect to find it in a former circus clown, burlesque comedian and vaudeville actor. That's what's so confusing about it.

Why, so help us, that goon is so hill-billyish he will have absolutely nothing to do with that newfangled invention called the telephone.

"It clicks and makes noises," he explains (*Continued on page 70*)

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

Red clowns to net a laugh. Near left, opposite page: A Skelton spread-eagle to the tune of "Keep your eye on ball and you'll never hit it"

Left: He has an argument, splits the difference, wins palms up. Below: Good groundwork by Skelton, but he's a fall guy for anyone!





Gene Dunne

PLAY

Truth and Consequences

WITH
IRENE DUNNE



Irene blushing barked at Query 4, had to expose this as a penalty



This was the picture Irene killed: "too dictatorial"



A "never seen before" pose of Irene at an awkward-era party, taken from her own collection

Get into the game! All you have to do is look and listen while one of Hollywood's most reticent stars takes an "all in fun" beating

GAME CONDUCTOR—KAY PROCTOR

1. (Q) What personal achievement is the source of greatest satisfaction to you?

(A) My memory game. If you write down thirty nouns, numerically listed, I can repeat the entire list after studying it for a few seconds. I also can tell you what noun was number seven, ten, twenty-one, etc.

2. (Q) What point of grooming do you consider most important in a woman?

(A) Her shoes, because they have an important effect on her carriage and posture. They also are the making or breaking of the rest of her costume.

3. (Q) What is your first reaction when fans do not recognize you?

(A) If I'm very busy, frankly it is a relief. If I've got myself all done up and am stepping out when it happens, I must confess I am a little taken aback. You'd be surprised how often the latter happens.

4. (Q) Who was your first beau? (Irene took the consequences. Show us how you looked when you were trying to get a job as a school-teacher.)

5. (Q) What act of the past would you undo if you could?

(A) The pinch I gave a little play-

mate in Madison, Indiana. It turned her arm so black I was sure I had half-killed her and was scared to death. To this day I've never pinched anyone again.

6. (Q) Do you have a quick temper?

(A) Yes, and I suffer with it because instead of flying off the handle and getting things out of my system, I try to run away from the scene. It leaves me boiling inside for hours.

7. (Q) Is it true you have a secret staircase in your house?

(A) Yes. It goes from the living room to my bedroom, but I won't tell you why. However, it is not true I have "secret telephones in every room," as the driver of the sight-seeing bus informs his customers. I still haven't figured that one out.

8. (Q) Where and how did you meet your husband, Dr. Griffin?

(A) On top of the Biltmore Hotel in New York City where we were guests at the same party.

9. (Q) Has any one fear ever haunted you?

(A) I'm still afraid of traveling on water and do it under protest. That's a big help when Doctor is mad about boats! I think psychologically the fear came from my father, who was supervising general (Continued on page 84)

Highroad to Hollywood

Everything in this story is real. You yourself could be Julie Burns, the girl who goes to Hollywood for a career. For you would find there the actual people she meets; would experience her hopes, her heartbreaks and her happiness

BY DIXIE WILLSON



Dixie Willson, popular magazine contributor, knows movie studios from sound stage to prop department. She has written her latest book, "Hollywood Starlet," in response to overwhelming requests for factual information about opportunities in motion pictures. Published by Dodd, Mead and Company, it is the newest in their career book series. Now Photoplay-Movie Mirror brings you this vivid condensation giving the actual steps you would have to take in a conquest of Hollywood.

AT twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock on the night of February twelfth, an astonishing thing happened to little Gladstone, Ohio. The preceding November, New York City's weekly "Top Topics" radio program had begun a national contest to discover the most beautiful and typical American girl. The winner was to receive the singularly exciting reward of a trip to Hollywood, there to be paid a real Hollywood salary for enacting the role of *Miss America* in a Warner Brothers feature picture to be called "Proud Pageant." Since the cast called for a *Miss America*, and since the studio wished the role actually to be taken by America's most beautiful and typical young lady, they had taken this means of finding her.

Eighty thousand contenders had sent photographs to the "Top Topics" New York City offices, the contest scheduled to close on February the twelfth. One of the eighty thousand had been Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio, who ushered in the Crystal Theater, whose plump, bald-headed dad owned the corner grocery and whose twin brother Johnny drove the grocery store delivery truck.

Julia wore a dark, shoulder-length bob. Her eyes were a teasing blue-green and she had an enchanting little way of smiling when you least expected it; *definitely* enchanting to six-foot Tod Jenkins, the sandy-haired chap who worked in the lumber yard. He had picked Julia Burns for his girl as long ago as high-school days.

The Burns family lived in the good-looking house

on High Street; the house with the old-fashioned veranda and the cupola.

There was always work for Julia around the theater in the morning; changing the advertising frames for the lobby, or writing up the show for the Gladstone *Clarion*. At noon Tod would stop by, in his brown suede work jacket, and walk down High Street with her, delivering her home for lunch. He didn't say much to anybody about what he thought of her, but the way he had devoted himself to Julia, exclusive of anyone else, said enough about his hopes for the future.

On the night of February twelfth, the Crystal was packed to its doors. The "Top Topics" program was to be broadcast from the stage, although neither the town nor Julia Burns seriously thought she had a chance to win.

But by twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock, the amazed audience, along with four million other radio listeners, coast to coast, knew that the young lady about to journey to Hollywood, was Miss Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio!

Sixty seconds later, half the town was crowding about the bewildered little usher, in her gold-trimmed, white broadcloth uniform, as flash bulbs surrounded her with spasmodic bursts of light. In those first breathless moments, trying to believe it, she found herself searching the little sea of people for just one; for Tod Jenkins. She found herself thinking, even more than about what it would mean to *her*, what it would mean. (Continued on page 44)



"I want to know when you'll pose for some stills for me, Missy," Curt greeted Julie. "You've certainly got what it takes!"

Symon Ball



As the train began to move, faces blurred together — Dad's, Mother's, Johnny's. But it was Tod's face that Julia saw last of all

to him, that she would be leaving Gladstone . . . for Hollywood.

She finally spotted him and he acknowledged her smile with the little salute he reserved just for her; the second finger of his left hand briefly touching his left eyebrow, but she had no chance to be with him, not even afterward, for the Mayor and a dozen other town dignitaries followed the Burnses right along home.

Her first chance to talk to him was the next morning when he stopped at the Burnses' house on his way to work. Telegrams and telephone calls had

been pouring in since six a. m. It was eight o'clock when Tod rang the doorbell. The February wind ruffled his hair, for he never wore a hat. Miss America herself responded.

"Howdy, Beautiful," he said, and followed her into the parlor where Mrs. Burns was busy trying to make eight vases do for three times too many flowers. "No, I can't stay," he said, as Julia dislodged the cat from Tod's favorite chair. "I just wanted to know if I still have a date to shove you across town tomorrow night to the Vagabond Club shindig. I thought I'd better ask in case you're operating on a new schedule."

"No cancellations on *my* calendar for tomorrow," Julia replied, her eyes looking squarely into his. "A new schedule for everything else, maybe . . . but not for my affections."

AMONG the rush of morning wires, one had heralded the arrival, on the noon train, of Miss Bettina Proctor, the Warner Studios official representative, who had flown from Hollywood to Chicago by night plane.

Mrs. Burns, a maturer edition of her daughter, wore morning linen, her unbobbed dark hair done high in a figure eight. She was as slim as Julia and very nearly as pretty; as whimsical as Johnny, as young as either of them and quite used to the unexpected maneuvers of both of them. But even Selinda Burns had to admit that, in the whirlwind morning just gone, she had lost claim to the reputation of being ready for anything!

The family luncheon had been delayed, pending Miss Proctor's arrival. In the dining room, with its mahogany sideboard, the table was set with the best doilies; Carrie, the hired girl, nervously hoping that cheese souffle, timbales of peas and peach dumplings would be good enough for somebody from Hollywood.

As noon neared, Dad and Johnny came home from the store to put on their good clothes preparatory to meeting the distinguished guest at the depot. Julia, growing more nervous by the second, was to remain at home.

The Miss Proctor she expected, was a devastating creature swathed in furs. The Miss Proctor whom the family sedan brought home, was a slim, laughing young person in a boyishly tailored coat and hat, who made herself at home with the Burnses in less than five minutes, leaving Julia to wonder if it could be possible that Hollywood people were just people like other people!

Along with Bettina Proctor had come an enormous corrugated box. After luncheon its contents were divulged. It was a wardrobe for Julia from the studio! A suit, an afternoon dress and an evening gown designed

for her by Orry-Kelly who, for three weeks, had known that it was she who would be named Miss America, and from information upon the contest blank, had known her exact coloring and size.

From between countless layers of tissue paper, a thrilled Julia Burns unpacked a black wool suit with a casual matching hat, a blouse of russet which, as she held it beneath her chin, filled her eyes with little golden lights she had never known were there. The afternoon gown was black wool crepe in slim straight lines, "informal" length, the skirt softly draped, a "V" neck outlined in starched white eyelet embroidery.

But with her first sight of the white chiffon evening gown delicately trimmed in gold, all the pent-up joy and thrill of the last twelve hours suddenly overflowed. Little Julia Burns, making a dive for her dad's shirt front, buried her face therein.

"Now comes the advantage of having a twin," remarked Johnny, as Dad gently patted Julia's shoulder. "If Sis can't take it, I'll do a female impersonation and go in her place."

"Probably what disturbs her," offered Mother, "is saying good-bye to a certain young man named Jenkins."

Nor was Mother far from wrong. All day Julia had found herself wondering how Tod really felt about it.

PERHAPS her thoughts winged across town to the lumber yard, or perhaps Tod's thoughts had wings of their own today. At any rate, the Burns telephone tinkled at three o'clock with Tod at the other end of the wire, inquiring if Julia would be interested in cooking breakfast tomorrow in Picnic Park.

"I have a pretty important question to ask you," he added.

Julia replied that she'd love breakfast in Picnic Park and instantly began to think what her answer was going to be, for of course she was perfectly sure what the question was. A week ago she wouldn't have had to consider. Now there was a new world to reckon with!

But the next morning, over bacon, toasted buns, scrambled eggs, and coffee, in the Pavillion where they had cooked more breakfasts than either of them could remember, the lovely Miss Burns found out that she had been counting chickens which hadn't yet hatched!

"About that question I wanted to ask you," Tod said, serving Julia to strawberry jam, "I want to know if you'll do me a favor when you get to Hollywood. In the lumber business, I'm always fixing up deals for other people to make money, so I've decided to do a little contracting on my own. As soon as (Continued on page 90)

Kit Stubb

Little girl with big business on hand is Joan Carroll, pet of the RKO lot, pet of the "Obliging Young Lady" cast, practitioner here of the finer art of First Aid in the Hollywood hair ribbon set. She equips herself with an identification tag marked with her name, address and social security number, then learns how to stowaway with ease in a First Aid kit. Below: Teacher Harold Minniear comes to the aid of a first aider, while Joan squares things up with a square knot. The Carroll lady's motto: No kidding about kit stuff in our America today



Tag me



Doing my kit



The tie that binds

An eighteen-year-old who caught Orson Welles's eye: Anne Baxter of "The Magnificent Ambersons"

He's a guy's guy—a blond and a bachelor: Van Heflin, new hero in "Tulip Time"

ROUND-UP

Some pointers on the people Hollywood is now pointing to with pride

BY SARA HAMILTON

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Ayars: Her pretty
caused M-G-M
ty of trouble



Dana Andrews: He did
some fast gangster
work in "Ball Of Fire"

OF PACE SETTERS

SAILOR—Beware, Girls!

Van Heflin, young M-G-M-er who is jarring fans to attention with his work in "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," "Johnny Eager" and "Grand Central Murder" is the upside-down cake on Hollywood's star pastry shelf. Van doesn't look like an actor or think like an actor; in fact, he hates acting with a man-sized loathing and yet is such a darn good craftsman there's nothing left to be done about it except—to act.

He's just as good a sailor as actor, what's more, having sailed from one end of the world to the other as a hard-working crew member. He got the yearning for going bye-bye on boats when his family moved to Long Beach, California, from Oklahoma, where Van was born. At the end of his first year at Long Beach Poly High (Laraine Day's alma mater) Van succumbed to the urge and shipped on a fishing schooner bound for Mexico. One more year of school and Van was off for Hawaii; the next summer he was South America bound;

and, after his graduation, European ports found our hero prowling around for dear life.

After a year at the University of Oklahoma, the sea claimed him for two full years in which time Van raised a lot of Cain and stuff up the rivers of South America (get him to tell you about his nightmare haircut sometime) scaring natives into fits.

In New York at last, he decided to call on sedate relatives and arrived unannounced, his sailor's kit flung over one shoulder, to discover a cocktail party of smart people going full blast. It's like a movie, really, this Van Heflin story. There he was a young kid about nineteen, raw and trusting, being kidded by a lot of snobbish hams who egged him on to singing his Oklahoma ditties. When one actor guest announced his decision to turn down a part in the play "Mr. Money Penny" and suggested Van try for the part, the Oklahoma Kid thought he meant it, which nearly killed the actor. It practically finished the actor, though, when Van actually

got the part. But there was the sea calling, and once again Van set out on his roamings.

His parents (his father is a dentist) finally persuaded their offspring to return to college. Van once again enrolled at the University of Oklahoma. After graduation he took a year of drama at Yale and hasn't been back to sea since except as a guest on Errol Flynn's yacht, which isn't a bit like the engine-room crew's hang-out.

Radio, stage, even movies at RKO followed, with Van playing with Katharine Hepburn in the movie "Woman Rebels." Later he played again with Hepburn in the stage production of "The Philadelphia Story," in the role that won Jimmy Stewart the Academy Award. A part in Warners' "Santa Fe Trail" finally convinced him Hollywood and not the stage or the sea was his place. M-G-M decided the same thing and signed him to a long-term contract.

One day as Van walked on the lot an actor (Continued on page 87)

Danger =



Heroine of the saga of the jade earrings is Ann Sothern. The earrings made her pretty; they didn't make her popular, which all goes to prove her point about how silly a gal can be

Instigator of a new idea to decorate your bedroom—and incidentally your date book—is Rosemary Lane. She's the one who started talking to herself—which shows how smart she is

"I HOPE her next picture will be a flop!" This was forthright Ann Sothern, star of M-G-M's famous *Maisie* series, speaking about a Hollywood starlet who had zoomed abruptly to stunning success. Everyone was awfully shocked. "Why, Annie!" voices gasped. "Aren't you ashamed! I thought you were her friend! The very idea!"

"I *am* her friend. I'm terribly fond of her and that's why I hope it," Ann affirmed stoutly. "I mean, I want her to have her discipline, get her perspective, learn how to handle all this before it goes too far and before she is really hurt. I ought to know. I've seen plenty of that sort of thing!"

"Look! She's had a break. All of a sudden and without doing much, really, to earn it, she's famous. She's knee-deep in fan mail and her phone never stops ringing. The postman gets bowlegs carrying invi-



Popularity Ahead!

tations to her door. If she doesn't find out what it's all about now and learn how to handle it—then she's going to be terribly hurt later on. That goes for girls in school, in show business, in offices . . . everywhere.

"Popularity is a grand thing and everybody wants it. But it can be dynamite if you don't learn how to handle it! Whenever I see a girl getting too popular too fast, I want to wave a red flag at her and yell, 'Danger! Popularity ahead!' If she'd stop and look and listen it would save a lot of heartbreaks.

"I went through a phase when I was in high school," Ann went on, "when I took myself so big. I thought I was so good. Oh, dear! I hate to think about it." But she was laughing.

"It appears that I had some musical talent and first thing (Continued on page 89)

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

How to make your date garden grow
—with not a raspberry in sight!



So you think you're popular! Maybe you're merely "prominent"—which means, per Ruth Hussey, that you do things better than others and they don't like it. Listen to her and you can still play first fiddle — but to a popular tune

Maureen O'Hara was determined the next time she was noticed she'd stay noticed! Hint to interested observers: She managed it; you can ditto her



Ladies to gentlemen:
Please look at us like
this! George Raft, star of
Universal's "Broadway"



Gentlemen to ladies: Request
anted, if you look like
Linda Darnell of "The
es Of Edgar Allan Poe"



BORN in Tokio, Japan, the second daughter of a very British lawyer, who was also a gentleman and a scholar, and of a bright, laughing woman who had been an opera singer, Joan Fontaine was a dreaming child, given to reading and illness.

Olivia, her two-year-older sister, was always the more beautiful, the more popular, the more daring, even in the little town of Saratoga, California, to which their mother moved with them after her divorce. When she remarried there, Joan took her stepfather's name but she could not bear his discipline with the stout courage Olivia showed against it. Thus, at sixteen, she went back to the Orient to

visit her father whom she had not seen since she was two. There she encountered, not her first romance, but her first five romances, for she got simultaneously engaged to five men.

So snarled did she become in her engagements that she had to leave Tokio and, arriving home, she found Olivia already a movie star. She decided that she, too, wanted to be a star, so she joined Olivia in Hollywood but found only heartbreak and failure where Livvie had found such quick success. After making some dozen "quickies" under three different names, she finally bagged an RKO contract, only to be let out of that on the very night that Livvie was signed to play

Melanie in "Gone With The Wind."

Moreover, Livvie's romantic life was just as vivid as Joan's was drab. Liv had dozens of boy friends while Joan had only one, Conrad Nagel, whom she did not love. Nineteen, faced with professional and emotional failure, Joan felt the only way out for her was suicide.

JUST as no love is ever so intense as one's first, unreasoning love, so no frustration is ever so devastating as the first, emotional one. Joan Fontaine was both ambitious and romantic and neither side of her nature was finding any expression in Hollywood. She longed to die.

Personal Conquest



Joan Fontaine dreamed about getting many things — among them, Brian Aherne. This is how she went about it

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Joan always has fun with husband Brian Aherne, but when it comes to...

... sister Livvie (with Burgess Meredith) it was sometimes a different story

Olivia departed for some gay party, dark, laughing Olivia, wrapped in furs, in orchids and excitement, and, after she had gone, Joan walked from room to room in the small, exquisite house she shared with her sister and abandoned herself to her sorrow. She plotted ways to kill herself, ways that would make her quite dead and yet leave her very pale, touching and beautiful when her fragile body would be discovered. There was no sound in the house to disturb her, no person present to wipe away her tears. She sobbed and choked, beating her clenched hands against her aristocratic blonde head. She visioned herself looking like (Continued on page 71)



Mrs. Miniver

A best seller becomes
a "film of the year"—
the story of a woman
who dared to love some-
thing more than the
husband she adored



"No," said Mrs. Miniver helplessly. "I didn't mean that, Clem. I—I'm all mixed up."

Fiction version by MADELINE THOMPSON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Copyright 1942 by Loew's Inc. Screen play by Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, James Hilton and Claudine West. Based on the book by Jan Struther. Directed by Wm. Wyler. Produced by Sidney Franklin.

MRS. MINIVER kissed her husband lightly on the temple, just where his dark hair was turning a bit grey.

"All right," Clem smiled, "now take off that fool hat and get to bed."

Mrs. Miniver laughed. It was a fool hat. Now, it looked even sillier, topping off nothing but a nightgown. Back into its tissue paper nest went the hat and Mrs. Miniver got into her bed.

"It's been a nice day," Mrs. Miniver sighed contentedly. She turned out the light. "We're very lucky people, aren't we, Clem?" she asked softly.

"Why, Kay?" Clem chuckled. "Because of a new hat and a new car?"

"Oh, much more than that," Mrs. Miniver said. "I mean because of Vin and Toby and Judy—and each other—"

Clem grunted sleepily and Mrs. Miniver knew it was no use talking to him any more.

It *had* been a lovely day. There had been the trip to London, London with all its bustle and the rows of shops. And the hat! How she had fought against that temptation! But, all day, it had haunted her so she just had to go back for it, although it meant missing her train.

Even that had had its compensations. For, when she had finally got into a carriage, she had found the Vicar there.

They'd had a fine laugh at their weaknesses, she with her irresistible hat and he with the cigars he couldn't

afford. It had been very pleasant.

True, Lady Beldon had burst into the carriage, denouncing everything and everyone, merely because they were so hopelessly middle-class. Poor old Lady Beldon, Mrs. Miniver thought. She was so used to ruling Belham like a little kingdom that it must be difficult for her to accept the changes that were taking place in England.

In England? Mrs. Miniver smiled, wondering what Lady Beldon would say when Ballard entered his rose in the Flower Show. It was as traditional for Lady Beldon's roses to win unchallenged as it was for the Beldon family to have authority.

Ballard was a strange man for a station master, Mrs. Miniver thought. He was much more interested in his



The windows were smashed, the wall almost gone, but Mrs. Miniver was happy. Her children were safe and she had Clem and Vin, Judy, Toby, and now, Carol

THE CAST

Mrs. Miniver... Greer Garson
Clem... Walter Pidgeon
Carol Beldon

Teresa Wright

Lady Beldon

Dame May Whitty

Mr. Ballard... Henry Travers

Vin Miniver... Richard Ney

The Vicar... Henry Wilcoxon

Toby... Christopher Severn

Judy Miniver... Claire Sanders

German... Helmuth Dantine

flowers than in trains. His pride in the rose he had shown her had been touching. But it was his asking her to allow him to call it the "Mrs. Miniver" that had really moved her—almost to tears.

Such a nice day! She had had a rose named after her. And, when Clem had finally confessed his own extravagance in buying a new car, it had been so easy to tell him about a little thing like a hat.

Lovingly, Mrs. Miniver bade farewell to the ended day and turned to the coming one. It was going to be another rich, full day. For Vin was coming down from Oxford.

As always, thinking of her eldest son filled her with a strange sense of wonder. She loved Judy and Toby, but it never (Continued on page 93)



The Nazi's face was drawn with pain, but his gun was steady on her. "Alone?" he demanded

The truth about

Two top-notchers start work together.



Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden met in "Virginia" as co-workers, fell in love as co-stars in "Bahama Passage," ended up in an intriguing dilemma

"I WON'T take it," firmly said Mr. McCrea.

Paramount had offered the lead to Joel McCrea in "I Married A Witch," co-starring Veronica Lake. The big idea was to make a really truly starring team of McCrea and Lake, who had co-starred in "Sullivan's Travels," like Loy and Powell or Turner and Gable. But what Paramount had neglected to find out was how the team of McCrea and Lake felt about each other.

"We will put you on suspension unless you play the role," thundered the Paramount officials, meaning no dough on the line for Joel for a fixed period of weeks.

Mr. McCrea drew himself up to his complete six feet three and started walking out. "Money is not that important to me," said he, with deep dignity, but meaning it.

Thus it's Fredric March who is holding Veronica Lake in his arms these hot afternoons in Hollywood, but

even agreeable Freddie is reported to consider it work and then some.

Because, you see, little Miss One-Eye is very, very difficult. She has her ideas, does Veronica, and she likes to have a production revolve around her. For lads who have knocked around studios as long as Freddie and Joel this murders them. You see they, too, the silly things, feel they have a certain importance.

The truth about co-stardom is that there are personalities who get along together like peas in a pod—both male and female teams and co-stars of the same sex—and there are also personalities who are as palsy as a boy three sheets in the wind meeting a W.C.T.U. convention.

When you get together those two beautiful hunks of people, Grable and Mature, you see on-screen heat and off-screen refrigeration. "I may have to make love to her in pictures," said Mr. Mature between his beautiful gritted teeth, "but I don't have to

speak to her once the camera stops grinding."

Mr. Mature's feeling of frost for Betty goes into icebergs with Carole Landis and Alice Faye as regards Mr. Raft's little chum.

Carole Landis is a swell guy, who ordinarily gets along famously with people, and, as for Alice, her male co-stars adore her. When Alice plays opposite Don Ameche the set rings with constant laughter. When she works with Ty Power, you see those two in eternal huddles of conversation about everything under the arc lights. There is in Alice a simple, sensitive pathos that touches all men. She is almost humbly co-operative. She honestly doesn't consider herself much of an actress and is willing to give ground in any dramatic scene.

Not so with Grable. Now that she is on top of the heap, she is paying off Hollywood for the bitter years it kicked her around and doesn't hesitate to lay down the law to the studio, the

Co-Stars

What happens? Maybe a chilling cold shoulder—and maybe a blazing romance!

BY "FEARLESS"



Joel McCrea was to hold Veronica Lake in his co-starring arms in Paramount's "I Married A Witch". The gentleman said no; he'd had an inside hint on Miss Lake

set and any co-star, male or female. That technique is poison to the boys and girls in the close-ups.

The exact opposite technique may be the secret of Cary Grant's success in playing with such varied personalities as Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell. After one picture with Cary the girls cry for him, mainly because he makes each one feel that she, not he, is the real star of the picture. There is nothing meek or fawning about Cary. He doesn't flirt with his leading ladies. He is a fine actor and is always in there punching his lines for all they are worth and more. Nevertheless he makes his co-stars feel more important and beautiful and besides he makes the girls laugh every moment.

"I can come on a set feeling low or nervous," Irene Dunne told Fearless, "and suddenly, just because Cary is around, I feel life is wonderful again. He's thought of a gag, or he tells a story, or he (Continued on page 80)



Victor Mature and Betty Grable love each other, oh so very much, onscreen. Off screen, it's icebergs, with Mature talking plainly between gritted teeth

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

You're going to a party!

When? Right now.
Where? Right here.
Why? Because you're going to win all the prizes, learn how to play some new and natty games, go home with money in your pocket and bright ideas under your hat!

Pin Game

This is pinning you down in a clever way. Open your jewelry box, take out any simple lapel pin. Then take two pieces of ribbon in any color scheme you fancy, cut one a little longer than the other, thread them through the back of the pin. What have you? A setup that one big professional model thought up all by herself—a standout because the ribbon touch makes it different.



Decorations

Time for dancing! The decorations at any dance aren't the wallflowers, but the decorations of the light fantastic, which means that all eyes will be on shoes and all shoes will have the top-notch touch of ribbon. Resurrect those plain pumps you've been wearing with your suit, take some ribbon, make two pretty bows, sew them on—and we bet your conga will get more applause than a Broadway chorus.

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



Refreshments

Now's the time not to look jilted or you will be jilted. Take out that jacket dress that looks so tired from having seen you through last summer, bind it with contrasting ribbon, wear it for wartime fun and you'll look like all the models in a big fashion show who were wearing the newest fashion flair—ribbon-trimmed suits.



DRAWINGS BY ZABETH LIGHTNER



Parlor Trick

This is more fun than pulling a dozen rabbits out of a hat. The trick to this is that you pull a hat out of nothing! This game is played with a little snood—that one that's hanging in your closet will do. You take some ribbon, fasten the snood with it, dress it up with two perky ribbon bows in front—and presto, you have the smart hat Pat Morison is wearing on page 59.



Prize Surprise

Ladies and gentlemen (they're interested, too), here comes the big event of the party. This is a prize donated by the designer of Joan Crawford's hats. If you want something special to top things off, just do what he does—take horsehair, mold it into a becoming shape, weave over the horsehair with ribbon, tuck some ribbon beau-catchers in strategic places—and you have a hat à la Crawford.

Hope you had a wonderful time!
Now you can go home happy with more pennies in your pocket to buy more Defense Stamps and with a fashion flair from that top-notch ribbon touch—and we're not ribbin' you either!

Date-Raters

IN SUMMER STYLE

July fashion trophy goes to red and white under a blue summer sky. July skyrockets are set off by Edith Head, who designed this electrifying beach outfit for Patricia Morison to show off in Paramount's "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat." Wide red and white stripes make a midriff jersey sweater; elasticized white short shorts are topped off by a red and white jersey belt. On this clever basis, Pat proceeds to wear a tie-on circular skirt of heavy white linen that can, in two seconds, beach time, turn into a shoulder cape. The high wooden clogs are trimmed with straps of red elastic held in place with gold nailheads. A bright red crocheted snood with ribbon bows completes a setup that will set you off on a lifeguard-snagging summer





Any girl knows the effect of white against a summer brown; but when the dress is an Edith Head model of suede crepe with a plunging neckline, cleverly pleated shoulders, a full skirt with two slit pockets and a big silver buckle as a flashing finish—well, just wear it and then watch out. It will turn you into as cute a trick as it does Pat Morison in the "Mr. And Mrs. Cugat" business





You'll be poised, everyone else will be thrown off balance, if you wear aqua and watermelon pink as a starlight starrer. Patricia Morison's dinner dress of soft crepe catches every man's eye who comes along; is a wide-awake fashion with a dolman-sleeved jacket buttoned up to the neckline and aqua crepe insets that put a lady right into the kind of limelight every lady wants

You can look as smart

"This is Gladys Olson"



• Gladys does stenography and typing for E. I. Dupont de Nemours (in the Empire State Building). Gladys wore this to work, just as pictured above. Analysis: Gladys's eyebrows are plucked too thin. Hair-do is frowsy, conceals her well-shaped head and face. She mistakenly wears loose-fitting clothes because she thinks she "hasn't enough curves above and too much hip below" to wear more striking current fashions. See pictures of Gladys as she looks today after a session with Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fashion Clinic

• Eyebrows heavier but well-groomed, a pancake make-up film, light touch of mascara bring out Miss Olson's features. Sculptured curls, upswept sides and halo of curls at the back give Gladys sleek lines but a soft look. "Easy lines" and no cling to the hips flatter her figure. The career-girl suit in butcher-linen is for business and little dates in town. In navy, flag-red, cadet-blue, jade or saddle-brown. \$12.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York

Something new! Something exciting! Something daring! Introducing our novel new Fashion Clinic which, each month, will take one of our readers from real life and, under the guidance of expert Evelyn Kaye, change her into a Cinderella who will prove that you can be as smart as a Hollywood star. Meet our Girl of the Month

"This is the same girl"



as a star!

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S NEW FASHION CLINIC

FASHION COUNSELOR • EVELYN KAYE

● For Sunday in The Park, dating with a bluejacket. Gladys has on a cool seer-sucker plaid in flag's colors, red-white-and-blue. Crisp fabrics with body (no cling to reveal hippy line!) is smart choice for Gladys's figure. At McCreery's, New York, \$6.98! Red straw muffin smack-on-the-curls, \$3.98, and the black patent shoulder-bag \$2.98, also at McCreery's

For two more miracle-working costumes, see next page



"And so is this"

• Anywhere under the sun this summer, Gladys will wear her two-piece chambray playdress. Buckles make the waistline self-adjusting. It's crisp as popcorn. Obliging pops into the soapsuds and under the iron between fun-dates. It's the "no fuss" tailored shirt tucked in the gently concealing skirt that gives her "figger" a break! Franklin Simon in New York has it for \$6.98! Green, blue, brown or red with white



• Good haul is Gladys's Jantzen swim suit. In these days a Jantzen is a long-term investment. Superb body fit and it's made of elasticized wool (if you know what we mean) so you'll wear it with pride for more than one season! "V-cut" top flatteringly foreshortens the bosom-line. Flared skirt covers an otherwise stark line of the hips. In slick-as-a-seal's-back black with white pique borders or in various colors with white. \$8.95 at McCreery's, New York

You can buy all fashions shown in "You Can Look As Smart As A Star" right now! Just write, phone or go to the stores listed

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Good-bye to Marriage,

Hello to Romance



Ann's separation from Roger (above) left her saddened and downcast

It's headline news why Ann Sothorn separated from Roger Pryor; it's new, exciting whispers about her friendship with Bob Sterling

BY JOHN BURTON



Ann's meeting with young Bob brought her inimitable wit back to life, gave a new note to her beauty

IN Hollywood they're saying, "What's happened to Ann Sothorn?"

A few months back she was doleful and downcast. No damsel in distress could have looked more depressed. Days were spent in ruthless reflection. Ominous hours isolated her from familiar scenes. Then suddenly she emerged from a chrysalis of gloom. Her beauty took on a new note. Her inimitable wit came back to life. A radiance too obvious to disguise could only mean one thing (so everyone *thinks*). Ann must be in love!

To get Ann to talk about it, or even admit it, is about as simple as getting Greta Garbo on a bicycle built for two. The Sothorn style of doing things doesn't include those intimate peeps

into a movie star's heart. Ann has never been one to indulge in emotional whims. To unburden herself promiscuously. Even the true story of David Hobbs, a little boy who was taken from her life when she loved him most, has never been discussed by her.

Early one morning Ann was called to the phone by Louella Parsons. Was it true that Ann and Roger Pryor were having trouble in their home? Louella waited for indignant denials. The usual outburst of rage. Tears and hurt feelings. Trouble, *indeed*!

"Yes, it's true," answered Ann, who *won't* lie—but would have preferred not answering at all. "But we're trying our best to work it out. Please don't say we're splitting up. If it

doesn't work out, then I'll give you the story."

That was nearly two years ago. On September first of last year, heartsick and weary, Ann released her statement. It was dignified, brief, unrevealing. "Due to our divergent activities, problems have arisen which make it impossible for us to continue," was the way she put it. There was no mudslinging. No bitterness. Just hurt on both sides.

After eight years of friendship, five years of marriage, admission of failure was not a nice reward. Ann *couldn't* talk about it. She *wouldn't* talk about it. And she never has. She and Roger see each other occasionally. Often talk on the phone. A fondness for him and a (Continued on page 66)





Dietrich, favorite of Gabin because she's worldly, feminine, with the mind of a man and the heart of a woman

THE LOVE DILEMMA OF JEAN GABIN

He had to choose between Marlene Dietrich and Ginger Rogers. That wasn't so easy, even for a man like Gabin

BY LEON SURMELIAN

WHEN Gabin, the gamin, came to Hollywood a year ago via Spain and Portugal, he had all the earmarks of a man who had lived and loved. He had gone through the Battle of France as a common sailor on a minesweeper, an experience that turned his wild shock of hair a tawny gray. He looks older than he really is—thirty-seven. Though born in a suburb of Paris, he had the earthy elemental qualities of a peasant in a naturalistic story by de Maupassant or Zola. Physical, lusty, powerful—possessor, the women who saw him averred, of more sex appeal than any other male in the profession. He fairly vibrated with sheer animal magnetism.

He had a keen experienced eye for feminine charms. He told us in a tense, expectant tone, a roguish twinkle in his pale-green eyes:

"I am looking for my Lady Eve, haven't found her yet. You want to know what I think of American women? I know none of them well enough to pass a competent judgment on American women, but, of course, even though I have observed them only from a distance, I have not been blind to their attractions. For American women are surely the most beau-

tiful in the world." He whistled and glanced skyward. "And the best dressed. Definitely. It is strange that American women aren't aware of that fact. Here you can't tell an heiress from a stenographer—and for all I know the stenographer herself might be an heiress! Yes, they are very chic. And devilishly healthy! The way they walk—that freedom and grace of movement, that confidence in themselves—it's splendid! I feel as if here in America a new, better race of women has been developed. Although I am afraid American women are a bit cold, don't have the feminine warmth and emotional maturity of French women—at least the sophisticated ones. However, I may be wrong. I'll tell you in a year if I am! After I find my Lady Eve."

He spoke in French—not the French of the Academicians, but of the rough, hearty proletarians of the Paris streets. We in America think of Parisians as suave folk of the Boyer brand. "You know the *real* Parisian?" Gabin said. "I know all the faults and all the virtues of my people, and especially of Parisians. The common people of Paris—men like me—talk a lot, yell a lot, but they are good fellows, (Continued on page 77)



Rogers, favorite, too, because she's simple, direct, gay, a woman of the people

Should a Man Marry before Going to War?

(Continued from page 35) natured, big Wayne Morris gave up his Valley ranch, his spacious farmhouse with the specially built oversized stuffed furniture and extra-length beds, his two servants and two cars, for a cramped, sparsely furnished three-room apartment and liked it.

"I have never been so happy in my life," says Wayne with a broad smile. "At night, when I come home (while serving on the Selection Board, Wayne is permitted to live at home), instead of grumbling that there is nothing to do except sit at a night club and kill the evening to the tune of fifty bucks or more, we call up one of our Navy friends and his wife and ask them over to dinner. It is an unwritten law that guests bring part of the food. We all pitch in and get dinner together. It's fun!

"We don't have to put up a front for anyone. Big homes, showy dinners and expensive clothes are no longer important. We never think of apologizing if we can't afford to buy this or do that. We are all in the same boat."

Wayne admitted there was plenty of adjusting and scaling down before he could get married last January. Keeping up with Hollywood had left him little of his movie salary. There was considerable difference between his Hollywood monthly check of \$3,000 and the \$183 Uncle Sam pays him.

"Pat and I knew we could live on my pay check, because hundreds of other Navy ensigns and their wives were doing it," said Wayne.

Like the sensible, levelheaded young couple that they are, they sat down and figured out their assets and liabilities. Money from the sale of one of the cars and other unnecessary possessions was added to Wayne's saving account. He paid the mortgage on the ranch and cleared all outstanding debts. The rent from the ranch helps to support his small son by his former marriage to Bubbles Schinasi.

"We worked out a budget that covers everything from food to clothes," explained Wayne. "Each month it is a challenge to make my check cover our expenses."

"When Pat and I were married I had only a day's leave. So our motor trip to Pensacola, Florida, where I soon start three months' flying training, is really our honeymoon."

"Pat and I refuse to worry or make plans. Plans, we have both found, seem to have a way of falling through. All the worrying in the world will not postpone the time when I will have to leave for active service."

"So each day we try to get everything out of life. Tomorrow never actually gets here. It's today that counts."

"If I were married when I went into the Army, I would be the fightingest son-of-a-gun in the world!" Blonde, tall Richard Travis's blue eyes took on a flinty glint as he spoke.

"The priceless knowledge that my wife was back home loving me, waiting for me, would make war seem like a personal job. I would pitch in and fight like hades."

"I wouldn't hesitate to get married, even though I were going to the front the next day."

Although Richard Travis has not yet been called into service, from actual experience he knows what it means to work with U. S. armed forces.

The two Warner Brothers Army shorts in which he worked recently, "The Tanks Are Coming" and "Here Comes The Cav-

alry," were made with trained soldiers, under Government supervision.

"Since making these pictures I have more respect than ever for our armed forces," said Dick. "I was very proud to work with them."

Although he did not mention any particular girl, Jean Cagney, cute red-headed sister of Jimmy, is the girl young Mr. Travis is lunching with these days at the Warner Brothers studio.

"One thing is certain," smiled Mr. Travis. "When the right girl says 'yes,' it won't take me long to find a preacher."

WHAT do Hollywood actresses think about marrying a man soon to be in the front-line trenches? How do they look upon war marriages?

Let's hear Priscilla Lane's side of the argument.

Gossip columns have recently been predicting that Pat was once more altar-bound, this time with Lieutenant Joe Howard. Despite the pleasantly intriguing reports that she has also been seeing her ex-fiance John Barry, newspaper editor of Victorville, Pat's eminently qualified to speak. For she is a girl facing the important decision: Would I marry a man who is going away to war?

It was this same decision which entered into her betrothal to young Barry.

HEDDA HOPPER

uncovers twenty burning questions Hollywood insiders would like to hush-hush

NEXT MONTH!

"I can't set a wedding date until John knows where he stands in the draft," Pat said the day her engagement to Mr. Barry was announced. The fact that that engagement was broken a few months later has not changed her ideas that it is better to wait than to marry a man who is going to war.

Priscilla's latest romance report started when, tired out after making two pictures in a row, "Arsenic And Old Lace" and "Saboteur," she hurried down to her favorite desert vacation resort, Yucca Loma. When she found that her friend and hostess, Gwyn Baer, had turned the playroom into U. S. O. headquarters open to soldiers quartered near by, it was only natural that Pat should agree to help with their entertainment.

It wasn't long before it was obvious that Lieutenant Howard was receiving most of Pat's attention. When she and the good-looking lieutenant were seen swinging through square dances at the Saturday night country grange and taking long drives into the desert, gossip had it that Pat and the Lieutenant were that way about each other.

Pat, who has just returned from her vacation to start work on her new picture at Paramount, has nothing new to add to her views on not marrying a man in our armed forces. She holds to the conclusions arrived at, after thoughtful consideration, at the time of her engagement to John Barry.

"An actress is different from other

girls," said Pat at that time. "Gossip columns and Hollywood rumor continually link her name with this man and that. It's hard enough for an actress to make a go of marriage in Hollywood when both husband and wife are in pictures and living together. With the husband away in the Army or Navy, especially if he weren't in pictures, their marriage wouldn't have a chance. Seeing his wife's name in print, reading accounts of her appearance here and there, he might think the little woman wasn't giving much thought to him. Misunderstanding would follow. It's hard to separate publicity from the real thing."

"Separations are no good. The next time I get married I am going to have a real wedding and settle down with my husband in a home of our own."

YES, definitely, I would marry a man about to go into our armed forces, if I were in love with him," said Linda Darnell. In her portable dressing room, between scenes of "The Loves Of Edgar Allan Poe," which she is making at Twentieth Century-Fox, Linda sat before her mirror combing her hair.

"If I didn't marry him and he went away, I would be keeping myself for him forever after. I would feel that no other man could ever take his place. I would think, 'Wasn't I a fool not to take love when I had it?'"

"If it were possible for me to live near him, while he was in training, I certainly would be there, even though it meant giving up my career. If I loved him enough to marry him, I would love him enough to give everything up for him."

"Of course, I would hate having the time come when he would have to leave me. However, if I married a soldier in wartime, I would know that day would eventually arrive. And if the man I loved didn't join some branch of our armed forces, I couldn't respect him."

When Miss Darnell was asked whether there was any particular man in her life, she answered, "No. I wish there were. There is not even one soldier."

MICHELE MORGAN, with her entire family in France and the memory of the heartache and tragedy war brings less than a year behind her, has this to say about marrying a man before he joins the armed forces.

"If I loved him, 'Yes.' But I would want to be very sure it was love and not just a high emotional pitch of the moment."

"He's going to come back from war with his whole perspective of life changed. We learned that in France."

"I would try to think ahead. 'Do I love him enough to help him build a new life when he returns? Will I have the patience and understanding he will need?'"

"It is so easy for a girl to fall in love when she meets a man about to go into the Army. She thinks, 'He has only a few days. It's our right to marry and take what happiness we can.'"

To the credit of all these girls money was not mentioned. Although they have money now, what if their husbands left them with expectant motherhood facing them and they were unable to go on with their career? The main issue, rather, seemed to be the effect indefinite separation would have upon their future.

Hollywood sweethearts, like sweethearts from coast to coast, have one thought uppermost in their minds—a wish to do the best for all concerned.

The End.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Helene Cartwright, graphologist, unties the knotty marital problem of Ty and Annabella in the stroke of a pen



PSYCHOLOGISTS are always speculating as to whether like drawn to like or opposite drawn to opposite is best suited. The graphologist knows that like to like and opposite to opposite can produce the ideal love pair.

Tyrone Power and Annabella are at opposite poles of thought and feeling. He is forthright and downright, aggressive and sure of himself. Look at those dynamic capitals, the speed with which he writes, the long, aggressive "y" in his first name. Here is a person who does not care for the subtleties and who has marked out his path in life with few ifs, ands and buts.

Even people who do not notice writing very much must see that, as a writer, Annabella is something special. Her script is written with a hand which disdains the exact, readable letter form. She runs the pen hastily through each letter—notice that "Anna" would be something at which to shoot a guess if you did not know the name and "bella" is little better.

The script gesture is that of a gay indifference as to whether you can read the name or not. Annabella is not concerned with what the world thinks of

her; whether she is making an impression or not, or whether she is dynamic or forceful. She is just herself and you take her or leave her!

Tyrone does care whether you take him or leave him. He wants to have you understand him; he wants to make an impression; he throws himself into his roles with the determination to make them effective.

Annabella goes through her roles with her own conception of them paramount; she plays herself and lifts a dainty shoulder at the world and its opinion of her as an actress.

These two have had a good deal of adjustment to make and yet each remains a distinct and different character. In such a union there is that strange attraction of opposites, in which two people do not agree but agree to disagree and are passionately in love just the same.

No more subtle character is on the screen today than Annabella; no more forthright and dynamic character than Tyrone Power. What a combination! What difference! And, maybe, *what* happiness!

THE END

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The Skelton in Hollywood's Closet

(Continued from page 39) to Edna.

"You're just afraid of it and you know it," she says. "What's a little click, for heaven's sake?"

Anyway, he'll sit in a room and let the thing ring and ring and ring until Edna runs upstairs or downstairs or wherever to answer it. "The only time in his life he did answer it," Edna says, "he got us into a Philadelphia theater a week too soon." She gives Red a look and he shamefacedly pretends to be absorbed in his macaroni and cheese, which he ordered because Edna did.

IF all marriages, the Hollywood kind or any kind anywhere, were based on the same solid foundation of need of each other as Red's and Edna's, what a field day it would be at the happy home festival. Edna writes his sketches and Red acts them. When a theater manager once suggested a girl for his act, Red insisted on Edna.

"I won't do it," she said. "I've never been on the stage in my life."

So they tried out a girl violinist and Red just acted awful. While she played Red refused to carry the signs behind her that read, "Anyone that wants a free beer, applaud." The new acrobatic dancer met the same ghastly fate. If she thought Red was going to picket her, while she twisted her sacroiliac into unladylike positions, with posters that read, "Hiss if you're a monkey," she was a mistaken woman. Red wanted Edna.

It was the proffered new taffeta dress and not Red that finally won Edna over. She and Red had been so poor that any kind of a dress was a triumph of matter over mind. So, reluctantly, Edna consented, forgot the words of the song halfway through, ran off the stage, was hauled back by Red and finally had to be propped up between Red and the orchestra leader until the finish.

For the four hundredth time she packed her suitcase to leave him. This time, she was through and all the people in Kansas City, where she lived, had been absolutely right when they said no good would come of Edna Stillwell's marrying a burlesque banana. Only, of course, she didn't leave. Red had cured her of that the first year of marriage.

They were children, remember, fifteen and seventeen, still used to using whatever weapons were at hand, so when on the third day of the honeymoon the usual fight got under way, they tussled like two kids, with Edna accidentally biting Red such a lulu he promptly came down with blood poison. For a while the doctor thought he might have hydrophobia and Red was frantic for fear they'd cut off Edna's head for an analytical examination.

She left him, took a bus, went home, and was gone nine months. She ignored Red's letters that said, in turn, "Please come back," and "All right, stay there." He was a lonely kid of seventeen, who'd been out in the world since he was ten,

and, doggone it, he needed Edna. After nine months the great reunion took place. Three days later they staged a battle that put Gettysburg in the show money. "All right, go home," Red yelled before Edna had a chance to utter her threat. So just for that she stayed.

Things, of course, quieted down when Red and Edna grew into adulthood, which is a pity. But if the urge does come upon them now to argue things out, no matter where they are or who's around, Red will say, "No, I'm going to have it out right now while I'm mad." And so he does. He never stays mad longer than two consecutive minutes and can't understand other people who keep on being mad when he isn't.

They are simply wonderful. They kiss when they meet and when they leave each other, if it's twenty times a day, or if it's in the M-G-M commissary with a hundred beauties looking on. Edna is plain. But Edna is one of the main reasons Red can be in the M-G-M commissary today. He knows it.

RED is a new kind of comedian in Hollywood. He's what they call out here a situation comedian. Unlike Bob Hope, he does not depend on smart lines or gags. The only really funny thing we ever heard Red say was that he was so much a wolf that every time a pretty girl went by he said, "Halloooooo," and he sounded exactly like a wolf calling his mate. Even Edna laughed. He never

drinks and yet, as he himself says, he can look more plastered than a California bungalow. He sees the ridiculous in everything, everyone, every situation, everydayish and commonplace. Or rather, Edna does, and Red embroiders it in green and blue daffodils and with fringe, yet.

He talked so much and so constantly when he was a kid in Vincennes, Indiana, where he was born, that his employer for the summer, a grocery-store owner, finally went to the owner of a traveling medicine show encamped within the town and said wearily, "Look, take him away, I beg of you."

So Red, who was ten at the time and had to work to eat, talked it over with his widowed mother and she agreed he should try it for the summer. The other three boys, who were older, could keep the home fires at least smoking.

The next summer he "toured" again, and after that he joined the John Lawrence Stock Company, and later Clarence Stout's Minstrels and at fourteen he left his old Vincennes home for good, and was that town happy! A season on the "Cotton Blossom" Showboat floating up and down the Ohio River gave way to his clowning for the circus. At sixteen he was the youngest burlesque comedian in existence, and the following year he was married.

HE met Edna when the frantic manager of the Kansas City Pantages Theater up the street tore into the burlesque house where Red was playing and said, "Quick, I've got to have someone at once. The stooge for one of my acts hasn't shown up." For some reason, everyone looked at Red. "Hey, wait a minute . . ." he began. But the next thing he knew a Pantages usherette named Edna Stillman was lighting his way to an upper box where Red was scheduled to imitate a bored man at the theater. "The act was no good," Edna informed him as she lighted his way out.

The next week he filled in again and this time Edna grudgingly admitted he was funny in one or two spots. Overcome, Red asked to take her home and thereupon embarked on what he claims was a streetcar ride that went from Kansas City to somewhere near the Ohio State Line. That trek on wheels cooled the budding romance like ice down the neck. But Red kept filling in night after night and Edna's comments became more

and more sensible and finally there they were—in love, two kids who were lonely at heart, who had to work to survive and who needed each other.

They plunged immediately into Walkathons, the fad that was then sweeping the country. They traveled from city to city, walkathoning and walkathoning.

From Walkathons the Skeltons, with the aid of Uncle Jim Harkin, now with the Fred Allen radio show, entered vaudeville. They got out of it more times than they were in it, too. They accepted the fact that they were poor and very hungry. Everyone else they knew was, too.

Once when they were thrown out of their apartment they took a dirty, miserable room and set to, with a borrowed scrub bucket, to clean. They sacrificed to buy enough paint at the ten-cent store to cover the walls and miserable furniture. They scraped and tidied and cleaned until even the Chinese, who had a cubbyhole next door, could hardly bear it. Red even built a pair of steps from the window to the courtyard for the dog. There was always a dog, no matter what, and once there had even been a duck and a small polar bear. When all was finished, the landlady raised the rent beyond their means. Red was wild. He began throwing things into their trunk, preparatory to carrying it downstairs and saving thereby on the hauling charge.

"Are you sure you can carry it down on your back?" Edna asked.

"Of course I'm sure," Red stormed and proceeded to the stairs where he instantly tripped, dropping the trunk, which promptly chased him all the way downstairs, with Red screaming, and the trunk gaining at every step, and the dog yowling bloody murder, and the Chinese bowing like a madman to everyone in sight.

RED'S first big chance came in a club in Montreal. He borrowed a dress suit, went on and was a miserable failure.

"Ah, those gags are old," a customer chided aloud in disgust.

"Don't like old things?" Red asked.

"Naw," sneered the customer.

"Then what are you doing with that face?" came back Red.

That turned the tide. The Skeltons were then on their way.

"Look," Edna said one night after a successful vaudeville tour, "I don't like our routines. I could write better ones."

"Why don't you?" Red asked. She did and has been doing it ever since.

The famous doughnut routine, introduced by Red in "Having Wonderful Time," had its birth when the pair was playing Montreal and the manager demanded something new. The two sat in a coffee shop an hour before show time, blue and sunk. Finally Edna said, "Look at that fellow over there. The way he's dunking that doughnut. It gives me an idea."

For three years the Skeltons toured the big time with their doughnut act. Red ate twelve doughnuts during his half-hour act or thirty-six sinkers a day. His mouth was covered with blisters, he added thirty-five pounds of weight and finally ended up in a hospital.

"Having Wonderful Time" didn't do much for Red. His vaudeville career seemed to nose-dive, too. And just then came a year's radio show in Chicago and, on its heels, his M-G-M contract.

"I can make you independent in three years," their manager said to Edna.

"No, make it five years and let Red have a little fun. He deserves it," she said.

THEY moved into a cottage-type Brentwood house solely because it had a secret panel which Red adored. The panel leads into Red's own den, which is, ladies and gentlemen, beyond description. Red himself furnished it with a red leather chair from a secondhand store and a three-dollar organ which sounds ghastly and which Red painted a vivid red to unmatch the chair. Hitler and Churchill couldn't clash worse.

Red Skelton brings a new link between Hollywood and you fans out there. He is you on the wrong side of the fence. He'll join fans that crowd the sidewalks to see the famous.

"What's all this keeping away from the people who keep you going? I don't get it," he says a bit bewildered.

No, and he never will, either.

"Oh, say," we said on leaving, "what's your real name? You weren't born 'Red,' were you?"

He looked puzzled a moment, glanced imploringly at Edna. Then suddenly the two dimples went into action in those cheeks, the brown eyes twinkled, the red hair gleamed.

"It's Richard," he beamed. "Gee, you nearly had me there for a minute!"

The End.

Personal Conquest

(Continued from page 53) the *Lily Maid of Astolat*, or the young *Juliet*. That is, she pictured herself that way until she began to get angry.

That anger was her cure and the reason she got angry was due to the very quality that today distinguishes her acting.

The trick was that she began to think. The actress in her let her sob and dramatize herself, but the intellectual in her, which is more powerful, made her realize, after a bit, that she was also giving a great performance without a soul to watch it. Moreover, she knew that some of her tragedy was due to not having told Olivia the whole truth.

For when Olivia had told her that she was cast for *Melanie*, Joan had retorted that she had tested for *Scarlett O'Hara*, had tested and lost out. That was true, but, what was also true, was that Joan could have tested for *Melanie*. In fact, Selznick had begged her to do so, but she had refused. She had refused be-

cause she thought *Melanie* a role not her type.

So here she was, in the middle of the night, in the middle of an empty house, being a poor, pitiful pawn of fate.

"I won't be like that," said Joan aloud to herself. "I refuse. I'll cook something." And there again, she began expressing another side of her complex, sensitive nature.

That is her ideal not of being a great siren or a femme fatale but of being a perfect wife. She had always visioned herself in that role and she firmly believed that the quickest way to a man's heart was through the dinner table.

So on her near-suicide night, Joan sought out the kitchen, whipped up a concoction of rum and bananas, ate it appreciatively and crawled into bed. Naturally, with such a feast inside her, she didn't feel in the least sleepy, so she tore the wrapping off a new book and settled down to read. Then she forgot her sadness, Olivia, the future, everything. The

book completely fascinated her. Its title was "Rebecca."

THE next morning she felt she could, somehow, conquer life and when George Cukor, the director, called through, asking her for dinner that night, she regarded it as a good omen.

She arrived at dinner, feeling very shy amid the brilliance of Cukor's house and guests, and discovered her dinner partner to be David Selznick. Searching for conversation she told him, "I read the most wonderful book last night. 'Rebecca.'"

"I bought it today," said Selznick. "Would you test for that role?"

That began it. She tested for six solid months. Cukor did get her a bit to play in "The Women" meanwhile, but nothing happened but more tests. She knew scores of other young actresses were trying to be *Rebecca*, too.

She was back in her old cycle again, just as Liv was in her cycle of success,

adoration, flirtation and romance.

So Joan did the other thing she always does when she feels low. She got herself engaged again. Today Joan would rather not reveal his name and her reason is very good since the unlucky-in-love gentleman was no less than the person who first took her to Brian Aherne's home.

Joan had met Brian at a Palm Springs hotel when he had heard her voice in the game room and, thinking it was Olivia, whom he knew, had come bounding into the room to find, instead—his future wife.

But the first time Joan and Brian really got together was when Joan's intended (or so he thought!) took Joan with him to a garden party of Brian's. It was a big party, complete with a fortuneteller, and Joan, not knowing many people, decided to retreat from the crowd by having her future read to her. "You are going to marry your host," said the mystic.

Joan laughed, jumped up and left the fortuneteller's tent, and then her heart stood still. For standing outside that tent were Brian and her fiancé.

Her fiancé rushed over to her. "Oh, Joan," he said, "I want you to come talk to Brian Aherne."

Joan supposes now that her fiancé was called away at that moment, but she isn't sure. She only knows that she and Brian began to talk, that she said to him breathlessly, "Mr. Aherne, I've just been told I'm going to marry you," that he replied, his eyes twinkling, "We shall have to do something about that. How about a date Wednesday or Thursday to talk it over?" and that she said, instantly, "Both!"

Before Wednesday arrived, she had learned all about his romances. "They were all such glamorous women," she says now. She knew he was a persistent bachelor—and there she was resolved to marry him!

BUT on Wednesday evening she forgot all of that because she was fascinated talking to him. Their talk ranged from Shakespeare to Selznick, from metaphysics to make-up. She discovered he loved food as much as she did, loved books as much as she did, loved music and dogs and flying and walks in the country and being just with one person and being formal about informal things and informal about stuffy ones. Midnight came and went, and one o'clock and two. Finally he said "Good-by, until tomorrow."

She didn't sleep a wink. She lay tossing, thinking abjectly, "I was so stupid. I wasn't a bit glamorous. I just talked."

The next night he said, "Are you really engaged?"

"Yes," she said.

"We must do something about that," he said.

"But I'm practically married to the man," she said.

"Well, you certainly couldn't marry him if you were married to me," he said.

Joan looked at him, hardly daring to breathe. She saw Brian's eyes widen, saw his rare, sensitive smile illuminating his worldly face. "I've proposed to you," he gasped.

"Oh, yes," sighed Joan, "and I accept."

So there she was engaged again, only this time she meant it. She took Brian up to meet her mother in Saratoga and her mother said, "Why, Joan darling, he's nice, which means you'll be divinely happy." Joan said merely, "Yes, Mummy," because she was being meek as a lamb those days about everything and saying yes to everything because she already was divinely happy and Brian was giving all the orders. He said they were to be married in not more than two weeks. He said they were to be married at St. John's

Chapel in Del Monte. He said she was adorable, beautiful, feminine, exquisite and he was so glad she wasn't going to be an actress.

So the day before the wedding David Selznick called up. "Report to the studio at once," he ordered. "You are Rebecca."

"But I can't," Joan gasped. "I'm being married tomorrow."

"Oh, that," said Selznick. "Put it off. We start shooting tomorrow. At nine."

"No," said Joan. "I'm being married tomorrow."

"Well, okay. Be here the day after tomorrow, then."

"No," said Joan. "Brian wants a honeymoon. We're going to Santa Barbara and Oregon."

"You are an ungrateful girl," said Selznick (only he didn't say girl). "Two weeks then and not one hour more."

EVERYTHING was wonderful and terrible about the wedding. Liv kept her awake half the night before it, calling from Hollywood to tell her about some new romance. Her mother held up the wedding by being half an hour late for it. Brian never noticed the traveling dress, which she had bought so carefully, and which she changed into right after the ceremony. But not one bit of it

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HERE—NEXT MONTH!

mattered. She knew that she had really found her love and all her future life.

Selznick called her every day of her honeymoon, asked ten thousand questions. When the honeymoon weeks had passed, she came back to Hollywood because Brian had to go to work as well—in "Vigil In The Night" and "My Son, My Son!" with no lapse in between. She came back to Brian's very bachelor house, and groaned inwardly. It had that dark, ponderous gloom that always characterizes very masculine men's houses and Brian thought it absolutely perfect.

She went to work, next day (Brian had said since she'd be all alone in a strange house, he'd be willing for her to play "Rebecca"—and then no more screen work) with the double burden on her of being at once a star and a new wife. Hitchcock is an exacting director, Selznick an exacting producer, but no matter how tired she was, she saw to it that Brian's house was beautifully ordered, that his meals were perfectly prepared and served, that she herself was always dressed for dinner. Surreptitiously, too, she began changing the house's decorations, a chair here, a pair of draperies there.

The moment "Rebecca" was released, of course, Joan was a star of major magnitude. At once the pressure was put upon her. Selznick wanted to put her im-

mediately in other pictures. Every studio wanted to borrow her. Role after role was offered her. She turned them down, one after the other, until she came to "Suspicion" and after that she turned them down one after another until she came to "The Constant Nymph."

"You are an ungrateful girl," snorted Selznick, only he didn't say girl, and that word got repeated and that was how the legend of her being difficult arose.

She didn't want to do "This Above All," but Selznick wanted her to and said, he holding her contract, that either she did that for him or he wouldn't permit her to do "The Constant Nymph." So she has done both and the praise of her in both roles is whispered everywhere in Hollywood.

She is trying to adapt herself to the thought that if her holding to her artistic ideals makes her be called difficult, she will give up the easy camaraderie of Hollywood to maintain the ideals. She was bitterly hurt by the completely untrue, malicious stories that were circulated about her, after she received this year's Academy Award, stories that said she had gone high-hat and artificial.

"I don't want to get where I'm not hurt by such things," she says, with a worried little frown on that lovely sensitive face of hers. "If you get so you are not hurt, it means you are getting so you don't feel, and feeling things deeply, knowing things deeply, are the things that count. If to go on with my career means losing that sensitivity, I'll give up the career."

WHAT about giving up Brian?" I asked.

She looked at me aghast. "Why, I'd give up my career in a second," she said. "I love acting. Brian knows that. But he comes so far ahead of my work that I can barely glimpse it from where I stand beside him. I want to have children, at least two. I want to be a perfect wife first, then a perfect mother, and, if there's still time enough after I've done that, then an actress. It was the most thrilling thing, getting that Academy Award, but it was more wonderful, returning home that night and having Brian put his arms around me and say, 'Ah, darling, how good to be home alone, together. I want us to go on like that forever.'"

"We live on Brian's salary which is more than sufficient for our simple needs. This means my salary, which isn't very high, is just 'plus' and I, lucky creature that I am, may really pick and choose my roles. I simply would not work if it endangered my home life."

"We don't go out very much, Brian and I, but whenever we do, we suddenly discover, in the midst of a party, that we've circulated around the room, and come back together, and there we are, talking away furiously. If I sacrificed everything to stay like that I'd still be way ahead, still be one of the luckiest women in the world."

We walked out through the house that had once been dark and which is now all beauty and sunshine. Joan looked at me, grinning, "He likes it now," she said. We came out into the sunshine, where her small dog was romping and the flowers were nodding. "Isn't it all beautiful?" she said. "Isn't it all wonderful?"

I saw she was dreaming again, this girl who had been so lonely for so long. And I went away, dreaming, too, knowing I had seen that rarest of Hollywood sights yet one of the loveliest sights in the world, the sight of a woman of courage, ambition and beauty who is above all that completely a wife in love.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

"Paulette Goddard
told me *personally*!"



YOU KNOW WHAT **SHE**
DOES? TAKES A **LUX**
TOILET SOAP ACTIVE-
LATHER FACIAL EVERY
DAY—SMOOTHS THE
RICH CREAMY LATHER
ALL OVER
HER FACE...



**Paulette
Goddard**

Star of
Paramount's
"The Forest Rangers"



RINSES IT WITH WARM
WATER, THEN A DASH
OF COOL. HONESTLY,
IT'S **WONDERFUL!**
TAKES AWAY ALL DUST
AND DIRT AND HELPS
SKIN STAY
NICE AND
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PAT DRY—THAT'S THE
LAST STEP TO PAULETTE'S
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.
EASY, ISN'T IT? 9 OUT
OF 10 SCREEN STARS
USE **LUX TOILET**
SOAP AND
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Lather Facials give your skin protec-
tion it *needs* for loveliness. You'll
agree with famous stars who say Lux
Toilet Soap's a *wonderful* beauty aid!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"You Alone . . ."

(Continued from page 32) him. Now he was way over in Australia, Arline said. And this summer—the planes would all be different, they'd be ready to fight—to protect everybody from the Japs.

I wish I had a Jap right here, I'd cut his head right off, Betty thought. I should think even their own children would want to cut their heads right off, spoiling everything and starting wars.

So you were supposed to buy a defense stamp. "On you alone. . . ."

It was so silly.

Still, she couldn't cut any Jap heads off, and the point was to get rid of them so this summer maybe would be like they had planned—or anyway the summer after that.

It's a drop in the bucket, Betty thought, but I got to do something or I'll bust.

HER bike had a flat tire and she couldn't get another one, even if Mom had the cash, which she didn't.

Of course she had walked farther, maybe, but that had been for fun and with the gang. Now, she trudged along the Roosevelt Highway, and she was getting a fine big blister on her heel that hurt. The wind from the ocean had turned cold—like it always did about three o'clock, and she felt lonesome.

Every quarter counts—one-two—one-two—my feet feel like boils and that's what they'll be if these blisters keep up. I hope my quarter buys a piece of a bomb that hits a Jap right in the head.

Tires screamed and breaks squeaked and a roadster skidded to a stop beside her. Betty looked up with her mouth open to say no, because if there was one thing Mom was practically a nut about it was Betty accepting a hitch or getting in a car with a stranger. But when she saw the girl at the wheel, Betty closed her mouth again.

"Want a lift?" the girl said, and Betty figured even Mom couldn't throw a fit about this, because she had seen the girl around the studio, so it wasn't likely

she'd want to stuff Betty's body down a drain.

"What is this?" the girl said, "an initiation or are you a girl Scout?"

She was a very pretty girl, not as pretty as Myrna Loy, of course, because nobody was. But this girl was sort of cute. A warm number, probably, the way she wore so much lipstick and that sweater—the Hays Office would have something to say about that, if she wore it in a picture. The top was down on the convertible and the wind blew her hair around and it was naturally curly—Betty could tell a permanent—and she even thought the blonde hair might be on the beam, too.

"My name's Janice Faulkner," the girl said. "Where can I drop you?"

"Well," said Betty, "I got to get to the studio in Culver City, but if—"

Janice turned to look at her. "You mean you were going to walk all that way? Why, child, it's miles."

So Betty said, "If you got to, you got to. You're driving, and you look a little peaked." She did, too, Betty noticed, like Mom when she was worried about paying the rent. But of course a girl as pretty as Janice wouldn't be worrying about the rent.

Still, Janice looked sort of nice and before she knew it she had told her about the Defense Stamp and everything.

"You mean," Janice looked at her in a very funny way indeed, "you mean you were going to walk all that way over and back to buy a—good heavens."

"I don't see any two ways to it," Betty said. "Mom says I can talk my way out of anything, but I had quite a gab with myself and I couldn't talk myself out of this. I hope what they buy with it blows some Jap to smithereens and besides my boy friend's in—in uniform—as you might say—and they got to have guns, don't they?"

"My—goodness," said Janice. "Here—I'll give you a quarter and you can mail your letter and—"

"Thanks," said Betty, "but that wouldn't do. You buy yourself one, though. . . ."

"He'll see you now, Miss Faulkner," the receptionist said.

Dorsey, who held the best producer-director contract on the lot, said, "Hello. Beautiful. How's your love life?"

"I—it's something you'll never find out about," said Janice Faulkner, the red mantling her cheeks. "Look, Dorsey, I can't go. I might as well quit kidding you and myself—if I ever was. You're—a nice guy, but—not for me. I wouldn't mean it. With Art away—in uniform, as somebody I met this morning would say—"

"I've seen better looking uniforms than Private Arthur McCullah's," said Dorsey.

"At least, he volunteered," said Janice. "He's doing a job the way he sees it. And if I were you I wouldn't go around making cracks about guys in uniforms."

So there, she thought, went her last chance for that part, if she'd had any left after turning him down for the week-end trip.

To her surprise, he laughed. "Spitfire, huh? You really stuck on that soldier?"

"It's none of your business," said Janice. "Take it easy. Bye now."

ON her way out she stopped to use the telephone. If she wasn't going to Arrowhead for the week end, she wouldn't need all those new clothes. As that little imp had said, how could you tell—Art might need a gun.

Dorsey hesitated when he saw her at the window of the studio post office. But Janice was intent upon buying a Defense Bond, so he went on down the corridor, whistling low between his teeth.

And he'd thought he knew something about women. As a matter of fact, he thought he knew everything about women.

He might as well get this thing settled with T. J. right now. T. J.'s office was twice as big as Dorsey's and twice as elegant. As a rule, T. J. had an air of command that fitted its regality, but today he looked tired. He looked as though his great frame had sagged in spots. His eyes, when they met Dorsey's, were harassed and sort of bewildered, as though he had too much on his mind.

He said, going right on with a conversation he'd been having in his own mind, which was a trick of his, "It spoils everything—this war. Just when I had such great plans—why did this have to happen to us? If we could only do something—quick."

Dorsey said, "You do a lot, Boss. You're always trying. We've got to do our bit keeping their morale up, keeping people happy. Look how even in England they keep on going to the movies. Look—I've changed my mind about one thing that'll give you a break maybe, though I don't know what you got in your mind."

T. J. raised his eyebrows inquiringly. "That big part in my new picture—the one I said I had to have Gilda Ramsey for?"

"I know," said T. J. "First you are going to find me a new girl, make me a new star the part is so good. Then you got to have Gilda Ramsey, who is our best box-office draw. So—you get Gilda Ramsey."

"That's what I changed my mind about," said Dorsey. "I'm going to use a new kid named Janice Faulkner."

T. J. stared at him. "Yesterday you said you wouldn't have Janice at any price. Yesterday you got to have high-priced Ramsey and Janice is no good. Like a fish you flip-flop."

"Yesterday," said Dorsey, "as far as



Two buddies, Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette, come to the foreground to do some A-I American background work for Gene's yodeling of the hit song, "Any Bonds Today" in "Home In Wyomin' "

I was concerned this Janice was just another pretty pushover. Today—well, I find out the kid's got guts. She's got some capacity to be in love and maybe to be loyal even when she's tempted by ambition." He made the immortal gesture. "She's got it *here*."

T. J. looked at him and his eyes began to twinkle. "So—she said no to you, huh?" No kidding, they could say what they liked about T. J., but he was a wise old bird.

"Well, you wanted Ramsey bad for something else, didn't you?" Dorsey said.

BACK in his office, Dorsey sent for his business manager. When the man came—Dorsey hated him like poison—he said, "How many of those Bonds did we buy—those Defense Bonds—Offense Bonds—V for Victory Bonds or whatever they call them? Anyway, how many did we buy to keep 'em flying and all that chump bait stuff?"

"Not any," said his business manager coldly, "you told me that with this new income tax you were already working for the Government anyhow and—"

"All right, all right," the great Dorsey yelled at him, "but no little Hollywood firecracker is going to get ahead of *me*. Get me whatever I should get—you got a boy in the Army, haven't you—well, you ought to know—and get 'em quick. Let me tell you one thing. I can't direct any dame unless I got the upper hand of her somehow—even if it's only to have more Bonds than she's got."

INTO his interoffice phone, T. J. said, "Merritt? Dorsey's changed his mind. He says now he can use a new gal, Janice Faulkner. So we got Ramsey all right—now she can do that radio show to sell Bonds and make a tour of the Army camps to amuse the boys like you wanted her to.

"Sure—Gilda Ramsey's the most popular one with the boys, so I guess they'll be pleased all right—I always wanted to do it, see, only if she had to do the Dorsey picture, with all the money I got tied up in it, I couldn't manage it. So now you tell 'em it's all set—she can get started any time now—that's our part we can do for now, Merritt!"

Betty climbed back into the roadster. "It was swell of you to wait and take me back," she said politely. "Lookit." She showed Janice the book, with the Defense Stamp in it all ready to take to school the next day.

"You're a good American, pal," Janice said.

Betty was staring straight ahead through the windshield. Maybe this summer wouldn't be quite up to par like summers had been, but, anyway, there would be lots and lots more summers and none of them would be so very much older—it was like the song, "There'll always be an England."

They'd pitch in and clean up on the enemy no matter how hard it was, so there'd always be a beach and an ocean where kids could play and be happy—and free. . . .

She could send Johnny a penny post card. She'd swiped one off the photographer's desk.

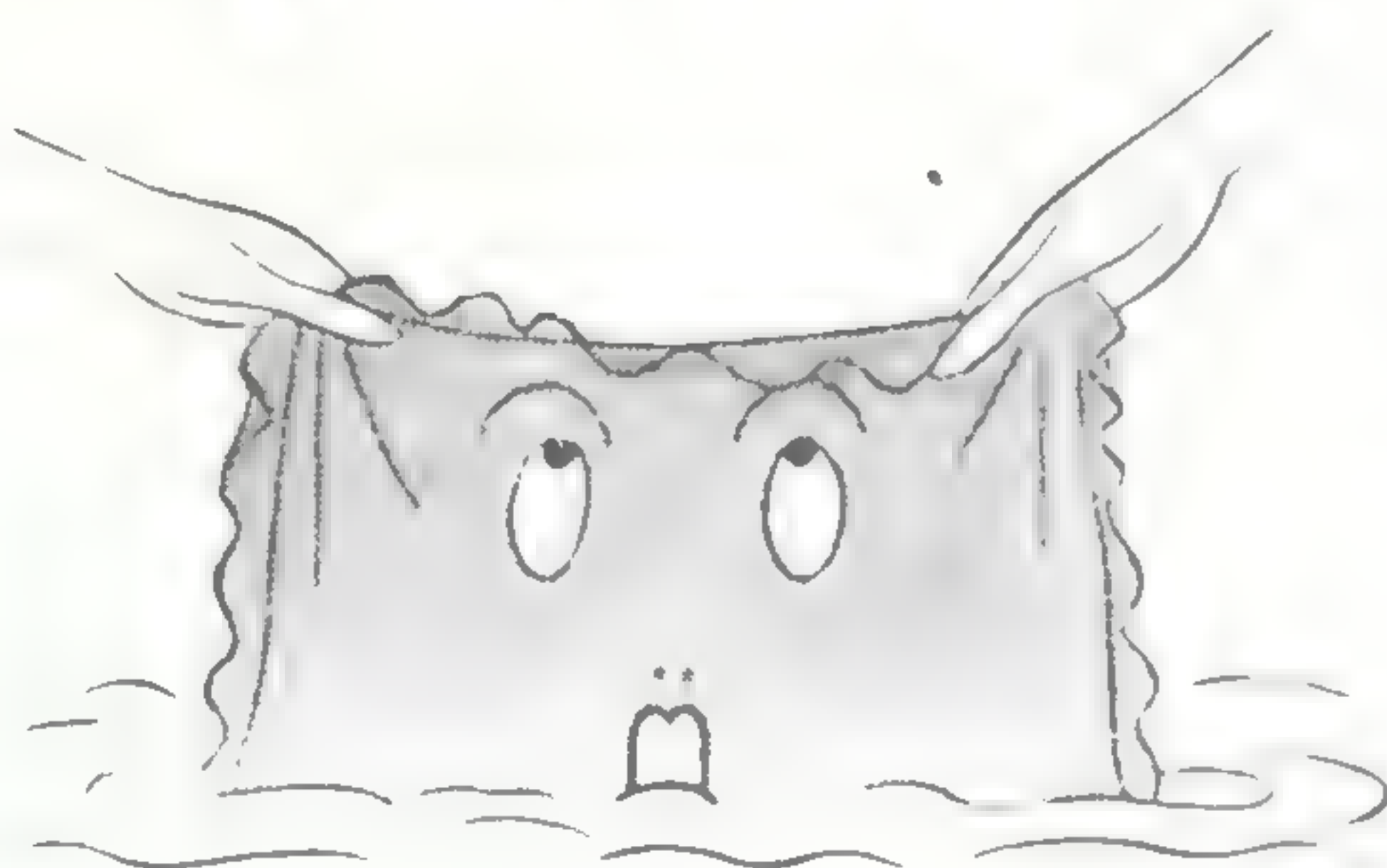
Then she realized Miss Faulkner had spoken to her. "I'm sorry," she said, "I got to thinking—what'd you say?"

"I said it was fine you bought your Defense Stamp and—made a sacrifice to do it," Janice said.

The back of Betty's neck got red. "Y'see it's like it was on you alone," she muttered.

"You never can tell," said Janice.
The End

If at first...



If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way . . .

you don't succeed...



If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub . . .

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is Hope! For you'll have
a clean white hanky if you
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YOU'LL HEAR 14,000 VOICES! They belong to girls like you—who compared their usual napkin with Modess*—in a nationwide test. And 3 out of every 4 found Modess softer! Listen to that!



ACT QUICK! Do try Modess. If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever used, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

The "56" package will cost you much less.
It's the thriftiest way you can purchase Modess.

Love—and Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 28) up to the car, said, "This is the day." They were married that night in Las Vegas.

Then began the exciting, wonderful years in which she came of age, in every sense of the phrase; and they were years of progress, of a quiet kind of beauty contrasted with rigorous discipline and drudging work. It was great fun, being Mrs. Eddie Judson, at first. They couldn't make up their minds about the way they wanted to furnish their living room so for the first year they simply kept an electric train set up on the bare floor, to play with when Rita was bored. It was somehow symbolic; just as he made the train go round for the delight of his young wife, so he made a plaything of her career and showed her how to make it go.

Publicity was the fuel that set everything in motion. They went to all the right clubs, where the photographers were; and the photographers took her pictures because, invariably, she was the smartest woman in the place. Proudly, Eddie watched the clippings in her press book fill and overflow the many pages; read over and over the captions which called Rita Hayworth the "best-dressed woman in Hollywood," the paragraphs in columns like Fidler's and Parsons which told of her new popularity.

She was taking Ann Sheridan's place at Warner Brothers, fulfilling her own contract at Columbia—and, at Twentieth Century-Fox, \$150,000 was being spent to give her the best coat of glamour Hollywood could produce. She had been chosen from among thirty-eight actresses for the role of *Doña Sol*, the vamp of "Blood And Sand" who lured Tyrone Power to his death.

Every day, on the set, lovely little Rita put away her shyness and let her eyelids grow heavy over sultry eyes; moved her slim body in the inviting fashion of sirens from time immemorial; drew her smiling mouth a little awry.

Every day, at six o'clock, she slipped into slacks and drove over to the Westwood house, wiped off the heavy make-up and removed her languorous false eyelashes. Then she settled down to being just Mrs. Edward Judson.

BUT as the tide of her rising success swept on there came, too, the inevitable changes that develop in people at two such critical ages. For Rita, teenage innocence became the experienced, aware perception of womanhood. For Eddie, each precious year was harder to relinquish—or forgive.

Then it was that Rita, in a measure, grew independent of everything Eddie had to offer her excepting his love alone. Her career was assured. Under his tutelage she had discovered poise and learned how to use it; she had developed herself as a personality and as an actress to the point where it was no longer necessary to ask his advice on every subject—and now, as a star, she was given the best directors, the most expert coaches and designers and make-up artists and press agents to guide her.

Money was no longer a consideration, either. She was beginning to make really respectable salaries on her own account.

And, now that she was grown up and wiser in the ways of Hollywood, his original glamour for her must have begun to gray a little. You will remember that she had never had a love affair before she met and married Eddie—and that during their life together she had

been too good a wife, as well as too busy, to have more than a nodding or working acquaintance with another man.

But any woman, especially one as beautiful as Rita, would be inhuman if she did not discover that she was attractive to all men, young and old, handsome or not.

There are some things a woman can't gainsay, some emotions she cannot make still, be she ever so pale a personality, ever so spiritless a human animal. And if you have ever known Rita Hayworth in the gorgeous flesh you understand that vivid color, voluptuous vitality, eager spirit are her adjectives, adventure and change her synonyms.

So that in the end, when she had decided that she was ready and that she had not even the old love for Eddie to hold her back, she freed herself with one swift stroke. Then, almost immediately, there was foreshadowed the possible effect on Rita's future and career of her decision—for, acting for the first time in her life without the guidance of her father or Eddie, she started her divorce proceedings in the wrong direction. In the belief that the court would keep secret the charges she was making against Eddie, she accused him of treating her as an investment, demanding a large sum of money in return for the time and funds he had spent on her. The court refused her plea of secrecy, published the case and the resulting publicity revealed that what had been announced as an amicable parting of the ways was in reality a battle royal.

THAT was bad enough, from the standpoint of her career. But then something happened—something between Rita and Eddie, in conference—and she withdrew the charges. But she did not go back to him, or hint of a reconciliation. . . .

Ah, what a field day that was for the gossips! What, they asked darkly, did Ed Judson know about his wife that empowered him to force her withdrawal of those charges? The gossips answered their own question, complete with details. None of the stories was the same, of course—they never are—and by the same token, none was pleasant.

There is another question, of far greater significance, which Rita Hayworth's studio bosses and perhaps even Rita herself are asking now. Can she make her way alone, using her own undeveloped judgment, without experience and without counsel?

Will she know how to protect her famous, valuable name against the ever-present threat of scandal that dogs every film star? Will she wear the right clothes at the right places with the right people? Has she learned enough, during her five years with Eddie, to round out and finish the personality he created around her?

Or will she use the freedom for which she planned and fought so daringly to destroy herself?

Will her heart, careless and young and yearning for the romance she has never known, betray her finally?

All the answers lie, of course, with Rita herself. One thing is true; Ed Judson could not have made her the star she is, if she had not had what it takes. She still has that, will always have it.

Whatever happens, you can be sure that the story of Rita Hayworth's next five years will be full of color and glitter and excitement; and she will live—and love—every minute of them.

The End

The Love Dilemma of Jean Gabin

(Continued from page 67) real pals."

The great feminine influence in Gabin's romantic harum-scarum life has been Doryane, the Venus of French musical comedies. She was the toast of the old Paris and Gabin was nobody when they married and, as he says with his characteristic modesty and frankness, she made him what he is. Doryane had surpassing beauty, wit, charm, worldly wisdom and a business acumen which he sorely lacks, having no money sense. Gabin was the envy of a million men. She was two years older than he, tall, with the carriage of a princess, given to making dramatic entrances, taking applause and adulation for granted.

But their personalities clashed, both being of strong character. In making Gabin over, this stately brunette siren of effervescent French revues assumed a dominating position—and he is one of those men who can't be dominated by women. He acknowledged her superior abilities but he rebelled. Their repeated quarrels led to a final separation two years ago, which, no matter how much he tries to hide it, left an unhealed wound in his stormy heart. In contrast, his life has been too easy in Hollywood, and he misses those arguments and reconciliations with his wife; it seems to him as though the tang of life is gone, for if you dig into his heart deep enough, you'll find there this beautiful woman's image enshrined in unforgettable memories. He may not want to admit it, but their separation was like a psychic surgical operation for him. He still loves her and will probably love her forever.

IT was in that emotional state of a wrecked marriage, with all its sorrow, bitterness and pain, that he arrived in Hollywood as the highest salaried star on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, with the right to choose his stories, directors, feminine leads—a privilege enjoyed by no other player at this studio. Mr. Zanuck signed him on his European reputation as the greatest actor of modern France—and already, by his very first picture, in spite of the serious handicap of language, he has smashed his way to a compelling position on the American screen. "Moon tide" is a hit, another personal triumph for him. And in one year he has learned to express himself in fluent and colloquial English—surprising all his friends, who thought he couldn't do it, for Gabin isn't the studious, scholarly type. Most surprised of all must be Charles Boyer! He was skeptical of his rival's ability to learn a new language at thirty-seven. For Boyer, learning English has been a herculean task. What's even more remarkable, Gabin hardly has a trace of foreign accent. Strangely enough he never had it. We remarked this on first meeting him, to his vast pleasure, when he knew perhaps fifteen words of English.

In no time at all Gabin made romantic history in Hollywood by letting himself be discovered first by Marlene Dietrich, then by Ginger Rogers, causing a sensational competition between these two connoisseurs of men. But before we go into the details of this intriguing triangle, let's see what kind of man Gabin really is—minus all the publicity and star-trappings. What makes him tick with women and what type of woman can tame him would be evident from the following complete self-revelation he recently made to us on the set of "Moon tide." Never before has he talked so



Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.



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The Modess Tampon

frankly and earnestly about himself.

"I have had the most wonderful life in the world," he said, lighting a cigarette, as he sat in a canvas chair and stretched out his legs. "I don't think anybody has lived as full a life as I have. Nobody. I have really lived."

"And loved," we interposed.

"And loved," with an emphatic nod of his tigerish head. "And *suffered*. If you don't suffer in this world you don't appreciate the wonderful things of life. I suffered for everything—for love, career, everything. But I am happy. Yes, I am. Life is wonderful." He paused, began to whistle a tune, a far-off dreamy look in his burning eyes. "I could be killed in the war, but I am alive. I am a lucky guy. For myself, I can say I am happy. But I have a nephew in a German prison camp. I raised him myself, we were very close, pals. I used to send him food parcels, but now I can't do even that. I have also two sisters in France. That is my only worry. Otherwise, I have no complaints. I am a lucky guy," he repeated thoughtfully.

"And you have no regrets?"

"No. If I could live my life over again, I would do the same thing. Absolutely. Even if I tried to do the opposite I know I would do the same thing. You may call me a fatalist. We are what we are. We can't help ourselves. The important thing in life is to realize that you are happy, because alive. To be conscious of your good luck. Then life becomes wonderful. I have wonderful souvenirs." He sighed, his eyes narrowed. "Even my deceptions are wonderful souvenirs. Yes, especially my deceptions."

Sucking his cigarette greedily, he continued: "Now life just begins for me, and I have lived before. I don't know what will happen to me from now on, I make no plans. But I am not afraid. Life is an adventure and I can't complain. Millions of people would like to be in my place. That I realize."

He whistled again, and sang under his breath.

MARCEL his stand-in brought us coffee. "Millions like to be in my place," Gabin repeated. "The world is in flames, because men are crazy. You don't know why, but they are crazy. People forget that they are just temporary guests on this earth, they forget that they will end up in a little box, and then all will be finished. If people will realize that, then they will really live. And you don't know the day, the hour or the minute when that will happen. But I don't forget that, never—and I live. You hurt people, you hurt yourself, you busy yourself with little things—and everything ends in that box. *Always*. That's the only thing you are absolutely sure in this world."

"I tell you something—" he leaned forward, the sorrows of the world in his eyes. "I can die tomorrow, I am still quite young, but it wouldn't matter. Because I have lived. I started life broke. I enjoyed life just as much when I was broke, but in another way. I worked. I worked hard for everything I have, and luck helped me. That's the difference between what is called success, and what is called failure—when you get a chance, you take it." Suddenly he checked himself and relapsed into French. "*Mais c'est une dissertation philosophique.*"

"Jean, that's all very interesting. But your American fans would like to know more about your love life, for you're being hailed by women as the hottest love—that ever hit Hollywood."

"Who, me?" He rubbed his chin,

twisted his mouth, grinning. "But I have no romances," he said—tongue in cheek.

"Don't you intend to marry again?"

He shook his head. "No, I do not think so."

"Don't be too sure—these love bandits of Beverly Hills might wrap you around their little fingers—and you'll go the way of all men before you know what's happened."

He smiled a little sadly, his eyes clouding. It was evident the whole drama of his marriage with Doryane came before his eyes. "I have my head on my shoulders," he answered. "Believe me. I know women!"

THIS led to a discussion of the qualities that make women attractive to him. A woman, he asserted, must first of all be feminine. No matter what she does she must stay feminine. And real femininity is primarily kindness and pity for the sufferings of others; a woman who lacks this sympathetic attitude and this sensibility cannot be truly feminine. As there is great love for suffering mankind in Gabin's heart, as his fundamental characteristic is a brooding, not to say raging, pity for his fellow men, a woman must understand this side of his nature and fully share it herself to appeal to him. He cannot tolerate callousness and cruelty in women and is disturbed when he sees a woman screaming with delight at a boxing match or a bull fight. On the other hand, tennis, swimming, skiing and such sports add to a girl's feminine charms, by making her healthier and more graceful in her movements.

Intelligence is definitely an asset for a woman and he cannot imagine true beauty without intelligence, for it's the inner glow, it's the spice of life, the salt of love. There can be no keen sensitivity without a high degree of intelligence. Moreover, he is invariably attracted to women who are essentially serious, though they have their gay moments. Constant frivolity and lightheartedness indicate emotional immaturity.

Gabin likes spunk, willingness to gamble, to live and love dangerously; he likes to have a woman fight with him for the things he values, and who like him doesn't forget that we are caged, doomed creatures and everything will end in that box. So, he says, let's live while we're still alive, and of course there can be no real living without loving. To sum up his requirements for his favorite feminine type: She must have the mind of a man with the heart and body of a woman.

THIS explains Marlene Dietrich's hold on him. That in many ways she reminds him of Doryane goes without saying. She is older, intelligent, well read, worldly, feminine, has the mind of a man and the body of a woman. She is essentially serious and as she herself told us once she is one of those women who enjoys being miserable, who is gay in her sadness. When he first came to Hollywood she claimed him promptly—the elemental and eternal woman instantly recognizing her counterpart in Gabin. She took him around, showed him the ropes. Her expert knowledge of French helped. He didn't have to thumb a dictionary with her.

But Gabin hadn't forgotten the times he had sat in a Paris movie theater and watched with the mind of an artist and the heart of a man every Ginger Rogers picture that was shown in France. She played chorus girls, dancers, white collar girls. She was simple and direct and of the people. He understood what it was to be of the people. So when

he was asked on his arrival in New York what Hollywood star he would most prefer to meet his answer was brief and to the point: "Ginger Rogers."

Ginger, for her part, had studied breathlessly every film of Gabin's that had come to this country. Thus when fate placed these two strangers with a great mutual admiration for each other on the same studio lot, Gabin was not the man to bite the hand of opportunity. He sent her flowers. And Ginger was not the girl to pass up a gracious acknowledgment. With a vocabulary of "Hello," "steak" and "demitasse," he invited her to dinner. She accepted and they beamed and beamed at each other—and that was all. That is, until Gabin learned English. Then he laid siege to Ginger's social calendar. He stormed the Rogers citadel with flowers. They went on long drives together, bicycled together, dined and danced at the favorite nocturnal salons of the town's night life. And Ginger, of the nimble feet, found that Gabin was no slouch as a dancer, with years of professional dancing behind him.

When Gabin had to go to New York for the premiere of his sensational picture, "Moontide," Ginger miraculously appeared in town. They were seen everywhere together, rapt and enraptured.

WHAT did Marlene do? How did she react to Ginger's seeming triumph over her, the queen of glamour, the goddess of them all? This was the greatest challenge she had received in her hectic male-conquering life. She is, or can be, a darling, but there's no denying she still believes—not without reason—in the metaphysical picture of herself created by the doctors of movie mythology some eight or nine years ago.

Well, a bird has told us the great Marlene went to Gabin's house, after his return from the East, put up an eloquent battle for her place in the Gabin sun, as only Marlene could. And so Gabin left Ginger—or she left him—and resumed his romance with Marlene, which is now stronger than ever, and there's no possibility of Ginger's ever coming back into the picture, according to all indications.

It's interesting, however, to note, that while he sent flowers to Miss Rogers during that interlude, he doesn't send any to Marlene. It's La Dietrich who sends the flowers—every day. What a man, what a man! Gabin is wise enough to let the women do the chasing. But he isn't spoiled. He considers himself just a lucky guy, and remembers that box.

To be sure, he asserts he is happy just to be alive, but when you talk with him you can't fail to notice the emotional tension—the dilemma—he is in. He isn't really gay about his romance with Marlene—he wasn't gay during his brief romance with Ginger. In the background there's Doryane's image, always; the woman he married, who made him suffer, but whom he still loves. Gabin is like a man who doesn't know which way to turn; there is the pain of perplexity in his eyes. He sings, whistles, yells lustily, but somehow there's always a note of pain in his voice.

Is Marlene Dietrich his Lady Eve? We doubt if he himself knows the answer. When we asked him, reminding him of his promise a year ago, he pleaded:

"Give me another six months and I will tell you everything. Right now . . ." he shrugged his big shoulders, looked dreamily away, then smiling, like a young boy in a daze, "I don't know." And he began to whistle again a sentimental tune.

THE END

JULY, 1942

"What I always like in a Girl," says JOHN WAYNE* "is that *'Silken-Skin' look*"



JOHN WAYNE



*Alix has styled this individually-lovely
new Complexion for you... Available in
JERGENS FACE POWDER*

ALIX—the great fashion genius—works with Jergens to give *your* skin that new silken-skin finish.

Little blemishes? Coarse pores? They can't show up so sadly, because Jergens Face Powder is *velvetized* in the making.

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*JOHN WAYNE, STARRING IN "IN OLD CALIFORNIA," A REPUBLIC PRODUCTION



A DAB A DAY

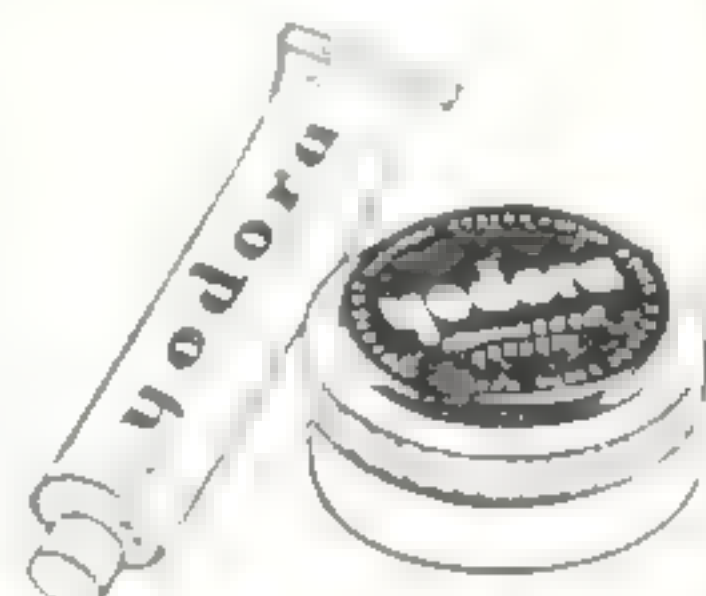
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Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora!
In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



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The Truth about Co-Stars

(Continued from page 57) does a devastating imitation, but whatever it is you are suddenly giggling, and loving him for it."

As for Roz Russell, you know how she feels about Cary when you remember that she had him as best man at her wedding. What's more, Cary is never happier than when playing with one or the other of them.

Nevertheless, Roz, the rational, the witty, did not get along with her co-star Clark Gable when they played together for the first and, if Mr. G. has anything to do with it, most certainly the last time in "They Met In Bombay." The air on that set was so cold that ear muffs were in order, a striking change from the usual Gable set where the leading lady generally glows like a cast-iron stove just because Public He-Man Number One is within eye range. Even Claudette Colbert, to whom a leading man is just a leading man and nothing more, is always aware that Clark Gable is Clark Gable. Lana Turner, never chilly at best, found Mr. Gable something very cozy with which to share star billing. Whatever it was that annoyed Russell with Gable and vice versa they two never revealed, but their antagonism to one another was about as secret as a nationwide hookup.

Life is just a bowl of nettles between Shearer and Taylor, too. While Taylor doesn't necessarily raise his leading ladies' temperatures as Gable does, he is extremely popular with them. But he and Shearer would shoot at sight if they thought they could get away with it.

Joan Crawford, who always gets along with the boys, doesn't seem to blossom when feminine co-stars are about. When she and Greer Garson were making "When Ladies Meet," it is told that Herbert Marshall walked on the set one morning and, sensing the social temperature, turned up his coat collar and remarked to the set in general, "I fancy we shall have snow before lunchtime."

THERE is a crowd in Hollywood which insists that Judy Garland was once very much in love with Mickey Rooney. Whether or not that was true I don't know, but certain it is that Mickey never loved Judy. However, he always has admired Judy terrifically. He thinks she is just about the world's finest singer and doesn't hesitate to say so. He happily will give her the center of attention in any scene. This produces great warmth and charm for their productions and their close friendship looks set to go on forever.

The same is true of Loy and Powell. Never romantic about one another, they are really pals. Bill feels very protective toward "little Myrna" as he calls her. Myrna makes Bill her great confidant. Their mutual fondness is reflected on the screen, too. This close friendliness goes for MacDonald and Eddy, also, though, as much as their public wished them to be, they were never in love.

But when you come to a pair of buddies, everything pales beside Crosby and Hope. Two men couldn't be more unlike. Bob is all boundless, restless energy, Bing all casual sleepiness. Bob works like a truck horse. Bing works, but like a Crosby horse, which means he moves as slowly as can be. But together they are something that drives the entire Paramount studio nuts. It isn't that they don't get along; it isn't that they don't agree on everything. The trouble is that they do. They like the same golf

links; they like the same jokes. They laugh at the same wisecracks.

They both share the general Hollywood opinion that Dotty Lamour is the tops in swell people, but nothing makes their day like teasing her into the screaming meemies.

"I think the links are calling, Robert," Bing will say in the middle of a scene.

"What are we waiting for?" Hope asks and if they are not absolutely tied down with hawsers away they will glide, while Lamour swoons.

No one ever knows how a Crosby-Hope picture will go, how long the scenes will run or whether one scene or two dozen will be finished in a given day. The front office goes gray and would revolt completely if it weren't for that all-important fact of those Crosby-Hope-Lamour gate receipts.

THE tough thing about all this is that where co-stars are compatible, it means dollars at the box office. The public senses when actors are having a good time together and it is positively psychic about knowing when two stars are in love.

One of the elements that made "Dark Victory" sufficiently memorable to keep it in circulation for the past four years was the flame of sympathy that leaped to life between Bette Davis and George Brent and subsequently blazed into a romance. Similarly Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, during the filming of "Typhoon," were on the threshold of a love affair that promised a run on the box office which never materialized due to the untimely end of their interest in each other.

Recently two pictures in particular have had love scenes which sizzled so much that the films were box-office riots, but neither romance lasted beyond the shooting schedule since in each case one partner in the acting pair was extremely married.

But the romance which has lasted far beyond two shooting schedules is the flourishing case of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden. They met on location for the film "Virginia." It was Stirling's first bout with a camera and this strapping young son of the sea was pretty thoroughly bewildered. To his rescue came Madeleine, adroit artisan of the screen and charming, sophisticated lady. A highly sentimental rescue it proved to be.

Sensing a new team, Paramount broke up the long-standing combination of Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll to throw Stirling opposite Madeleine in her next picture, "Bahama Passage."

The romance bloomed hot and heavy until it struck the impasse of Stirling's feeling about play-acting when there was a war going on and Madeleine's hesitancy about marriage.

The Hayden lad promptly departed for service on the high seas and Madeleine went through the motions of continuing her career. Then came the announcement that Miss Carroll was taking a year's leave of absence. Just tired, was the official report. But it is about as secret as the attack on Pearl Harbor that Madeleine is hovering in the East to be near the ports that sailor Stirling may hit.

And for such co-starred romance the public will pay and pay and for that reason the producers will go on creating co-starring films, always fondly hoping for the one that will lead to love rather than to larceny.

THE END

The Strange Case of Lew Ayres

(Continued from page 29) collectively, all who opposed them. We closed our eyes to their treacheries and our ears to the cries of their dying. Then on December 7, 1941, the Axis powers, grown mighty through their persecutions and plundering, made undeclared war upon us.

We fight now for survival. There is no sacrifice too great. This above all, freedom must not perish from the earth!

What manner of man is Lew Ayres that he dares stand aside and put his personal ideologies before the world's tortured realities?

He's a strange man, very strange. But he's sincere, too. Often it's his extreme sincerity that makes him strange.

His refusal to bear arms isn't born of any newly acquired philosophy with which he hopes to save his skin. For years he's loathed killing of any kind and eaten nothing that is killed. He stands ready to serve in any noncombatant branch of the service, provided only he's not required to swear he will bear arms when he takes his oath of allegiance.

Intensely interested in the preservation of life, he's made a serious study of First Aid and of medicine. He hopes, therefore, that he will be assigned to the Medical Corps. Proving again that he isn't a coward. For in the Medical Corps he might very well be under fire.

ALWAYS Lew's been too sensitive and impressionable for his own good. He began overreacting to things and collecting hurts when he was very young. His parents had little money. The house in which they lived was small. Whenever Mr. Ayres, a cellist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, was home, Lew waited for the chords of Wagner or Beethoven to crash against his ears. While he waited he trembled. He knew how his mother's face would tighten, how her voice would sharpen. And he would hold himself tense, listening for the first loud words of another nervous, overwrought quarrel.

He was only four when his parents separated. Their unhappiness would have been forgotten soon enough by most children. Lew never forgot it. Long after he came to Hollywood he was still remembering. "I want money," he always said, "because it buys personal freedom and personal freedom is essential to happiness. I'll go to my grave believing if we had had more money my mother and father still would be living together. Our house was too small to permit Dad his music and Mother her quiet."

At seventeen Lew had an experience that left its mark upon him.

He was playing a banjo in a jazz band. In Mexico, at Nogales and Tia Juana, the band was a tremendous success and he was an even greater success. The cafe women adored him. They called him Baby Face. They tried to kiss him and they stroked his arm. He pitied them with their dreamless eyes. But he was sickened by their slack faces. Finally, unwilling to endure it any longer, he quit the band and the seventy-five dollars a week it paid him and prospected, in the mountains of the southwest, for gold.

This was his first retreat from reality. It also was the beginning of what was to become his personal pattern and turn him into a recluse on a Hollywood hilltop.

At twenty, entrusted with the role of Paul Baumer in "All Quiet On The Western Front," Lew was sure the turning point in his life had come.

The Memory Lingers On



This was it . . . the real thing . . . the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtails.

And now you re-live every precious minute . . .

That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase.

The way he held you close as you danced. And how he sulked, when the stag line caught up with you!

Then like the climax to a great play . . . he suggested a stroll in the moonlight. You felt like a leading lady, walking with him on the terrace . . .

And to think you almost didn't go tonight . . . almost called it off!

If it hadn't been for Jane, you'd have let trying days of the month rule your life! But remember how she laughed at your worries . . . made you promise to switch to Kotex sanitary napkins?

As she put it—it's comfort you want most, and most everyone knows Kotex is *more comfortable!*

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.



Then, too, Kotex has flat, pressed ends that do away with bumps and bulges. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *added* protection. No wonder your lingering doubts and fears vanished completely!

So you've decided that from now on Kotex is "a must". Now you know why it's more popular than all other brands of pads *put together!*

**Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree
—with Kotex*!**



'TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS! Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-7, Chicago, and get copy postpaid and FREE.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

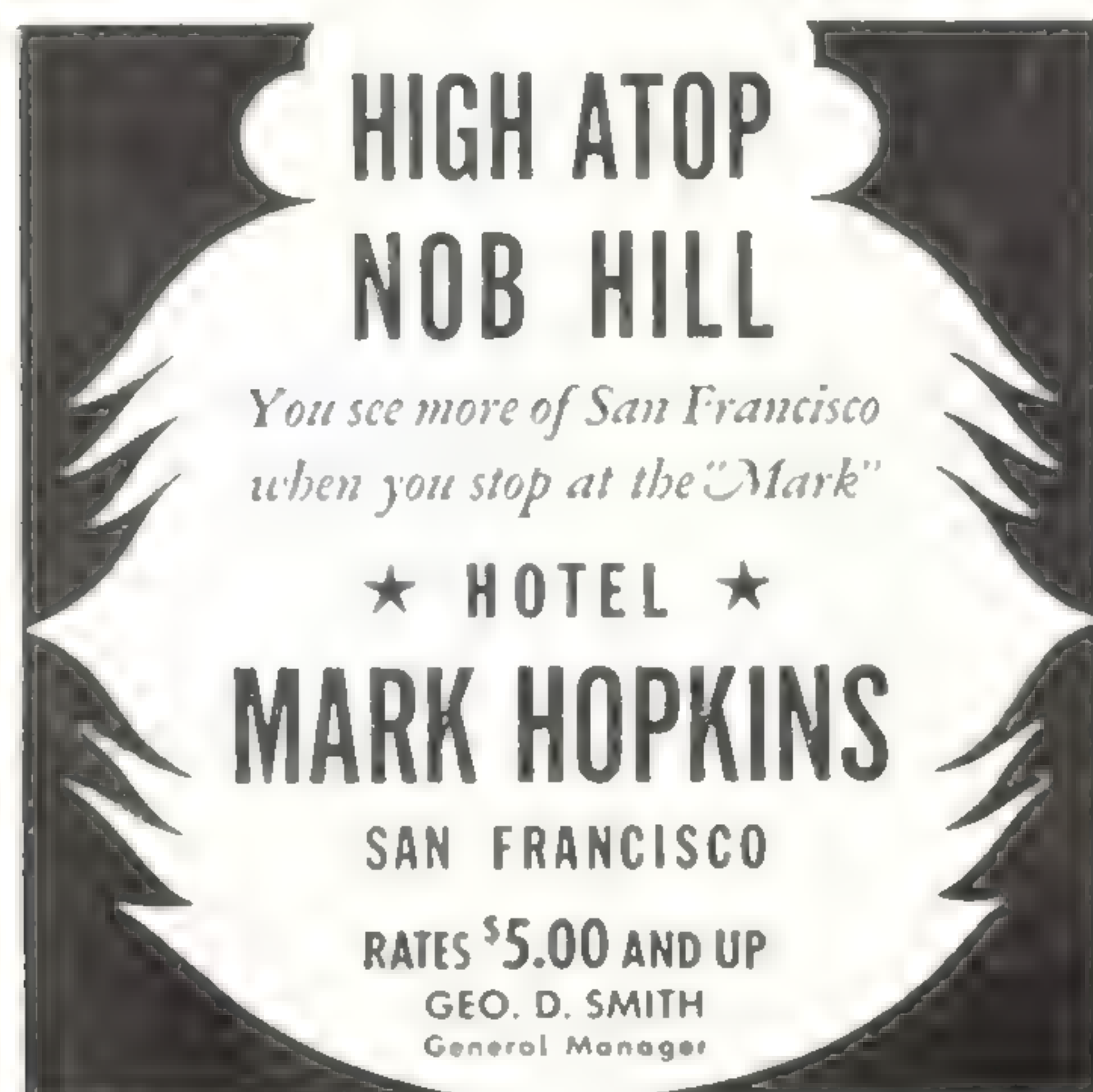
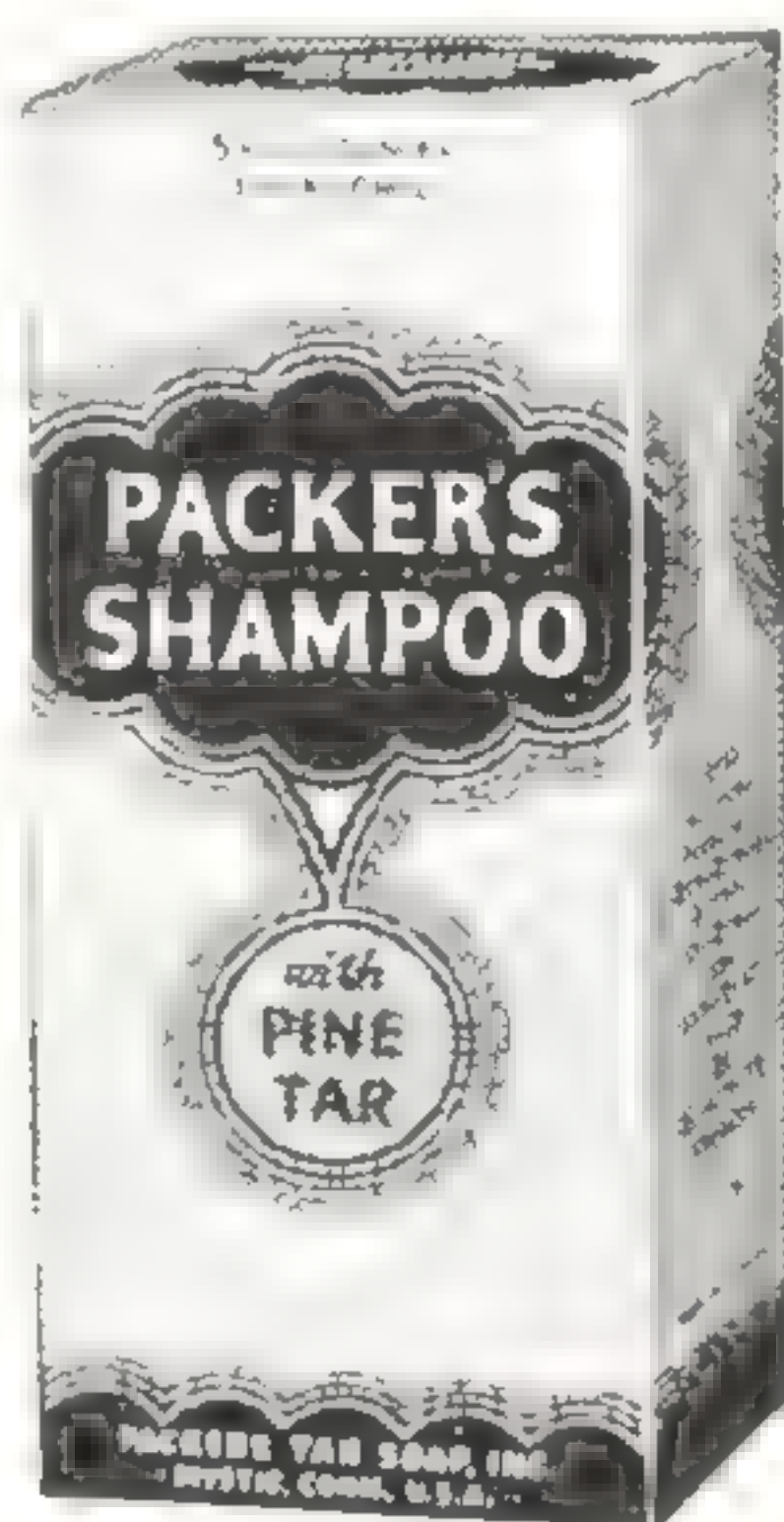


Many a girl has ruined her chances for romance by not guarding against scalp odor. Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Oily hair, particularly, collects unpleasant odors. To be sure, yourself, check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

There's a simple way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar—works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take a chance. Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store. It will leave your hair soft and lustrous—your scalp clean and fresh.

PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO



It had, in more ways than one. He was a nobody when he played *Paul*, but the most finished actor in Hollywood couldn't have approached his performance. Every sensitive, impressionable year he had lived had been training for this role. He made the scene where *Paul*, the soldier, releases a butterfly from the wire of the trench something immortal. And it made him famous. His name was on everyone's lips. In popularity contests he was voted King of the Movies. They raised his salary from two hundred and fifty dollars a week to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. He should have been gloriously happy. Instead he was bewildered and heartsick and miserable.

Six months "All Quiet On The Western Front" was in production. For Lew they hadn't been six months of make-believe. They had been six months of war. He had believed the whine of the bursting shells and the screams of hate and the moans of the dying.

He began talking against war, against killing. He began brooding over man's inhumanity to man. He began retreating from reality. He bought a telescope and he peered, hours on end, at the stars from the Observatory at Mount Wilson.

"I can't seem to snap out of it," he told a friend. "People call me up and say, 'Let's do so and so!' And I can't. The things they propose seem so futile, so silly!"

At last, in a frantic effort to shake off the depression into which the "six months of war" had plunged him, he began going out again. He met Lola Lane. They fell in love and they were married.

Poor Lew! Poor Lola! They didn't have a chance. It wasn't fair that two young things who were spiritually and mentally strangers should love each other so wildly.

Lola was proud of Lew's career. She tried to help him.

"Let's go dancing," she used to propose. "Let's give a party!" "Let's go to that shindig Mr. Blatz is giving next Sunday. We don't have to stay long!"

She knew Hollywood. She knew the importance of being seen at the right places with the right people. She didn't underestimate Lew's performance as *Paul Baumer*. But she knew the more he was out of sight the more he would be out of mind.

The few times they went places and did things Lola wasn't fooled by Holly-

wood's insincerity. But she didn't let it worry her too much. She dressed up and looked beautiful and had fun. Lew, on the contrary, was miserable. He practically flinched at every compliment and overture he thought insincere. And finally he refused to go out any more. Lola protested. And, holding himself tense, Lew buried his nose in a book by another philosopher he had discovered and tried not to hear the angry things Lola was saying to him.

At last she divorced him. No one blamed her; Lew least of all.

Then came a week end Lew never will forget. With friends he hunted wild boar at Catalina. Before they were out an hour he saw a sow shot and heard her scream like a woman. And when her screams brought her five baby pigs running they were shot, too, and they, too, screamed like humans.

It was more than Lew could take. He quit the long argument he had been having with himself. He knew, for him, killing was unforgivable, not only the killing of men but also the killing of animals. He put his guns away. He told his houseman that nothing that was killed was ever again to appear on his table.

THE best thing that ever happened to Lew was Ginger Rogers. If they had met before Lew became quite so fixed in his habit of silence and retreat they might have been happy together. They had much in common. They modeled in clay. They sat up half the night listening to phonograph recordings of the symphonies. Over and over they played Tschaikowsky and Stravinsky. But at other times Ginger couldn't reach Lew. At other times he would read all night and sleep all day or spend hours peering through his telescope or charting storms and air waves on his weather map. If Ginger spoke he wouldn't hear. At least he wouldn't answer. More than once she ordered a new dress for a particular party and he refused, absolutely, to go.

Her career was rising. His, inevitably, was ebbing.

They parted, of course. But they parted as friends and they're friends still. They had dinner together a few nights before Lew left for that camp in Oregon. When he told Ginger of the stand he was about to take she may have reminded him, softly, of all it would cost him. But after that you may be sure she only kissed

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE STARS SAY THIS FOR LEW AYRES BY MATILDA TROTTER

Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Remarkable Astrologist

LEW AYRES has one of the most unusual charts ever drawn up. The stars foretell conflict, loneliness and despair to the point of desperation, which seem to reach a culmination during the last week of May, 1942. At that time Lew Ayres will go through one of the most critical periods of his life. He will be in grave mental and physical danger.

If he comes through this crucial time, July 13 marks a turning point for the better. There is a breaking up of the conditions and ideas which have bound him. A new light dawns to open up a fresh vista, with a chance to prove his true worth, and around the last of August or early September he may leave this country on a secret mission, for the stars indicate favor for Lew in work of a confidential nature.

The month of October will be vital for the whole world and it brings Lew Ayres the opportunity to return to public favor by an act of courage and daring. October 10 should be a very important date for him.

The turbulent year of 1942 ends by bringing to the name of Lew Ayres honor and distinction from friends and superiors.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

him and hoped he would find things tolerable, at least, along his way.

Ginger knows what Hollywood has been slow to learn—that Lew's as he is and nobody is going to change him.

Often he appears selfish and unreasonable. He's frequently moody. But he's completely faithful to his personal standards. In his own fashion he's even rallied to this war.

He gave generously to the Red Cross and refused to have his donations publicized. He has conducted three different classes in First Aid, teaching every night in the week but Sunday. And now he's ready and willing to serve in the Medical Corps or any other noncombatant branch of the service. He refuses only to shoulder arms.

I remember a luncheon I had with Lew a few years ago, when Metro signed him to a contract and his career was beginning all over again. He was supposed to give me an interview about his years of failure. But he wouldn't. The years he didn't work, the years he sat alone on his hilltop seeing practically nobody but Ken Murray and Billy Bakewell, his two close friends, the years he spent reading the philosophers, studying the stars and playing his organ, he doesn't count as failure.

"I don't think a fall from eminence is failure," he said that day, "unless you turn it into that by neglecting to use the time it gives you for your personal advantage.

"It's only looking back that we ever know what helped and what hindered us. Often enough detours from things as we would have wished them are what advance us.

"I rather believe those years I didn't work are the most important years of my life. They didn't advance me as an

actor, true. But they advanced me as a human being. And much as I value my career I can't believe my standing as an actor is as important as my standing as a man."

THAT undoubtedly describes Lew's attitude today. It isn't an attitude we share. It isn't an attitude we readily understand. But that it is a sincere attitude is indicated again by everything that Lester F. Miles, Ph.D., an eminent New York psychologist, has to say.

"To make any professional statement regarding the action of Lew Ayres since I have never met him is a delicate task," Doctor Miles writes. "However, the personal observations of those who have been close to him show in his life a series of *systematized delusions*.

"His delusions or beliefs—if you would call them beliefs—are not self-centered, related to his own body. Otherwise he would not be willing to expose himself to danger as a medical corps worker. His delusions or beliefs pertain, instead, to the objective world. He disagrees with the greedy aggression that is a world trend today. He also disagrees with our democratic desire to halt that aggression and to do it with force because we've found force to be the only argument the aggressors understand.

"Many of Lew Ayres's personality traits and behaviorisms are typical of the paranoid temperament. The principle characteristic of this temperament is a highly stubborn adherence to fixed ideas—ideas which are self-formed from early environment and result in a contempt for opinions of others if they do not conform.

"In all probability Mr. Ayres's complete aversion to force does not spring from witnessing the killing of animals. This probably was only one instance

which served to remind him of his childhood and the quarrels between his father and mother—since it is squarely upon his childhood that the burden of his present beliefs and actions rests. Likely, too, there were many other instances in his life, about which we know nothing, which kept the unhappy memories of his childhood fresh in his mind.

"Actually Mr. Ayres's early environment wounded his sensitive mind as deeply and seriously as a physical accident might have wounded his body. Following this his education and learning, via the school of hard knocks, had a different effect upon him than it would have had upon most people.

"Because we're unable to see mental differences in people it is difficult for us to appreciate these differences and allow for them. Lew Ayres should not be condemned because he won't fight. He should have the same consideration he would receive if it were a physical disability sustained long ago that made it impossible for him to shoulder a gun.

ACTUALLY the case of Lew Ayres shows what erroneous opinions and beliefs we may form if we run away from our problems instead of standing up to them.

"Lew Ayres's quest for happiness chased him into a self-centered solitude. He never faced the realities of the world with any desire to overcome them or their unpleasantness. It would be difficult for him to change now. Now his problems have licked him.

"Fortunately Lew Ayres is only one case in many hundreds of thousands. Fortunately our country—individually and en masse—stands up to its problems and licks them."

THE END

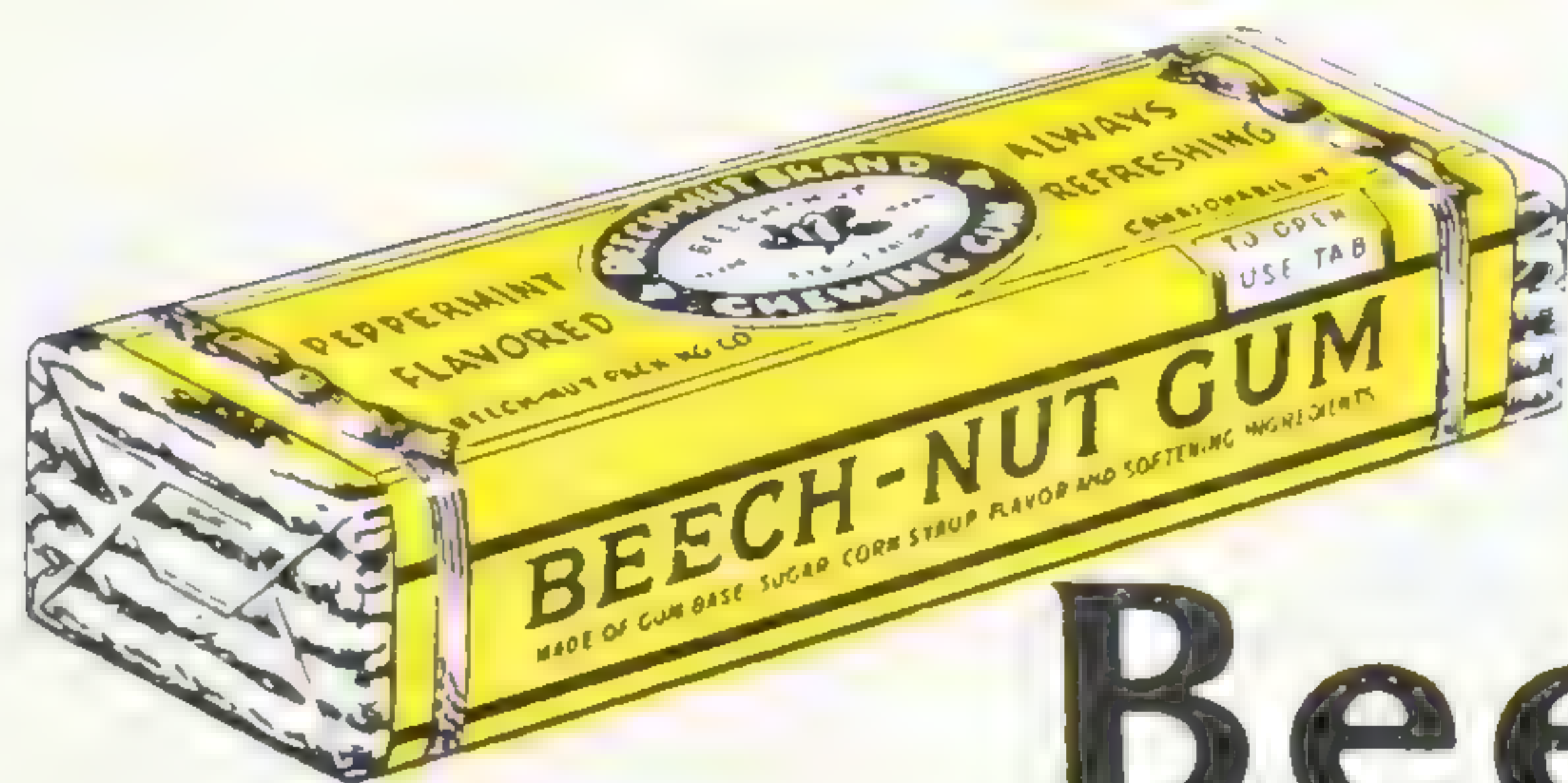
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Play Truth and Consequences with Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 41) of a steamship line. As a child I was thoroughly schooled in the use of life belts, fire exits on boats, etc., and thus unconsciously associated danger with the water.

10. (Q) When were you born?

A: (Irene took the consequences. Give us a picture of yourself that you would not release for publication and tell us why.) The picture Irene had refused to release is shown on page 41. She is giving her cook instructions on the occasion of Missy's birthday party.

11. (Q) What one decision radically changed your life?

A: I was on my way to teach school in East Chicago when I decided to enter a voice contest at the Chicago Musical College. I made a pact with myself: if I lost, I would be content to teach school; if I won, there was a chance I might ultimately win real recognition and therefore would continue to try. I won the contest.

12. (Q) Do you prefer Cary Grant or Charles Boyer as a leading man?

A: (Irene took the consequences. Give us a picture of yourself in the awkward era from your private collection.)

13. (Q) Why does your intimate circle of friends include so few movie people?

A: Because I am married to a man who is not in the theatrical profession and he is more comfortable in friendships formed outside of it. Also, such friendships are more permanent because the people are more permanently located here.

14. (Q) Why have you always been ultrareticent about your private life?

A: I didn't realize I was, but, if so, it must be because I consider it so simple I don't see how it can interest anyone.

15. (Q) What would be your reaction to discover another woman at a party wearing a duplicate of your dress?

A: I had just that happen with a blue and white print dinner dress, and was I heartsick! It was a new dress for an important affair—my first evening at Monte Carlo in New York. I was embarrassed, but I couldn't be angry because Mr. X, who sold it to me in Hollywood, had warned me that there was one duplicate which had been sold to a Los Angeles society woman. And darned if, of all the women in the United States, that charming lady wasn't seated at the next table, wearing her dress like mine!

16. (Q) Have you ever been played for a sucker?

A: Heavens, yes! It is happening constantly. The last time was on a trip to New York and, while it was a trivial matter, it really irked me. I was buying an eyebrow pencil which I knew cost twenty-five cents because the woman just ahead of me purchased one just like it for that price. When the clerk recognized me, she said, "Fifty cents!" I paid it because I was on the spot; if I objected it might cause a scene and unpleasantness which anyone in the limelight cannot afford. But I'll never step foot in that store again.

17. (Q) Who is Hollywood's best off-screen dancer?

A: My choice is George Murphy, because he doesn't take his dancing as a professionally serious matter.

18. (Q) What is the most controversial subject in your household?

A: The education of children. Doctor is inclined to be strict about study and scholastic progress, and favors private schools for our Missy. I feel there are other phases of development as important as scholastic perfection and believe the

activities and environment of public schools and colleges are essential to a well-rounded education.

19. (Q) What were the high spots in your life between the years one to ten; ten to twenty; and twenty to thirty?

A: One to ten: A Fourth of July celebration in Louisville when a skyrocket went through the straw hat of the man next door and burned his bald head. Such excitement! Ten to twenty: When a chap in Madison, Indiana, came home from Virginia Military Institute and gave me his blue sweater with the letters VMI on it. What a heart throb! Twenty to thirty: When Flo Ziegfeld sat in the second row of "Showboat" and sent back a personal note saying I was wonderful!

20. (Q) Who is Hollywood's best dressed woman in your opinion?

A: (Irene took the consequences. Let us photograph some of your most cherished keepsakes.)

21. (Q) Do you smoke in private life?

A: Did you hear I did? No, I've never developed a taste for it.

22. (Q) Do you plan to adopt more children?

A: I'd like to have five or six if they would fit into the harmony of our home. No immediate plans.

23. (Q) Of what personal habit are you ashamed?

A: Leaning on my elbows at the table. I know it's wrong but I keep on doing it!

24. (Q) Why do you think people consider you standoffish?

A: Because I do not tell naughty stories.

25. (Q) What physical feature have you tried to change?

A: My eyebrows. I try to give them a higher arch than nature effected.

26. (Q) What do you consider your best quality as a wife?

A: The consideration I try to have for others.

27. (Q) And the worst quality as a wife?

A: My lack of punctuality at mealtime.

The End



Irene pays off for not answering Question 20 by releasing a picture of her most cherished keepsakes. They are (above) a music box given her by a director, a fan, the gift of a great actress to whom Irene has always looked for inspiration, and a rosary, given her by a very close woman friend whom she knew long ago and whose courage has always been a stirring memory to her

Speak For Yourself

\$1.00 PRIZE

Breaking the Rules

(Continued from page 19) "Hold Back The Dawn": A mist of human tears rises on a glorious new day.

"How Green Was My Valley": Nostalgia for lost youth re-creates a beautiful scene.

"Shanghai Gesture": Ham, and stale ham at that.

"Dumbo": Animals are certainly nicer than people and Walt Disney knows it.

"Sergeant York": Spirit of '76 grown up into long-legged Gary Cooper.

"Bahama Passage": Would make a beautiful magazine cover, period.

MRS. SYLVIA S. PITKIN,
Montpelier, Vt.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Dream Stuff

SINCE cinematically feasting upon "Song Of The Islands," my song has been of Grable!

To express in twenty or thirty dozen words what she does with one sweep of her lashes; to be as enchanting in one of Adrian's super-duper models as she is in a handful of straw; to be as captivating in a lifetime as she is with a mere half-smile!

"Blue Shadows and White Gardenias!" If these attainments could be mine, I'd wade the South Seas, weave a grass skirt and smile enigmatically while Victor Mature whispered softly, "Sing Me A Song Of The Islands!"

Well, gee, I can dream, can't I?

Sincerely,
RUBY M. CHAPMAN,
Birmingham, Ala.

MAYBE it is because women are First Aid conscious as never before with thousands of them studying in Red Cross First Aid classes. Anyway, the movies better pay attention to the simple "must" and "must not" rules of First Aid.

Barbara Stanwyck in "You Belong To Me" disobeyed all the first rules—and she was supposed to be a doctor with three years' experience! When Henry Fonda landed upside down in a snowbank, Dr. Barbara yanked him violently enough to cause considerable damage to possible fractures—Rule 1: Do not cause further injury to the victim. She jackknifed him off the ground—Rule 2: Keep patient lying down. She propped his head and shoulders up against her on the sled—very pleasant, no doubt, but what about Rule 3: Move only in lying position.

And her hair-do. Shades of sanitation! It was neither appropriate for a doctor's office nor becoming to an otherwise attractive woman.

Your feminine public is awake, Mr. Movie-Maker, so watch your (First Aid) steps.

LILLIAN MORSE,
Kansas City, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHEN the name of Jack Benny is mentioned, most people think of his famous radio program. Few think of him as a great screen star, which he really is. His performances in his two most recent pictures, "Charley's Aunt" and "To Be Or Not To Be" were really something

to rival the works of such celebrated actors as Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and others.

FRANK DUFFEY,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PREDICT—yes, I realize that this world is full of people making predictions—but I still take it upon myself to predict that before long the top man in movies is going to be—Humphrey Bogart.

I fervently hope that the Hollywood powers don't try to rush him into a lot of inferior films, and that they do not, for fear of typing him as a tough guy, start casting him as a social secretary or a ballet dancer. I like Bogart and I like him bad!

EDITH ZITTLER,
Chicago, Ill.

I'VE had a very enjoyable experience—the experience of seeing a new and refreshing "star." That word might be rushing it a bit, but I think his brilliant acting will shine forth and make him a star in Hollywood's heaven.

I'm speaking of Paul Hernried; the movie I saw was "Joan Of Paris"—a most unusual yet enjoyable picture.

So let's be hospitable to our foreign actor and treat him to another fine part, and thereafter I'll leave Charles Boyer for the rest of you.

MARJORIE BEARD,
Salt Lake City, Utah

IN "Kings Row" Ann Sheridan was as real as the girl next door. Why not keep her in this type of role instead of giving her glamour parts?

RUTH SHOLTZ,
Norwood, O.



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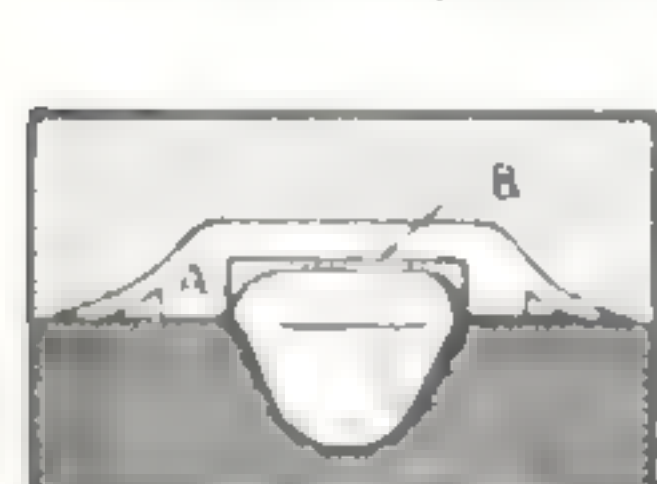
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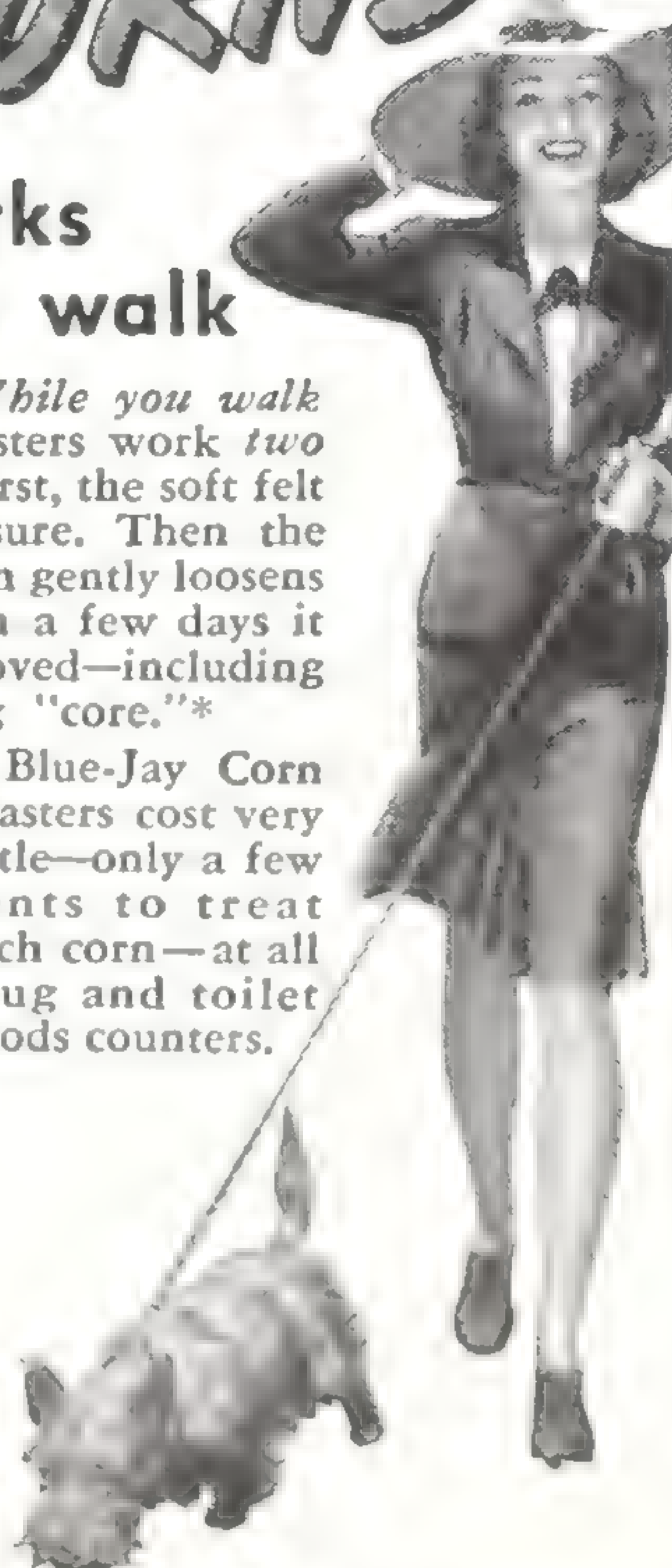


Felt pad (A) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (B) acts on corn.



In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed *

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.



BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* Stubborn cases may require more than one application.

Good-by to Marriage, Hello to Romance

(Continued from page 65) complete concern for his welfare will always remain in Ann's heart.

There followed days and months of despair. Finally, Ann decided to spend a few days with Hedy Lamarr. Originally they met at a party given by Fred and Lily MacMurray. It was a sincere friendship right from the start. Hedy knew what Ann was going through. She had recently gone through the same thing herself.

Hedy was good for Ann. She was warm, understanding and considerate. At the time, Hedy was working in a picture. Ann spent her days playing with Jamsie, Hedy's small adopted son, taking long walks. One day she was just returning to the house. As she turned up the driveway, someone across the street called her name. Ann turned. Robert Sterling came running toward her. It was the first time they had met face to face since Bob had played opposite her in "Ringside Maisie." They shook hands. There was nothing eventful in the meeting. Hedy came along just then. She hadn't known that she and Bob were neighbors. They all went for a swim in Hedy's pool. Bob stayed on for supper.

Next day Ann moved back to her own home again. That evening, after dinner, she was sitting alone in front of her fireplace. Robert, the butler, came in and said that Bob Sterling was at the front door. The luxury of someone to talk to suddenly seemed so important. Ann fixed Bob a drink and they started to talk. Bob was amusing, optimistic, filled with the rosy glow of life and living. He poked fun at himself. He spoke seriously of himself. Ann remained a thoroughly appreciative and understanding audience.

THE next day Bob sent flowers. Could he have a date? Ann explained that crowds suddenly seemed to panic her. Would he dine at her house? After dinner they went for a drive. Bob suggested an out of the way eating spot near Pasadena. Just the place for a midnight sandwich. No, there wouldn't be more than a half a dozen people in the place.

Once they got inside, it was too late to turn back. The place was literally crawling with jitterbugs. Bob knew this and had purposely deceived Ann to help bring her out of herself. Before long they were out jitterbugging with the mob. Ann laughed until she cried. All evening long something nice had been creeping into Bob's eyes. He was respectful, thoughtful, courteous. So different from those tired Hollywood bachelors, Ann thought to herself.

This was the beginning. Bob begged to see Ann as often as possible. Being one of Hollywood's most eligible men, he was constantly in demand. To all invitations he said thank you very much. And took Ann to the movies. Neither liked night clubs, so they attended only on rare occasions. They'd double date with the Ray Millands. Recently with George Montgomery and Hedy Lamarr. Ann plays tennis. Bob likes golf. Each took up the other's game.

If Bob has serious intentions, certainly no one knows them but himself. Judging by the way he constantly looks at Ann, the devoted attentions he pays her, he is a man in love. To intimate friends he has admitted that Ann is the most feminine girl he has ever known. "She always looks so scrubbed and cleaned," he once expressed it.

Another quality that appeals to Bob is

Ann's complete lack of brittleness. He loathes hard-boiled women, the superficial ones and the insincere.

Bob likes to kid Ann because she can take it. And give it right back to him. Once someone asked him if he thought Ann was pretty. He winced and called her a "Funny Face." The story got back to Ann and she loved it. Bob has never ceased telling her how beautiful she is, ever since.

Ann has never given any indication to Bob, or anyone else, that their friendship will end at the altar. In the first place she isn't legally free. Just recently she got her first divorce papers. Many strange and unpredictable things can happen between now and the year she must wait for her final decree. Marriage is a serious proposition to Ann. It involves mutual sharing and above everything else—companionship. During her years of marriage to Roger Pryor, a great deal of her time was spent alone. Often when she needed Roger, he was out on tour with his band. Naturally, this wasn't to his liking, either, but he had to make a living.

Absence does strange things to people who were once in love. They learn not to depend on each other. By the time they get back together again, they've lost the momentum of marriage. They have little or nothing in common. Nice people like Ann and Roger struggle valiantly to save it. Usually the results are hopeless.

THOUGH there may never be a marriage, Ann will always appreciate Bob's friendship. The loyalty that is such a strong part of her nature recognizes the great part he played in restoring her faith and confidence. She found his humor contagious; his curiosity about life and people refreshing; his enthusiastic participation in State Guard drills and First Aid activities inspiring. She respected his intelligent acting ability—she'd admired his work before in "The Penalty," "Two-Faced Woman" and "Johnny Eager."

That Ann and Bob would make their marriage a success, there is little doubt. They share the same mutual friendships. Both love good music. Both are fond of children, home life, sports.

At the inception of their friendship, Ann and Bob had an understanding. Each was to go out when and with whom he pleased. So don't be surprised if, on occasion, you see either being the other half of a new twosome.

In the meantime the ensuing year will tell the tale. Ann's career is as bright and shiny as a new dollar. Mr. Mayer himself predicts that Ann, together with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, is a white hope on the M-G-M lot.

Bob is on the way up. With every picture his work improves. Everyone has a good word to say for him. Even Clark Gable, trying to bear up under his recent sorrow, went out of his way to help Bob, when they worked together in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

But there's still a war to be fought. No young man today, not even one with mother, father and two sisters dependent on him, as are Bob's, can know what moment he may be called. It would be sheer folly for Ann and Bob even to think of planning ahead for a year.

Will Ann Sothorn eventually marry Bob Sterling? Personally, we think the evidence is against them.

Our case rests.

The End.

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 47) approached and said, "My name's Taylor. Bob Taylor. There's a good part in my next picture you should play." Van thanked him, read the script of "Johnny Eager" and set right out to cinch the part, going from one producer to another as he was directed. For days Van made the rounds, haunting offices, giving forth with arguments, talking his head off, only to discover it was all a rib—he'd been set for the part from the first.

The storms of Hollywood affect Van little—except to feed fuel to his capacity for worry. He's a natural-born worrier and thrives on it. He's a honey, too, and a bachelor, though the latest rumor hints of a surprise marriage to Frances Neal.

He's a guy's guy and one everyone likes. What's more, he's a star in the making. So write down the name "Van Heflin" and watch it grow on every theater marquee in the land.

HOW Smart Is Anne?

Anne Baxter always wanted to be an actress, except, of course, when, at the age of ten, her fickle fancy—which was very fickle, indeed—strayed off into temporary yearning ambitions for the ballet.

So at thirteen she began her studies, enrolling in the Theodora Irvine school of drama in New York. At one of their plays Anne was seen by a director who chose her for a role with Frankie Thomas in the stage play "Dear Brutus." At thirteen she was on the way.

A year's study with Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya followed, with Anne also taking in the fine old points of geography, algebra and geometry at the exclusive Brearley School. Then came summer stock with Karen Morley in "Susan And God" and, in the fall (this was 1938), a role with Eva Le Gallienne in "Madame Capet."

Katherine Brown of the David Selznick organization, who had known Anne for some time, suggested the budding star take a test for movies. The test was so good Anne almost landed the Joan Fontaine role in "Rebecca." Only her extreme youth prevented.

But M-G-M saw the test and into "Twenty Mule Team" went little Anne, and then over to Fox, the studio that put her under contract. A role as one of the shy heroines in "Charley's Aunt" was followed by the lead opposite Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water," playing Walter Brennan's daughter.

About this time Orson the Welles heard of the little eighteen-year-old wonder and grabbed her off for the romantic lead in his own production, "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Born in Michigan City, Indiana, Anne and her parents moved to Rye, New York, when she was just seven. Anne claims she didn't inherit one iota of the talent of her famous architect uncle, Frank Lloyd Wright. She can't even draw a decent picture of a house. But she can scramble eggs à la heavenly. In fact, those extremely small hands of Anne's are right perky in the culinary field. But, alas, Anne herself is a bit on the pleasingly rounded side and must needs watch her P's (for pastry) and Q's (for quarts of ice cream).

She wears her brown hair in a sleek, smooth and rather high pompadour. (She wears a rat inside the pomp.)

She lives with her mother in Westwood, while her father, who is sales manager of Frankfort Distilleries, holds down the fort in the East.

No great romance clutters up little Anne's life nor does she intend one shall

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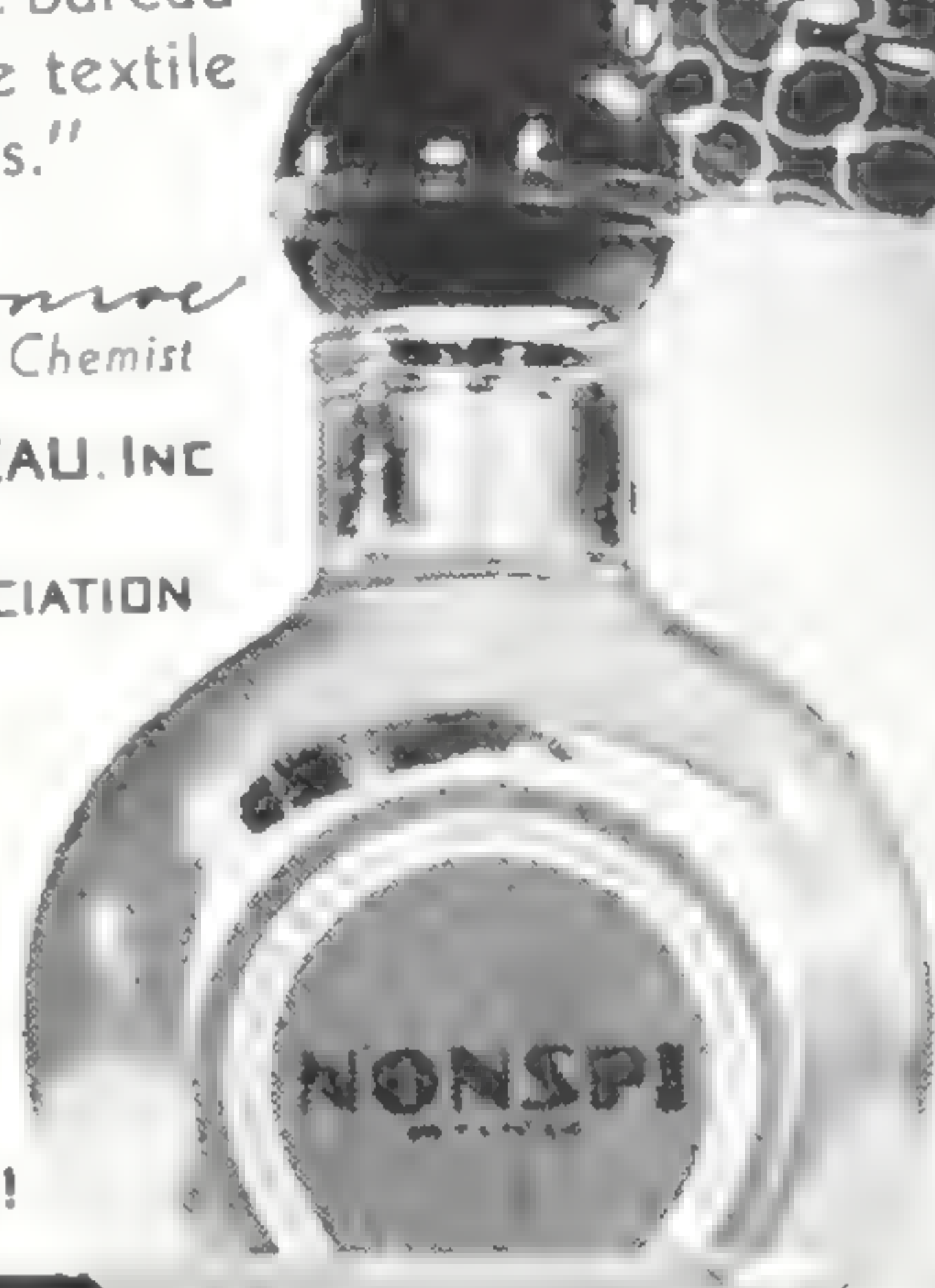
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See page 62!

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For years this rugged Mexican sandal has brought cool comfort to American feet. Like a true "Good Neighbor" there is no price increase for 1942. Each pair is an original creation, beautifully handcrafted in natural beige leather (also white, plain weave). Send foot outline, mention shoe size. We guarantee immediate delivery and a fit in any size for men or women.



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for many a day. "I play the field," she says and means it. But when The One does come along, he must have a sense of humor, dance well, talk intelligently, listen well, and possess a straightforward honesty.

How's about it, lads? Could Anne mean y-o-u, do you think?

SHE Got What She Wanted:

Battling the California school system singlehanded is a good deal—like a one-man revolution against a turned-over beehive. Even if you got anywhere, you'd be too stung to care.

But Ann Ayars succeeded. The fact that she was a native daughter born in Beverly Hills may have been a factor in her favor, but, anyway, she took her stand freshman year. She wanted French and drama right away and four good years of it.

She went after every available bit of drama she could get. In English she demanded to read lives of dramatists and their plays. She struggled, argued and talked herself hoarse and she got what she wanted, for when Ann graduated from Beverly Hills High School she could speak French fluently and perform as well as any pupil in a school of drama.

Her first three years of grade school were spent in Italy where her father, a voice coach, and her mother, a teacher of piano, had taken her for several years' stay. Her father, Quirino Pellicciotti, does not believe a voice should be trained until maturity, so after high school Ann and her father went to work on her voice. In less than three years Ann was giving concerts; in fact was spotted by Irving Kumin, associate casting director of Warners, and was given a test. Her performance was superb, but her face, delicate and sensitively fashioned with diametrically opposed features, looked awful. Warners let her go, but Irving Kumin was so sure Ann was a find he telephoned Billy Grady of M-G-M who sent for Ann. They experimented with make-up for her and at every opportunity Billy had her make production tests, which means reading Norma Shearer's or Joan Crawford's or Roz Russell's lines opposite the male star for testing purposes. The experience was invaluable. When Hal Roach telephoned Grady one day for a girl who could both act and sing for a short called "Fiesta," Ann got the job.

While she was testing opposite Lew Ayres for a Kildare picture, "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Director Van Dyke became so sold on her she stayed in the film as the society girl.

Soft clouds of dark hair frame her olive, oval-shaped face. She's small, only five feet three inches, still sure of what she wants, which isn't to become a singing star who acts, but an actress who sings.

She's an only child, gets thin and irritable when not working and completely happy and healthy when she is. Her two Siamese cats, Nanki Poo and Pitti-Sing, are her loves. Boy friends enter her life only on week ends, the rest of the time being given to work.

She should succeed; Hollywood's favorite birthday sign of Leo is hers.

And, oh yes, she's changing the Japanese names of her cats to Bud and Buddy!

TWO Feet In Heaven:

Reverend Andrews was on the move again, his little flock—consisting of wife, seven sons and one daughter—tagging along to a new church and a new congregation. At Uvalde, Texas, the band of pilgrims paused long enough for son

Dana to attend grade school and high school in near-by Huntsville. Dana even managed a diploma from Sam Houston College and then decided he'd like to be a singer.

If you saw Dana in "Swamp Water" and as the gangster bully in "Ball Of Fire" you know he didn't end up a singer. What he eventually became was an actor and a mighty fine one but, friends and Romans, the water that passed under the bridge 'ere that came to pass!

After college Dana managed to save one thousand whole dollars in two years' hard work at odd jobs. He decided to take New York by storm. The storm turned out to be a mere drizzle, with Dana spending his entire roll in two weeks and landing back in Texas, broke.

Two years later, leaving behind him a good job as chief accountant for Tobin's, Incorporated, in Austin, Dana struck out for Hollywood, the foot-and-thumb way. He was going to be a singer. He ended up a gas-station attendant in Van Nuys, a suburban town out in the Valley.

And then came Fate. Mr. Fate in the genial form of Mr. Stanley Toomey, a citizen of Van Nuys, offered to aid Dana in his singing aspirations if Dana would forget his operatic ambitions and get down to modern warbling. Dana hesitated and then gave in. Mr. Toomey staked Dana to fifty dollars a week and a car—with free gas and oil—while Dana practiced his head off.

It wasn't good enough. An agent promptly advised Mr. Toomey and Dana that singing without acting ability was the bunk. All right, then, Mr. Toomey said, Dana should act. So over to the Pasadena Community Theater trekked our brown-haired (wavy), hazel-eyed, six-foot hero to study dramatics while Mr. Toomey paid. Instead of Dana's begging his benefactor not to grow impatient, it was the other way around.

"Stick to it," Mr. Toomey urged for three long years. When small bits were offered his protégé in movies, Mr. Toomey was the first to say "nay." "Hold out for a good contract," he advised and finally it came—in double doses—for no sooner had Samuel Goldwyn signed Dana than Twentieth Century-Fox bought half his contract. The latter studio thrust him into "Belle Starr" as *Major Crail*, then "The Cisco Kid," next made him the young land agent in "Tobacco Road" and currently is counting on him to shine in "Thunder Birds."

While attending the Pasadena Community Theater Dana met and fell in love with Mary Todd of Santa Monica. They were married quietly among a few puzzled, bewildered friends who couldn't understand why Mary would marry a man with a beard. The beard was an order from the studio for "Swamp Water."

"A honeymoon with a beard isn't so hot," Dana says thoughtfully.

Of course, it wouldn't be Hollywood if they didn't order the beard shaved off after the honeymoon was over and even before the picture started. That's what makes actors so fruit-cakey, if you know what we mean.

Dana Andrews is quiet and home-loving, still living in Van Nuys, far from Hollywood's hurly-burly. He wants to grow slowly on the screen. His bride and Dana's seven-year-old son by the wife that died several years ago get along beautifully.

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Danger—Popularity Ahead!

(Continued from page 49) I knew, I'd won a scholarship or two. Gracious! I really felt set apart! So what did I do but provide myself with some scenery! I got some Russian blouses, gaudily embellished with 'peasant embroidery' in the brightest colors.

They looked pretty funny among the middy blouses the other girls wore. But I thought my status required something special.

"I'm not quite clear in my mind, even yet, about what I thought people were thinking of me. But I'm sure that I imagined that they thought I was very interesting and superior. I thought I'd be sought-after and popular because . . . well, because I was 'different.' I remember that I thought long jade earrings would help, too!

"Anyhow, to make it short, I was wounded to the quick one day when a group picture of girls in my class turned up in the local paper. (I lived in Minneapolis.) There were my classmates, all looking gay and wholesome in their middy blouses. And I hadn't even been notified, let alone photographed. One of the girls, sensing my hurt, maybe, told me rather timidly, 'We didn't like to ask you to come, too. You're so—so different these days.' Then, in a burst of honesty, she said, 'We thought you'd make us feel silly, too!'

"Well, that's what I got for trying to be aloof and 'different.' I found that I didn't want to be left out of things, that I wanted to be part of the group. If I stood out from a group I wanted it to be because I had done something to deserve it and not because I'd got a funny blouse or had taken on a silly pose."

MAUREEN O'HARA had to cope with a false prominence and popularity which were not of her own making. Maureen steps very carefully, even now, after she has come into Hollywood's front ranks by her work in "How Green Was My Valley" and "To The Shores Of Tripoli." But Maureen learned something when she first arrived in America. She had distinguished herself in British pictures and she came to Hollywood as the protégée of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton . . . whose opinions are important. This is what she says about it:

"I was bewildered and excited to be invited to so many parties! People I hadn't met sent me flowers and invited me to dinner. I didn't understand all this, but I was terribly excited by it. I began to think I was a real celebrity and I began to act like one!

"Then one day a very tiny thing happened. So tiny that I shan't even bother to tell all about it. But it made me think and it made me see something.

"I realized suddenly that I was having all this attention really because I was a novelty. People were making a fuss over me because of something I *hadn't yet done*, something they just thought I might do. How awful, I thought, if my first picture here—or my second or my third or my fourth—should disappoint them! I'd be dropped. They'd stop noticing me. My vanity would suffer. My feelings would be hurt.

"I decided that I'd better discipline my own vanity before other people started doing it for me. I'd better earn all this attention before I started to depend on it. You see, I wanted it all to be real."

Well, Maureen is as determined as she is clearheaded. What she did about all this is still a phenomenon which surprises Hollywood. She stopped accepting wholesale invitations. She even stopped go-

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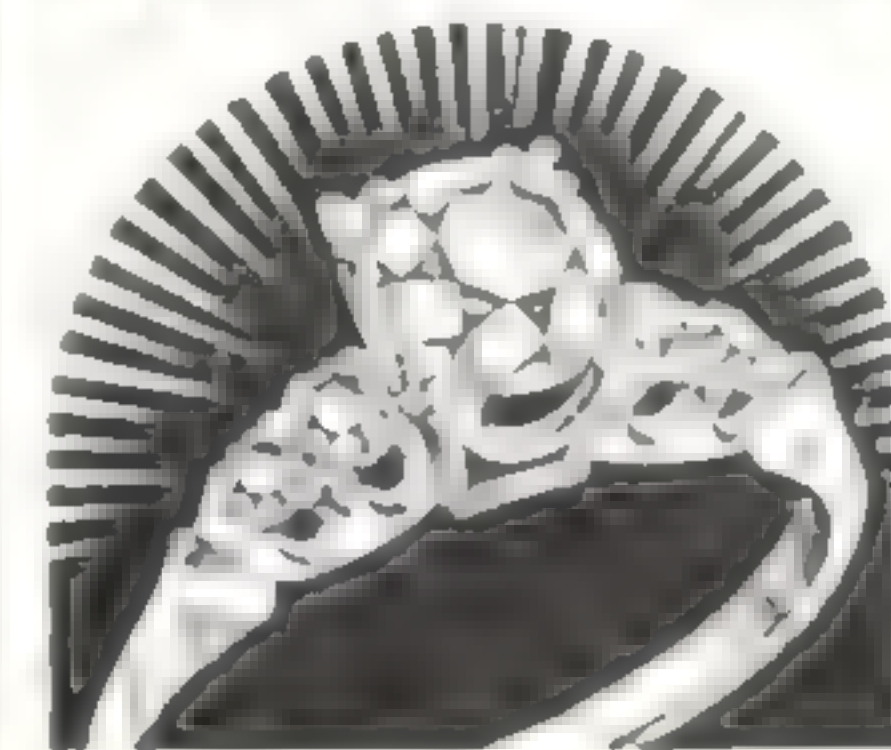
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ing (except at rare intervals) to the gay, gay night clubs. "People wondered for a little time," she says. "But they forgot very soon. I was determined that the next time I was noticed, I should stay noticed!"

Not that she became a recluse. She clung eagerly to the few people whom she could call friends, people to whom she thought it might not matter very much whether her pictures flopped or clicked.

"I may be disappointed in myself if I turn in a bad performance," she says. "But I shan't be hurt and puzzled at the reaction of a lot of strangers whose interest in me was mostly curiosity and very halfhearted curiosity, at that!"

"False fame—false popularity—those things are dangerous and can hurt you so deeply!"

BUT Ruth Hussey—she who's making fast film time in M-G-M's "Pierre Of The Plains"—had a word to put in just here. "It depends on what *kind* of popularity it is!" she insisted. "And you've got to distinguish between popularity—which just means that people like you—and prominence, which probably means that you do something better than the other ones do. Or maybe you only seem to. Take the 'teacher's pet' type. You get 'em in offices and in school and on the set at the studio. You get 'em among the car hops at the drive-ins and on the junior committees in women's clubs. The girl who does her job better than the rest of us . . . the one who gets the praise from the teacher or the boss or the director or the chairman.

"The others aren't going to like her much. If she's in competition with men, they'll hate her. Well, if she has a grain of sense she'll make a tremendous effort to *make* the others like her—if only for purposes of self-preservation! Help the dumb ones with their lessons or their tasks. Confide in the shy ones. Make friends with the cocky ones.

If her own innate generosity isn't sufficient to make her do these things, then her plain common sense should make

her see that it's good business, anyhow."

Ruth paused and then went on, "You know the old saying—everybody who's ever been to school knows it, I guess—that it's awfully bad luck to be president of your freshman class! Well, it isn't true. It hasn't anything to do with luck but it has a lot to do with exactly what we're talking about. It's the *kind* of popularity that counts.

"The president of the freshman class is nearly always good-looking. He has a nice, easy way of making friends quickly. He likes everybody. He smiles and smiles until you'd think his face would crack. He remembers everybody's name. And you'll discover that that's about all there is to it. He's not very good in class or in athletics. After he learns your name, he never learns anything else about you. It was easy, shallow popularity and he hasn't anything to follow through. He usually drops out of school completely or just drops back to the rear ranks before your senior year.

"And that drab little chap, the shy one whom you scarcely noticed your first week at school—well, he's tops when you come to graduate. Probably the head of everything. You're proud of him and you don't begrudge him one inch of it.

"You see, popularity is something you earn. You don't just inherit it like a nice complexion or red hair or something. Maybe it comes easily to you at first—as singing or cooking comes to someone else. But you've got to work at it to keep it. You've got to deserve it!"

ROSEMARY LANE says she started learning some pointers on popularity when she was a sophomore in high school, way back in Iowa. A new girl moved to town that year and entered high school. She was pretty and she had lots of smart clothes and a devastating Southern accent. First thing anyone knew, she had the whole school by the ears, boys and girls alike. She was terrific.

"The funny thing was," Rosemary recalls, "I think she was just as surprised as anyone else at first. She probably hadn't been such great shakes in the town

where she had lived before—people had been used to her. But she was a novelty in our town. It wasn't very astonishing, then, that she began to take herself pretty big.

"The next thing we knew she was sorting us out into layers of people she wanted to know and those she didn't, according to some funny little rules she made up out of her own head. Right after that, of course, some people began to resent her and others began to think she was odd.

"She began to be left out of things. I'm sure she knew people were laughing at her and I'm sure she was awfully puzzled. I can be sorry for her now, but I'm afraid I wasn't then. Nobody is any crueller than a bunch of high-school people when they start disciplining someone their own age. You see, *that girl hadn't figured out what was happening*. She'd taken it all seriously and that simply won't do.

"It's exactly like that in pictures—only it's the public, instead of your classmates, who builds you up and tears you down.

"Then there was another girl who always got the highest marks in the class—but she was nice to everybody. I could sing so I used to get the lead parts in school plays and, besides, my sister Lola was already a Hollywood star. I finally said to myself, 'Look here, R. Mullican! If a girl can sing better than someone else or attract more boys or get a better mark in algebra or even just have a famous sister, she'd better make a point of being nice to everybody! She can't afford not to!'"

These girls who know, who have learned it the hard way, who have been bruised and pushed around and have seen other girls gasping under unexpected blows from unexpected quarters, agree that there is sense in the slogan: Danger! Popularity Ahead!

Walk slowly. Walk softly. Walk carefully. If you use your head you can make capital of all this. If you're silly, you may be woefully hurt.

Danger . . .

THE END

Highroad to Hollywood

(Continued from page 44) the ground thaws, I'm going to start building me a house. And I want one like they have in Hollywood. I want to know if you'll send me some Hollywood ideas for it."

Julia didn't know whether she was more surprised by the fact that he hadn't said what she expected, or by the thing he said.

"I bought a lot last week," he went on. "Bronson's Corner. Paid for in cash. Deed's in the bank."

"You don't mean that you bought the corner with the big elm tree on it," Julia exclaimed. "Not the tree Johnny and I call *our* tree?"

"That's it," Tod answered.

Julia made no further comment for some minutes, then she said: "Johnny and I have thought of that tree as ours ever since we've been kids. We still go back there when we have personal things to talk about. We've always said we would buy it someday. Now that I'll be making money by the bucketful, will you forget about building a house and sell the place back to me?"

Tod's eyes held hers for a very long moment. "I'll think it over, Beautiful," was all he said. "Suppose I give you an answer at the party tonight?"

But as things turned out, Julia *wasn't* given her answer at the Vagabond party. For at home was a wire from the studio

requesting Bettina and Julia to leave for Hollywood on the five o'clock train!

Suddenly the world was in a tailspin! At five o'clock, Miss America stood upon the train platform waving good-by to the accompaniment of the town band.

Tod relinquished her bags only at the very last moment. "So long, Beautiful," he said. "It's going to be mighty lonesome until you get back."

"I'll miss you, too," she told him. And she knew she meant it as, with the train beginning to move, people blurring together, Dad, Mother, Johnny, it was Tod whom she saw last of all; that little salute above his half-serious smile . . . the wind ruffling his sandy hair.

FROM a seat in the Pullman, Miss Scott Hendricks, of Troy watched the excitement in the Gladstone station.

Of course, she had seen Miss America's picture in yesterday's papers; a brunette, the story had said, five feet and five inches tall and twenty-one years old. Oddly enough Scott was also five feet, five, twenty-one years old, and also going to Hollywood, one hundred dollars folded away in her diary, representing the chance she would have to break into pictures.

Her father a young and struggling artist in Paris and her mother having died when Scott was but five, the little

girl had been sent to school in Switzerland, where she had learned to handle toboggans and skis like a veteran. Returning to America in her twelfth year, she had begun dreaming of Hollywood. Now she had brought along a trunk containing everything she possessed, her skis strapped alongside.

She looked up and smiled as Bettina and Julia took the Pullman space across the aisle, and before long the three were chatting like old friends. Soon Scott was begging Bettina to tell her what Hollywood was like. Were studios and stars all up and down Main Street? Did you see pictures being made wherever you went?

"Making pictures," she smiled, "is so little a part of Hollywood that you almost never see a picture star or a scene being taken. As for the studios, have you any idea what one looks like?"

"I've always imagined sound stages like enormous barns," ventured Julia.

"Which is a very fair description," agreed Bettina. "A studio's front entrance is usually its main office building. Going through into the lot, you find a pattern of streets, sidewalks and buildings quite like a little town.

"Columbia is only two blocks from Hollywood Boulevard. Three blocks farther south, you'll find Paramount and RKO. But Twentieth Century-Fox is

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ten miles away in Beverly Hills, M-G-M is in Culver City, six miles southwest. And in exactly the opposite direction, four miles takes you to Warners, six to Universal, and eight to Republic."

"Do you know where, in Hollywood, I'm to live?" asked Julia.

"While you're playing *Miss America*," Bettina told her, "you'll have an apartment as the studio's guest. A car will call for you every morning and take you home at night."

"Of course, it sounds like nothing but a fantastic dream," declared Julia. "I'm perfectly sure I'll wake up any minute! But what I am wondering is this: May I ask Scott to share my address until she finds one of her own?"

"You certainly may," Bettina assured her.

"Would you like it, Scott?" Julia asked impulsively.

Scott's eyes running over with thrilled surprise were answer enough, and thus the plan remained, when, at midnight, these two, fated to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together, bade each other good-bye in Chicago's Union Station.

MISS JULIA BURNS of Gladstone, Ohio, thought herself more than ever in a dream on the following Tuesday morning when a studio limousine conveyed her luxuriously along Hollywood's Cahuenga Pass to the Warner Brothers lot where she was to report, officially, as their *Miss America*.

The sky was California's bluest blue. Flowers were everywhere, white boulevards winding into the hills, leading to houses whose roofs of turquoise, Chinese red, and jade were like bright bowknots against the dark canyons.

Miss America's first sight of the studio in its setting of green valley, was a far

more impressive one than she had imagined; gray domes of sound stages against the distant lavender peaks of the Sierra Madres, above stucco walls, white pennants bearing the bright blue letters "W. B." rippling in the breeze.

The car traveled past the rear gate, on past a flower-lined crescent drive, and past a block-long office building in Spanish design (which the driver pointed out as the studio's main entrance). Half a block beyond, they stopped at a much less imposing doorway labeled Press Department. Julia had been told to report here to Director of Publicity Alex Holland, the genial young man who had met her at the train with reporters and photographers.

She found him in an office with knotty-pine walls, sage green carpet, and rattan chairs upholstered in white. And here she heard the day's first piece of news. Her name was to be changed from Julia Burns to Julie Burnette.

"There are already a couple of good actors named Burns," Mr. Holland explained, "and we've shortened the name of Julia by one syllable . . . I hope you like the new one."

"I do," she agreed instantly. "I like it very much."

A moment later Mr. Holland looked up to greet good-looking Jay Chapman who would introduce Julie to Casting Director Steve Trilling, to Dramatic Coach Sophie Rosenstein, Orry-Kelly and Perc Westmore in Make-Up.

But their first call was at the office of Fashion Editor Bettina. They found that young lady too busy for more than a brief "Good morning." She did, however, take time to impart the news that, at the request of the front office, Julie was to attend a premiere at the Chinese Theater tonight.

"I've telephoned the maid at Castle Argyle to have your evening gown pressed," Bettina added, "and we've sent a white fox cape from Wardrobe. I might also remark," she smiled, "that any girl on the lot would give a month's salary to be out with the gentleman who's taking you. He's calling for you in time to have dinner at Ciro's. I'll expect to hear all about it tomorrow."

The white evening gown! White fox fur! A premiere! Dinner at Ciro's! . . . And with *whom*, Julie wondered, as she accompanied Jay Chapman along what seemed at least a mile of hallways. But with his announcement that they were about to meet Casting Director Steve Trilling, Julie's thrilled contemplation of the evening turned to fright! Much to her surprise, however, the dreaded gentleman proved to be not only wholly unostentatious, but decidedly pleasant, as he informed her that the first step for every girl on the lot was an interview test and that for her this would take place tomorrow morning on Stage 19.

"Nothing alarming," he hastened to assure her. "You will only be asked half a dozen simple questions; such as how tall you are and how much you weigh."

He made it sound very simple, Julie quite overlooking the fact that this camera record, however brief, would serve as the studio's first sample of her voice, poise, and photogenic possibilities.

"Mr. Trilling," Julie said impulsively, "after the *Miss America* role I want very much to go on with pictures. Do you think I can?"

"I'll be able to discuss that more intelligently in a week or two," he answered with a friendly smile. "Our doors are wide open at all times to anyone who really has something to offer, for pictures cannot exist without new screen per-

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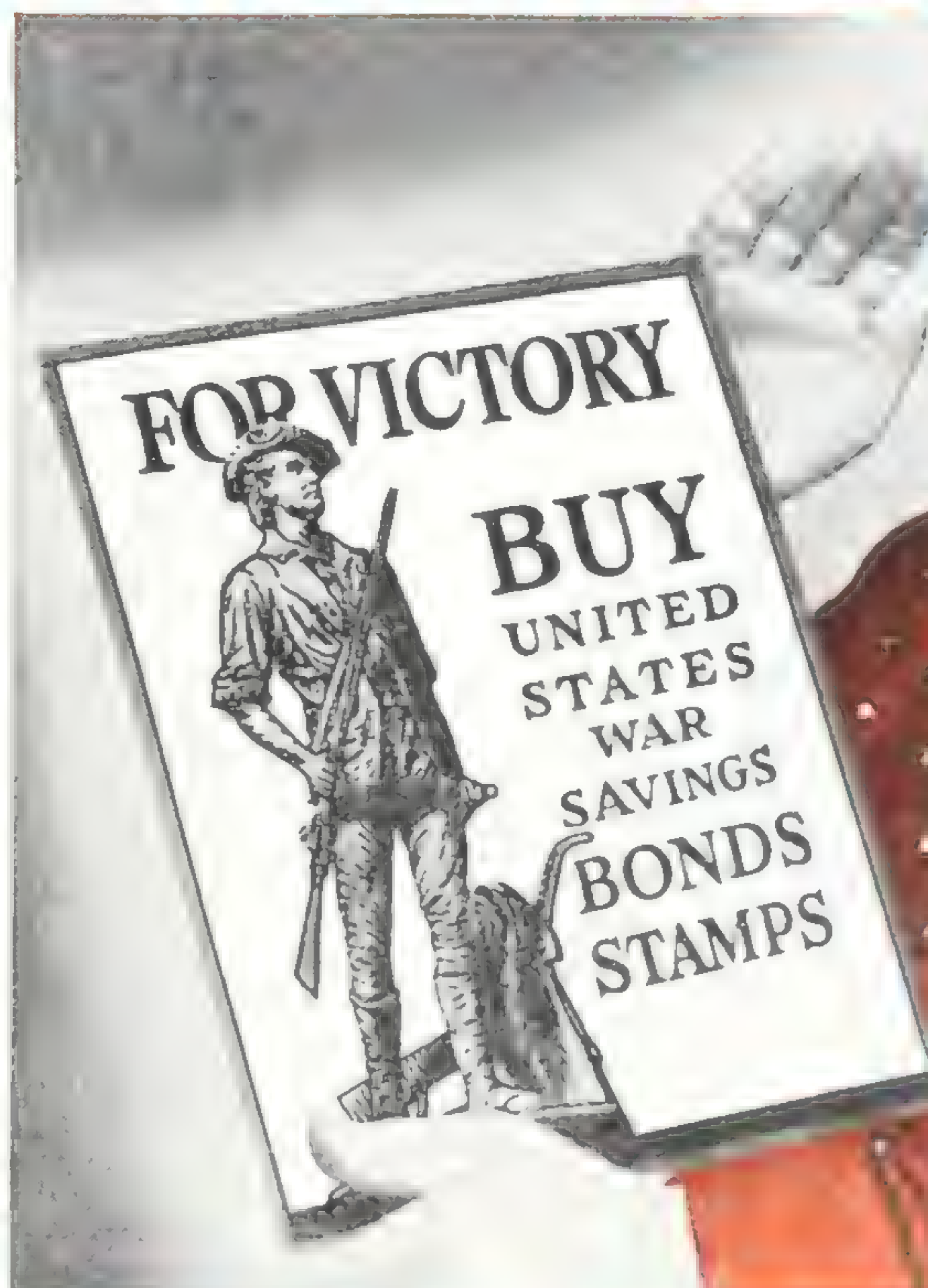
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sonalities. But don't build hope upon the fact that you were selected to play the role of *Miss America*. Had we required an actress for that part, we would never have dared cast it by long-distance and we have long since found out," he added, "that while talent without beauty can go all the way, beauty without talent hasn't a chance."

But all in all, meeting a casting director hadn't been half as bad as she had expected, said Julie to herself, as Jay Chapman led the way out of the main building and into the lot proper. And so she made up her mind to forget all about tomorrow and let the rest of this day be completely thrilling.

GOING through the turnstile entrance to the thirty-eight miles of paved streets, walks, gardens, and stucco buildings which comprised the lot, Julie could not even begin to imagine what she was to see! She and Jay Chapman wandered about looking in at every department they passed; the busy Crafts Shop, the Transportation Department with its eighty-five sedans for studio use, passenger busses for carrying extras to and from location, special cars such as a stock from Paris and London as well as cars of twenty and thirty years ago and cheap buys to use for smash-ups. They stopped in at the amazing building which houses twenty-one thousand props; everything from a prehistoric cooking pot to yesterday's circus bill . . . then noon found them in the studio restaurant called The Green Room.

But here Julie left even eggs Benedictine, and Nesselrode pudding untouched, what with Bette Davis, James Cagney, Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck and Charles Boyer all within range of one upward glance! Her mind was not sidetracked, however, from a growing curiosity about the gentleman with whom she was to spend this evening. She had anticipated that an introduction to him would come along with luncheon . . . but it didn't, and at two o'clock she and the amiable Mr. Chapman resumed their tour of the lot.

"I won't take you around to the projection rooms," he decided, "for you'll visit one of those, when you see your test. I'm sure the Experimental Science and Sound Recording Labs, and the draftsmen making blueprints of sets would bore you, and we'll skip the writers' and readers' building where you'd only see a lot of people sitting in big chairs in little offices. We'll skip the wardrobe and make-up departments, for you'll see both of those tomorrow. We'll skip the Studio Theater and the dramatic coach, because from tomorrow on that's where you'll spend practically all your time. . . .

"But it just occurs to me that we'd better be making tracks toward the portrait gallery. In fact I promised the top still man he could have a look at you early this morning. From what I can gather you're his idea of a dream walking."

Julie's impression, as they entered the portrait gallery, was of stepping upon a theater stage. Baby spotlights bordered the ceiling. One side of the room was a painted vista of summer clouds and a spray of synthetic apple blossoms, a second wall was padded in chartreuse satin, a third represented a stately old parlor with a spinet and crystal candlesticks. But bringing it all down to earth, a photographer's camera and tripod occupied center front, and at a business-like desk, sat a young man whom Julie summed up as possessing that Varsity something or other, which you expect of

all young men in stories, but seldom find in those you meet.

Looking up to see who had opened his door, he scraped his chair away from the desk and came forward, saying to Julie, without waiting for introductions, "Hi, Miss America. I'm Curt Melbourne. Just call me Curt. It has certainly taken long enough for this guy Chapman to bring you around here. To be perfectly frank, I'm pretty much inclined to take him apart and hang his skin over the back fence . . . I want to know when you'll pose for some stills for me, Missy! You've certainly got what it takes. I mean you're here to stay! One of these days they're going to be writing your name on the marquees."

Julie scarcely knew how to respond, but this spontaneous young man didn't give her time to be embarrassed. Launching into genuinely interested questions about her home town and the fun it must have been to win the "Top Topics" contest, he made an hour and a half go before she knew it, and Jay Chapman was telephoning Transportation for a car to take her home.

TRAVELING back along the Pass, returning to Castle Argyle, Julie probably had more to think about than ever in her life before.

She not only had the studio and all its glamorous details to picture in her mind, but Scott. Scott, somewhere on the highroad in a bus. And there were Mother and Dad and Johnny to wonder about . . . and Tod. In Gladstone it was already evening, Tod probably working late as usual, weighing out nails or figuring the footage of two-by-fours . . . She thought of how he had said good-by: "So long, Beautiful. It's going to be mighty lonesome until you get back," these words of Tod drifting into what Curt Melbourne had said this afternoon: "You've got what it takes. I mean you're here to stay!"

Could all this be real for Julie Burnette! Tomorrow she would face the cameras on a Hollywood sound stage, realizing a hope which had also been the hope of eighty thousand other girls, and only for her had come true . . . Julie Burnette rolling home in California's eternal summertime to Castle Argyle and an apartment of six luxurious rooms! Julie Burnette about to don an evening dress and white fox fur, for dinner and a premiere. But with whom? What gentleman was to materialize as the personality of Bettina's intriguing description!

In her apartment she found a late afternoon breeze stirring the curtains at the French windows, filling her room with a faint fragrance of orange blossoms. On her bed was the white fox cape!

Eager to experience the feeling of sliding into it, she had just gathered it up in her arms when the doorbell rang; Chris, the elevator boy, with a transparent box containing a corsage of pink camellias; the loveliest flowers Julie had ever seen! Surely there would be a note . . . yes, there was! Hastily she tore it open.

"Half-past six o'clock," she read, in a gentleman's scrawl. Just "Half-past six o'clock" . . . nothing more.

Who will Julie's escort be—this man with whom any girl on the lot, big star or bit player, would give a month's salary to be out with? Close your eyes, put yourself in Julie's place—and find yourself, in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, starting out on your first glamour evening in Hollywood!

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'BRIGHT HORIZON' SPECIAL

Tuners-in of "Bright Horizon" are in for a double surprise in July Radio Mirror. Besides a complete novelette of this exciting serial there is a delightful color portrait of Carol, its heroine and other pictures of Michael West and little Bobby. "Amanda of Honeymoon Hill" comes in for a share of pictures with a lovely color portrait of Amanda herself. These are truly works of photographic art.

ASCINATING FICTION!

The July Radio Mirror is bursting with thrilling fiction versions of great radio dramas. "Come Away, My Love", "In all My Dreams" and "More Than I Ever Knew" are just a few of the enticing features selected for your pleasure.

★ BLONDIE'S ON THE COVER!

The Penny Singleton cover of July Radio Mirror is the brightest one we've had the pleasure of preparing for our readers in a long time. Under this charming cover are many features we lack the space to enumerate. . . . There's the regular feature, a complete program guide that will keep you tuned to your favorite stations for a whole month. . . . there's a brand new song hit complete with words and music of a liltingly sweet melody and a lot of new cooking recipes by Kate Smith. Recognize it by the lovely cover of Blondie, star of the popular CBS program of the same name heard every Monday night.

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JULY ISSUE—ON SALE

RADIO MIRROR

Mrs. Miniver

(Continued from page 55) seemed odd that they were her children. But she couldn't get used to the idea that this tall, dark-haired young man was her son. She wondered, idly, how Vin would look, whether he had changed at all.

And then, Vin was there, having tea on the terrace, his handsome face warmed by the glow of the late afternoon sun. In the background, the children could be heard chattering in the nursery. Suddenly, she heard what Vin was saying.

"—and I think I've developed a social consciousness."

"What's that?" Clem asked, smiling.

"The recognition of my fellow man," Vin said. He went on earnestly and Mrs. Miniver realized that he was feeling this very deeply. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Gladys, the housemaid, coming toward them.

"I tell you, Father, when I think of the class system that exists in this country, I—" Vin broke off impatiently. "What is it, Gladys?"

Gladys announced that Miss Beldon was calling.

"Show her out here, please," Mrs. Miniver said.

She was surprised. She knew Carol Beldon only by sight. She had watched her grow up, turn into the traditional Beldon woman with her soft brown hair and pointed chin and proud carriage.

"Don't look so puzzled, Mother," Vin said. "She's probably bringing her illustrious grandmother's latest ultimatum."

Carol Beldon was standing in the door, smiling hesitantly.

"Grandmother doesn't know I've come," she said biting her lip. "I'm afraid I'm not very good at breaking things gently, so I'll get right to the point. It's about Mr. Ballard's rose—the 'Mrs. Miniver.' I've just heard he's going to enter it in the Flower Show." She looked embarrassed. "I know it's an awful thing to ask, but I thought you might—as a favor—Mrs. Miniver, persuade Mr. Ballard to withdraw it from the competition. It's such a beautiful rose—it might easily win—and—well—Grandmother's roses mean so much to her—"

Mrs. Miniver was about to speak, when Vin broke in. He was furious. Shocked by his behavior, Mrs. Miniver tried to get the situation under control. But Carol Beldon needed no help. She merely waited until Vin's breath had run out and then asked him, calmly, what he was doing about injustice and equality, besides talking about it.

Clem chuckled. From that point, things went Carol's way, until Vin was forced to escape, trailing what dignity he had left.

"I'm sorry, Miss Beldon," Mrs. Miniver began.

"Oh, no, please," Carol smiled. "Really, you know, he's quite right. Besides," her smile widened, "he's rather nice, isn't he?"

MRS. MINIVER was deeply disturbed. No doubt, Vin thought himself very noble for championing Ballard's cause, but he had been so rude. As it happened, she need not have worried at all. That evening, Vin and Carol met again at the Sailing Club Dance and danced together almost all evening.

The next day, the Beldons went to Scotland. It was a little amusing and yet a little painful, too, to see how lost Vin was then.

It wasn't so happy a summer as Mrs. Miniver had hoped it would be. The threat of war hung like a cloud over the

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brightest days. Yet Belham was so ordinary, so as it had been for centuries, it was impossible to conceive of anything's changing it.

They were in church when the news came. Vin had just whispered delightedly, "She's back!" and nodded to Carol, helping her grandmother into their pew, when the verger hurried out of the chancel and whispered to the Vicar.

The Vicar climbed into the pulpit and looked down into their faces. "It has just been announced over the air by the Prime Minister," he said seriously, "that our country is at war."

Mrs. Miniver felt Clem's hand on hers and looked up into his troubled face. There was no service that Sunday. The people crowded out of the church, buzzing with the news.

WHEN the Minivers reached home, Starlings was in a turmoil. Gladys was hysterical, because her young man was leaving for his regiment at once. Somehow, they managed to calm her. By the time her Horace came to say good-bye, she was smiling and they all drank a farewell sherry together.

Horace offered a toast. "May we all meet in the front lines!" he said.

"Not me, Horace," Vin laughed. "The R.A.F. for me."

Mrs. Miniver went cold inside. She was hardly aware of shaking hands with Horace, when he and Gladys left.

"Mother—Dad—" Vin said then, "I'd like to run up and see Carol."

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Miniver said. Vin kissed her quickly and ran out. "Isn't he very young—" she murmured, "even for the Air Force?"

"Yes," Clem said gently, "he's young—" He put his arm about her. "Kay, darling," he said tenderly, "I know it's tough—having to go through all this again."

Tears welled in her eyes and she turned on him angrily. "Oh, you men! What a mess you've made of the world! Meddling and muddling. Why can't we leave other people alone?"

"Lie down and let them walk over us?" Clem asked.

"No," Mrs. Miniver said helplessly. "I didn't mean that. I—I'm all mixed up, thinking of Vin."

"Darling," Clem said, "there's only one thing we can do—not just you and I, but all the decent men and women in the world. We can make sure this thing doesn't come twice in one generation to our children, as it has come to us."

Suddenly, a shrill, high, penetrating siren shrieked in the air. For a moment, they stood still, not understanding, not believing.

"Already!" Clem said. "Get the children into the cellar, Kay. Hurry!"

In a short while, they were all quietly, apprehensively, settled. It wasn't long before the "all clear" sounded. Toby looked disappointed.

"Is the war over, Mummie?" he asked with a frown.

"No, darling," Mrs. Miniver said. "This is only the first day."

IN THE next months, they were to grow accustomed to this. Only later, there were bombs and the maddening scream of the dive bombers. Mrs. Miniver was to grow accustomed to many things, to Vin's being in the Air Force, to Clem's being in the River Patrol, to the terror that fell all about, when the German planes tried to hit the airfield nearby.

All one day, Clem and others were out looking for a Nazi flyer who had been shot down the night before. It was evening now, and foggy, the house was quiet, the children upstairs, getting ready for

bed. Mrs. Miniver hoped the searchers would find the Nazi soon so Clem could come home for dinner.

The telephone rang and Mrs. Miniver's heart stood still. She was always afraid of the telephone now.

"Mother!" It was Vin. "Good news, darling. I've got my wings. And I'm stationed at Belham Airfield. I've a week's leave. See you soon—no use talking now." He hung up.

Mrs. Miniver's first thought was that he would be going into active combat—danger—now. She put the thought resolutely out of her mind. She thought, instead, of some way to celebrate Vin's homecoming.

She knew she had done the right thing as soon as Vin stepped into the hallway and saw Carol standing beside her. Clem, returning from the unsuccessful search for the flyer, threw her a look of approval.

Mrs. Miniver suspected Vin was in love with Carol, but she had not been sure how the girl felt. Now, she knew that, too. For, when Vin made as if to shake hands with her, Carol kissed him naturally, easily.

"Make's a good-looking pilot, doesn't he?" Clem said.

"Oh, Vin, already?" Carol whispered.

Vin grinned proudly. "Not bad, eh? And what a bit of luck, being transferred to an airfield so near home. Fellow I knew at the last place had his people near by and whenever he flew over them he'd cut his motor, so they'd know who he was. You know—like this—" and he imitated the sound of a plane's motor racing and missing. "I say," Vin looked around. "Where are the kids?"

"In bed, I hope," Mrs. Miniver said.

"You wouldn't weaken and let them stay up for dinner?" Vin wheedled. Mrs. Miniver had to give in to him.

Once the children were allowed to get up, they were irrepressible. Toby, his eyes aglow with worship, stared at his big brother and chattered incessantly.

Finally Toby asked "Vin, are you going to marry Carol?"

There was a shocked silence, from which Carol recovered first.

"Toby," she smiled, "why don't you ask me if I'm going to marry Vin?"



Mrs. Miniver knew she had done the right thing when she saw how Vin and Carol met each other at the door.

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"Well, are you?" Toby asked.
"If he asks me—" Carol said.
Toby pursed his lips scornfully. "He's afraid."

Vin jumped to his feet. "I'm not going to stand for that," he said. "Carol—ye gods! This is the dardnest proposal! Will you marry me, Carol?"

"Yes," Carol said softly.

There was a shout from Toby and everyone stood up and Mrs. Miniver wasn't quite sure she wasn't going to cry from happiness. Vaguely, she heard the telephone ringing, but she couldn't tear herself away.

Gladys summoned Vin to the phone. When he came back, all the joy was gone from his face. All leaves were cancelled. He was ordered back at once.

Mrs. Miniver's heart shriveled and she looked at Carol. The girl was very pale. Vin kissed them hurriedly and ran after Clem, who had gone to get the car to drive him to the field.

MRS. MINIVER had no idea how long she had been asleep, when the phone's ringing awakened her. Only half-awake, she heard Clem answer it. The next moment, Clem was groping for his clothes.

"What is it?" she cried. "Vin!"

"No—the River Patrol," Clem said.

"But you were out all day, looking for that flyer. I won't let you go!" she cried. Yet, the moment after she said it, she sighed, "I'll get you some sandwiches."

Down at the boat landing, Mrs. Miniver clung to him for a long moment and she knew from the way he kissed her that this was serious. And, for the second time that night, she watched someone she loved vanish into the darkness.

It wasn't very long before she knew what it was all about. First, there was the terrible, steady rumbling of guns, distant, but endlessly booming. Then, the wireless announced that every available boat on the coast was commandeered to evacuate the British troops trapped on the beach at Dunkirk. That's where Clem was! She felt faint with fear, thinking of his small river boat beaten about in the Channel, a target for enemy planes and shells. And when she realized that Vin must be there, too, she almost gave way to panic.

Somehow, she didn't give way. Her men had to fight and she, like all the other women, had to match their courage and daring. She hung on to this and it helped her through the days. But the nights were horrible. She slept only fitfully and, even in her sleep, she seemed to be listening for those guns to stop booming. Four days passed in this way, four endlessly long days.

On the fourth night, Mrs. Miniver found she couldn't sleep at all. Dawn was streaking the sky as she got dressed and went out into the cold chill of the waking day. The guns roared distantly. In her neat garden, it was breathlessly still and that faraway rumbling was like some agony deep in the earth. Mrs. Miniver walked about aimlessly. Suddenly, she stopped.

She stepped closer to the hedge. It was a boot. And now she could see the Nazi uniform and the bloodstained torn sleeve and the thin, young face blank in exhausted sleep. She must do something, call someone. Without care, she ran up the gravel path.

"Stehen bleiben! Oder ich schiesse!"

She didn't understand, but she stopped and turned. He was coming toward her, a gun in his left hand, his right arm limp at his side. His face was drawn with pain, but, somehow, hard and controlled.

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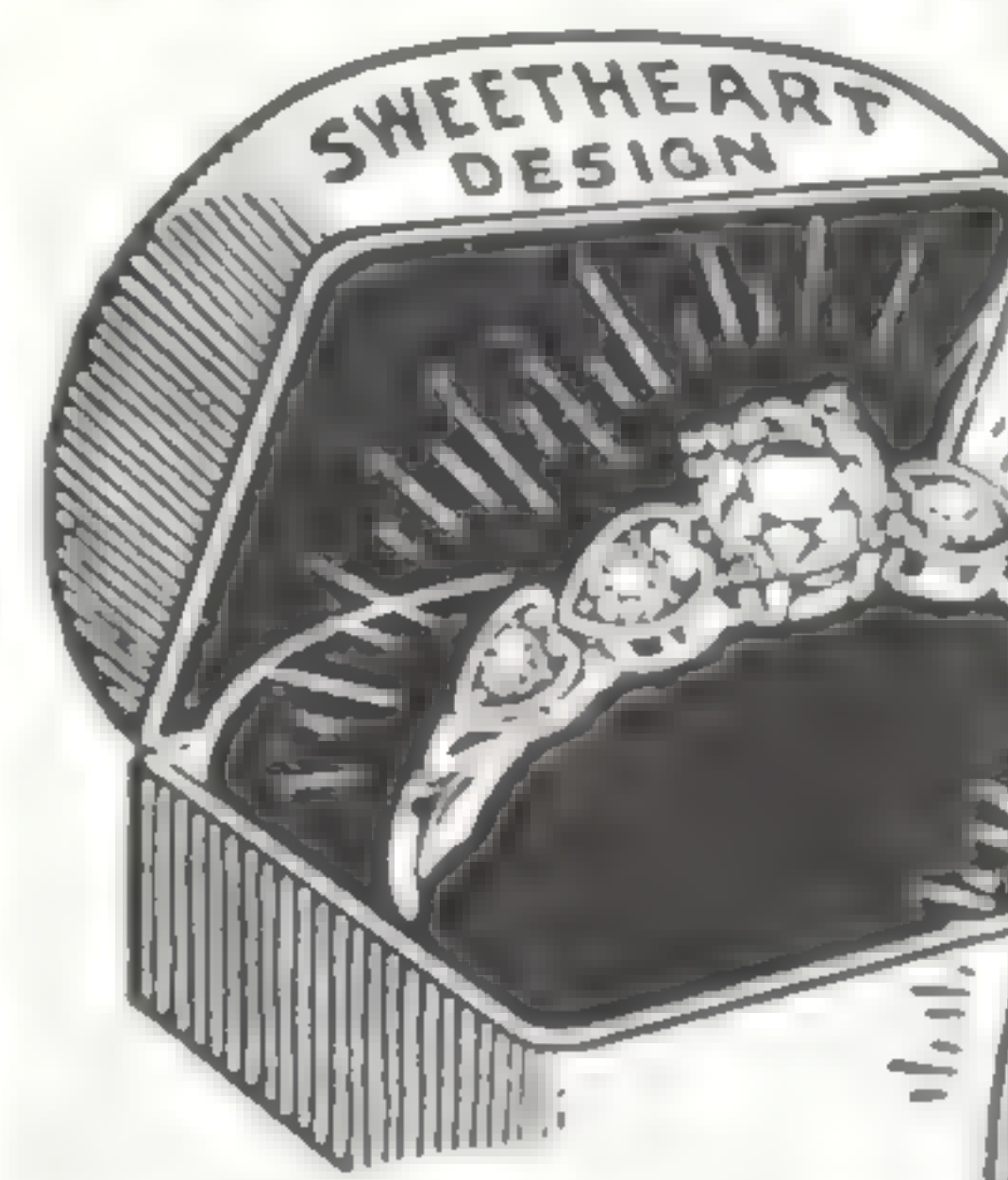
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"Alone?" he asked.

She nodded. He waved her inside with the gun and demanded food and drink. The gun pointed at her steadily, she got some ham and bread and a bottle of milk. He snatched these and stuffed them awkwardly into his tunic pocket.

"Coat—!" he ordered. She knew he wanted a disguise. She was going to deny she had one, but he nodded toward the coat rack in the hall. She moved toward Clem's trench coat. The coat rack hid the hall phone from the kitchen. Her back to the flyer, she reached for the phone.

"Nein!" he whispered fiercely. She looked around. He was watching, the gun steady on her. She knew he would not hesitate to shoot her. She took Clem's coat to him.

She watched, fascinated, as he tried to put it on. Her mind searched frantically for some way to keep him there—get help. Suddenly, he gasped and she saw the spurt of fresh blood soaking his sleeve. The next moment, he tumbled to the floor.

Quickly, she picked the gun out of his nerveless fingers and hid it. Then, she called the police and a doctor. She went back to the kitchen. He was conscious again, desperately trying to get up, his eyes narrow with pain and fear.

She felt sorry for him. He was so young—like Vin. "Really," she said kindly, "it's better. You'll be looked after—you'll be safe—the war won't last forever."

"No," he said savagely, "soon we finish! I am finish—but others come like me—thousands. You will see! We shall bomb your cities—we shall—"

Mrs. Miniver raised her head. A plane was going by, its pilot cutting and racing the motor. "That's my son," she smiled. "He's signaling me that he's safely back. Do you signal your mother when you get back?" The young Nazi sneered contemptuously and she thought of all the stories she'd heard about the distorted minds of German youth. "I thought not," she said softly.

A CAR drew up outside and, a few minutes later, her prisoner was taken away. Only then did Mrs. Miniver realize she had been face to face with the enemy—and had not been found wanting. She leaned weakly against the table.

"Mummie!" Toby cried from the doorway. "Mummie, what was that?"

From the river came the sharp, explosive put-puts of the launch. "It's Daddy!" Mrs. Miniver cried.

The sun was breaking through the morning mist, as she ran toward the boat landing, clutching Toby's small fist in her own. Clem was just getting out of the launch. He looked haggard and his clothes were dirty and torn. There were bullet holes in the side of the boat.

Mrs. Miniver caught Clem close. "Darling," she whispered tensely. "You're back—safe—"

"You're awful dirty," Toby objected as his father kissed him.

Clem laughed. "And tired, too—"

Mrs. Miniver forgot herself. Supporting him, she got him to the house and upstairs. Almost before she'd pulled off his shoes, he was asleep. He slept for ten hours without stirring. Then, he awoke, ravenously hungry, and demanded ham and eggs.

"You can't have ham, dear," Mrs. Miniver said. "I gave it to the Nazi flyer." Clem stared at her and went pale. "It's all right," she laughed and told him about it. Just as she finished Cook announced that Lady Beldon wished to see her.

"Oh dear," Mrs. Miniver gasped. "I

suppose Vin's asked her about marrying Carol."

Clem laughed. "If I didn't know you'd taken that fellow singlehanded I'd say you were scared."

"I am" Mrs. Miniver confessed.

But she found it surprisingly easy to overcome Lady Beldon's objections, mainly because she didn't have any valid ones. The flimsy excuse that Carol was too young didn't hold up, at all, when Mrs. Miniver remembered that Lady Beldon herself had eloped at sixteen. Lady Beldon gave in. She did more than that; she agreed to let Carol and Vin marry at once.

They were married the next morning. All through the simple ceremony, Mrs. Miniver kept thinking of her own wedding in this same church, during the last war, just before Clem left for the front. She prayed silently that everything would turn out well for her son and his bride, as it had done for her.

VIN and Carol went to Scotland for two weeks and, in that time, Mrs. Miniver redecorated Vin's room for them. She had barely moved in the twin beds and hung fresh curtains, when a raid of unprecedented ferocity began. And this time, Starlings was hit. Mrs. Miniver came out of the shelter to find all the windows smashed and the dining room wall almost gone.

She and Clem did the best they could to clear away the debris. Somehow, Mrs. Miniver found she wasn't nearly so unhappy as she had thought she would be. Her lovely things had been destroyed—yes—but the children were safe and she had Clem and Vin—and now Carol.

The honeymooners came home, looking healthy and radiantly happy, just in time for the Flower Show. Lady Beldon had insisted on holding it. And, when Mrs. Miniver saw the gay canopies and the crowded, wide lawns of Beldon Hall, she saw that Lady Beldon had been wise. It was good to forget the war, even for a little.

Mrs. Miniver was touched to see how delighted Lady Beldon really was with Vin. It was amusing to watch her severe old face trying to maintain its hauteur, while Vin twitted her about her roses and her airs, and to see how fondly her old eyes followed him as he moved about.

It was late afternoon and time for Lady Beldon to make the awards. The old woman moved regally from table to table, reading aloud the decisions. And then, only the roses remained.

Lady Beldon looked at the roses—hers and Ballard's rose, the "Mrs. Miniver." She picked up the slip of paper on which the judges had written their choice. Mrs. Miniver saw a gleam of triumph come into the old eyes.

Then, Lady Beldon looked at Vin and Mrs. Miniver saw her son shake his head chidingly. Lady Beldon flushed and crumpled the paper in her palm.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," she said firmly, "it is my pleasure to award the Silver Challenge Cup to Mr. Ballard, for his magnificent rose—the best rose grown in the village in the past year." She looked defiantly at Vin.

There was a burst of cheering and Mrs. Miniver just had time to see Ballard's amazed, delighted smile, before Foley, the air-raid warden, came running from the Hall and Lady Beldon announced that people should either go home, or down into her cellars, because raiders were on the way from the coast.

Mrs. Miniver thought of Judy and Toby alone at home and looked frantically about for Clem. In a moment,

Carol's face was buried in the seat. Mrs. Miniver touched her shoulder gently and the girl slid slowly, stiffly, toward her. For a moment, Mrs. Miniver's mind refused to accept what her eyes told her. She can't be dead, her heart cried, she can't be! But it was so.

The Vicar stood in the propped-up pulpit, looking down at them for a long

And it seemed to her that this was symbolic of man's spirit, man's spirit striving ever upward, upward. And she knew nothing could ever conquer this.

The End.

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Sh Sh! Subjects



Fixed up for fun on the beach: Ann Miller

Talking out loud about some things girls don't usually discuss—and should!

BY GLORIA MACK

Listen, Siren, in the Sun:

Your chances on the beach—or anywhere else—are as good as Ann Miller's. She has brains, youth, ability and ambition. So have you—and you probably know how to use them. But there may be one beach pointer you've skipped. You can buy yourself a pretty bathing suit, use some waterproof make-up and look just as enticing as Ann does, but you still may leave the beach without an evening date unless you do a little thinking on this one sh-sh subject. That's using deodorants as faithfully for bathing-suit business as you would for any other activity.

Now, more than ever, what with the shortage of stockings and shields, deodorants and depilatories are "musts." Your legs must be pretty and smooth on the beach; you must be sure you're absolutely as fresh as you look; and that bronzed-beauty look you're going to acquire must never never be marred by a little dark mustache over your lip—which is something a lot of girls never think about and should! So arm yourself with the two "d's" and you'll still be as much of a siren after a day of sunning as you were when you started out.

Miss Miller's thoughts on the subject? They're short and to the point: "Nice features and a well-proportioned figure just can't be had by everybody, but everybody can work on the other angles of beauty and they count just as much—as, for instance, being fresh at all times and not letting superfluous hair get out of control. You know yourself how you feel around somebody who isn't careful about them!"

Use Your Head—

And realize there's a footage problem, come summer. Walks in the sun are fun, but they can do a lot of damage to your grooming technique, because walks mean the "hot foot," which can ruin your shoes—and your social chances. Take care of that point by rubbing your little feet with some cream deodorant and then make double-sure by sprinkling powder deodorant in your shoes.

Now Hold Your Hands Up

—and find out whether you're a well-groomed lady. Nail polish makes the upper part of your hands look beauteous, but it doesn't take care of

the *inside* of your nails. So regardless of how much a cover-up the nail polish gives you, don't forget to clean the inside of the nails. If you don't, you'll get a black mark if anyone gets an inside look at your hands!

Lend an Ear:

So you have a pretty brushed-up pompadour hair-do. That will make other people look at you—and it should make you look carefully to your ears. Be sure, oh lady, that they're spic and span and in pretty shape to have soft nothings whispered into them. Also—another sh-sh subject—don't think you're ready for a kiss close-up unless you've used little manicure scissors on the inside of your nose.

Hint:

Be Katy-in-the-kitchen for an onion-sandwich party after the movies but be sure you have a pretty apron and that the onions don't linger on your lily-white hands. How to manage that? Just a bit of deodorant cream rubbed over your fingers—and you'll never cry any tears after you've finished the paring process!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 7)

✓ In This Our Life (Warners)

It's About: A horribly selfish woman who brings sorrow to herself and family.

THIS isn't Bette Davis's best picture or best performance by a long shot. In fact, it seemed to this reviewer that the character Bette played was completely false. There is just no rhyme or reason for anyone's being so downright ornery unless she is mentally ill and where, then, is the entertainment value in watching a warped mind at work?

Olivia de Havilland is very good as Bette's sister; good but not sound or solid because once again the character is weakly drawn. Dennis Morgan as the man Bette drives to suicide and George Brent as the man fortunate enough to escape her psychopathic lasso are fair. Charles Coburn is Bette's selfish uncle and Billie Burke her weak mother. A Negro lad, Ernest Anderson, framed on a murder charge by Bette, is a fine, sincere actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Too abnormally unpleasant for enjoyment.

Juke Girl (Warners)

It's About: Two friends whose paths are separated by a cause and a girl.

FRANKLY, this is so much vegetable salad with tomatoes and string beans flooding the story of the trials of farmers and workers under the dominance of racketeering produce magnate Gene Lockhart.

Appalled by conditions, Ronald Reagan sides with a Greek farmer, George Tobias, a victim of Lockhart's greed. Reagan is backed up in his ideals by Ann Sheridan, travelling juke girl, who feels herself unworthy of his offer of marriage and, although she really loves him, leaves him.

Richard Whorf, Reagan's friend, decides to throw in his lot on the side of the money changers until Reagan and Ann find themselves accused of murder. It's then Whorf proves his worth.

You'll be pretty much bored with all of this soy bean drama.

Your Reviewer Says: It should be plowed under.

✓ I Married An Angel (M-G-M)

It's About: A playboy who marries a dream angel.

MUCH below the standard of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's singing stars Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the paper-thin stage play of several seasons ago. Neither star is given songs that come even near meeting his vocal ability.

Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an innocent and unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel whose honesty and forthrightness throw everyone into a dither. He awakes to find her not an angel but the girl he loves.

Because this pair is your favorite and you approve them in anything, we give this our one-check blessing and hope for better things next time.

Your Reviewer Says: Two artists in search of a good story.

✓ The Spoilers (Universal)

It's About: Gold, love and unlawfulness in Alaska.

IF YOU are too young to remember the terrific fight scene in the silent version of Jack London's gusty tale of Alaska in the gold-rush days, you can content yourself that the battle royal between John Wayne and Randy Scott in this version is just as exciting.

John, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovers Randy Scott is a crook attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. That's where the fight comes in.

Dietrich is beautiful to see and adds quite a bit of color to her role. Margaret Lindsay and her uncle Samuel Hinds are accomplices of Scott's. Richard Barthelmess is an odd character, in love with Dietrich. Wayne gives a strong performance, a real standout. It's the fight scene, however, that steals the picture and wins our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertainment black and strong with no cream or sugar.

Mokey (M-G-M)

It's About: A misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble.

DONNA REED, M-G-M's young hopeful, is handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey*. The fact that *Mokey* appeals to the sympathies makes it all the tougher for Donna.

Bobby Blake as *Mokey* is very good—too good, really. Dan Dailey Jr., as his father, is not given enough footage.

Your Reviewer Says: Tears for one and all.

✓ Saboteur (Universal)

It's About: A defense plant worker who uncovers a group of saboteurs.

IN typical Alfred Hitchcock manner this story holds the interest, stirs the emotions and grips the imagination although Director Hitchcock takes little pains to tie together loose ends of the story.

But excusing these glaring discrepancies you really have a fine piece of fright-wig shenanigans here that begins when Robert Cummings, a defense plant worker, is accused of setting fire to the plant and killing his friend by placing gasoline in the fire extinguisher. Cummings escapes the police, meets Priscilla Lane and eventually runs into the real saboteurs.

Priscilla Lane is fair, Cummings thoroughly convincing, Otto Kruger, Alma Kruger, Alan Baxter and Norman Lloyd excellent as enemies of our country. The circus group is especially good.

Your Reviewer Says: Baffling, bewildering, bewitching.

Twin Beds (Small-U.A.)

It's About: Too many husbands in one bedroom.

WELL, it beats us! Maybe it's just that the sight of Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex without their trousers, skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, failed

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to amuse us as it should. Even husband George Brent, who kept missing the interlopers by a hairsbreadth, seemed ill at ease and as thoroughly unamused as we were.

Una Merkel and Glenda Farrell added little for our money. If you howl at this and really get a kick out of it, decide it's this reviewer's bad digestion that's at fault and let it go at that.

Your Reviewer Says: What's all the giggling about, anyway?

Sing For Your Supper (Columbia)

It's About: *Rich girl meets band leader.*

JINX FALKENBURG, the girl who became famous as a model, swings from modeling to movie acting in a little thing about a rich girl who owns the property on which an obscure band leader is trying to make good in a dime-a-dance hall. To her amazement, Jinx is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up a singer with the band. Gossip and chatter columnists reveal the truth to the smitten band leader; he goes his way; and Jinx goes his way.

Bert Gordon, the mad "Roosian" of radio fame, makes people laugh.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, a girl has to take what's given her, doesn't she?

Rings On Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A boy who wanted a boat and a girl who wanted rings on her fingers.*

HERE'S Gene Tierney looking the way all the boys want to see her—which means she wears modern clothes—and acting in a finished fashion that does credit to her Hollywood tutors. Here's Henry Fonda, running around slightly out of place and not showing to too much advantage, as a poor wage slave who's been saving his pennies—and we do mean pennies—to buy himself a boat.

Henry finds the boat the same place he finds Gene—at a millionaire's resort where he's come to meet ship owners. Gene's there with her pseudo-mama, Spring Byington, really just a racketeer at heart who's plucked Gene out of a department store job and is using her as a front to lure on bait for her and Laird Cregar's shady swindling activities. Henry thinks he's found an heiress and Gene thinks she's found a millionaire, but they're really in love, anyway, so off they go together.

Before they can get married and live happily ever after, however, lots of little things have to be fixed up. That's where John Shepperd comes in, doing his bit as a wealthy suitor of Gene's.

It's all amusing and makes for a good evening's entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A good "no check" picture.

The Wife Takes A Flyer (Columbia)

It's About: *Love troubles under Nazi dominance.*

THIS is laid in Holland under the Hitler regime with Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi major, polluted with dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett who is about to divorce her absent husband.

Determined to get Miss Bennett, Joslyn moves into her home. In the home

Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the absent husband who, to his amusement and Joan's bewilderment, must be divorced next day by Joan so as to keep Nazi Joslyn from getting suspicious.

To boil it down they make a monkey out of the major. That part we loved.

Your Reviewer Says: Not hotter than Dutch love, we assure you.

Whispering Ghosts (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A smart-aleck radio detective who runs into real trouble.*

MILTON BERLE goes on the air each week and unravels mysteries given up by the police. But when Milton attempts to solve the murder of an old sea dog he goes to his abandoned boat, runs into two ham actors hired to frame Berle into a nervous collapse, Brenda Joyce, niece of the murdered man in search of hidden jewels, and several other uninited guests.

John Carradine is precious as one of the ham actors, Willie Best funny as Berle's colored valet, and Berle himself sharp as a tack.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite a sassy little number.

The Man Who Wouldn't Die (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A corpse that commits murders.*

THEY buried the dead man in the forest, but that night when Marjorie Weaver is shot at, they hurry to the grave to discover that the corpse is missing.

Frightened silly, Miss Weaver pretends Lloyd Nolan (who is really Michael Shayne, a detective) is her new husband in order that he may solve the mystery. When Henry Wilcoxon, family physician, proves to be the next victim, Nolan quickly grabs the murderer.

Your Reviewer Says: Too farfetched.

Suicide Squadron (Republic)

It's About: *The romance between a Polish flyer and an American reporter.*

ANTON WALBROOK gives another sterling performance as a Polish piano virtuoso on a concert tour through the States. Here he meets and marries Sally Gray, an American girl, who tries to keep him by her side.

But the musician-flyer is anxious and determined to get back to Europe to fight for his native Poland and so he leaves his bride and goes to the front. The actual fight scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive for their authenticity and thrilling details.

Derrick De Marney, Irish pal of Walbrook's, gives a bang-up performance.

Your Reviewer Says: If you aren't weary of war fare.

The Corpse Vanishes (Monogram)

It's About: *A modern Bluebeard.*

IMAGINE, if you can, brides mysteriously disappearing right and left to be seen no more. A gal reporter, Luana

Walters, finally can endure it no longer (bravo) and sets out to investigate. Through a clue of poisoned orchids she traces the missing brides to the fright-wig lair of Bela Lugosi, a screwy scientist, where perfectly dreadful doings have been done.

We have one suggestion to make. Send this to the land of the rising scum and if it doesn't scare the Japs out of their wits, they'll die from laughter. It can't miss either way.

Your Reviewer Says: Corpses, get thee hence!

The Mystery Of Marie Roget (Universal)

It's About: *An actress who disappears twice.*

THEY find the body of Maria Montez, a missing actress, in the river—her face clawed beyond recognition. But alas, when the police, with clever Patric Knowles in charge, are about to close the case the actress herself walks in. She has been erroneously identified.

Then it turns out the actress planned to murder her sister Camille, but before she can carry out her fearful purpose she is really murdered.

Over Paris rooftops and down lanes go the pursuers after the murderer, lending quite a bit of action to the gruesome proceedings. Eddie Norris is the so-called villain.

Why must people always be murdered in movies, we rise up to ask.

Your Reviewer Says: We sit right down again. No one knows.

True To The Army (Paramount)

It's About: *A refugee from racketeers who hides in an Army camp.*

JUDY CANOVA, a tightrope walker of all things, sees a murder committed which makes her a dangerous woman to have around. So Judy flees the murderers and lands in an Army camp where she is disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones, a private in the Army.

Of course, Judy gets a chance to sing and monkey-doodle around when Jones puts on shows to keep up the soldiers' morale. They got ours down to below sea level.

We like Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's befuddlement as the top sergeant, though.

Your Reviewer Says: So this is what goes on in Army camps!

Mississippi Gambler (Universal)

It's About: *A reporter who traces down a race-track murderer.*

YOU can go out for a smoke while this one is on, for we warn you sitting through it isn't worth the effort.

If you care at all, it's about a reporter (Kent Taylor) who never forgets a face. Witnessing the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, Taylor grabs a cab and starts a thousand-mile chase that ends up in the discovery of the murderer, disguised through plastic surgery. But he didn't fool us, Bub, did he?

Frances Langford sings. There's no reason for singing, that we promise you.

Your Reviewer Says: Prattle-prattle.

Murder In The Big House (Warners)

It's About: A young reporter who discovers the reason for an electrocution that occurs too soon.

A CONVICT was electrocuted one hour before the set time. A young reporter Van Johnson sets out to find why. With the aid of Faye Emerson, the editor's secretary, and George Meeker, a seasoned reporter, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder.

None of this is terribly important or even halfway so, for our money.

Your Reviewer Says: Minor league stuff.

I Was Framed (Warners)

It's About: A reporter framed on a murder charge.

POLITICAL crooks frame their enemy, a newspaper photographer, by slugging him into unconsciousness, sprinkling his clothes with liquor and placing him behind the wheel of a car that runs down three people.

The reporter, Michael Ames, breaks jail, flees with his wife Julie Bishop, about to have a baby, to another town, becomes a newspaper editor, is blackmailed and finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge.

If there is one amongst us who cares a hoot about all this, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

Your Reviewer Says: We've all been framed.

Scattergood Rides High (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A small-town philosopher helps a lad to find his place in the world.

GUY KIBBEE grows more and more into an actual replica of Clarence Buddington Kelland's famous *Scattergood Baines*. In this episode he aids Kenneth Howell, whose father died in a sulky race, in getting back his father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a henpecked husband.

Jed Prouty is very good as the trampled-upon husband. The race scenes are most interesting. There's a warm homey coziness about these stories that's

most endearing because it is so very typical of an American way of life.

Your Reviewer Says: A family affair.

Affairs Of Jimmy Valentine (Republic)

It's About: A radio publicity stunt that leads to murder.

IS there a *Jimmy Valentine* in the town? A man who once cracked safes and who now cracks only jokes? Well, there's a reward of \$10,000 posted for his identity and that's where the monkey business starts to develop in this picture. Dennis O'Keefe is the brash young radio publicity man who thinks up this gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads only to murder—two murders, in fact.

Gloria Dickson, who loves O'Keefe and who loses him, is very good. Little Ruth Terry as the daughter is dynamite in a small bundle.

The murderer? Save your breath, we're not telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 22)

✓ **RIDE 'EM COWBOY**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, peanut vendors from a New York rodeo, land on a dude ranch out West at the same time as would-be Western hero Dick Foran and meet Anne Gwynne. There are several hilarious moments. (May)

✓ **RIGHT TO THE HEART**—20th Century-Fox: The mixture of life at a fighters' training camp with romance provides good entertainment in this little picture, with Joseph Allen Jr. as a wealthy playboy. Brenda Joyce is the owner's daughter, and Cobina Wright Jr. the socialite. It's human and amusing.

✓ **RIO RITA**—M-G-M: This isn't the old "Rio Rita," but it has Abbott and Costello, which makes up for an incredibly confused job of story writing. The pair have never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll provide the singing and romance and Pat Dane, Tom Conway and Peter Whitney are spies. (June)

✓ **ROAD TO HAPPINESS**—Monogram: John Boles is back again, handsomer than ever, in this heart-warming story that has John returning from Europe to find his wife, Mona Barrie, has divorced him. He takes son Billy Lee out of school and brings him home to a furnished room. Mr. Boles sings delightfully and Billy does a fine job. (April)

✓ **ROXIE HART**—20th Century-Fox: Ginger Rogers plays the brazen, tawdry *Roxie* who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity. Adolphe Menjou, the theatrical defense attorney; George Montgomery, reporter; William Frawley and Lynne Overman add up to a strong cast. (April)

✓ **SALUTE TO COURAGE**—M-G-M: Conrad Veidt expertly handles a dual role in this melodrama, that of twin brothers, one a loyal American and the other a Nazi. Ann Ayars is very good as the spy caught in the intrigue, but it's Veidt's picture. (April)

✓ **SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN**—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray, and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell, and the story's quite exciting. (June)

✓ **SHUT MY BIG MOUTH**—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert. (May)

✓ **SLEEPYTIME GAL**—Republic: A hodgepodge about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld, and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band, but Harold Huber, gangster promoter of the real singer, Ruth Terry, kind of messes up the plans. (June)

✓ **SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD**—Monogram: *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, a moonshiner who escapes revenuers, finds himself in an Army camp, Snuffy has to pull some tricks before the Army will let him stay. (April)

✓ **SON OF FURY**—20th Century-Fox: A rip-snorter movie, with George Sanders as the cruel baronet who abuses his nephew, Tyrone Power, until Tyrone assaults him and must flee England. With John Carradine, he goes to a tropical island where he finds a fortune in pearls and lovely Gene Tierney, and then returns to England. Roddy McDowall is the young Tyrone. (April)

✓ **SONG OF THE ISLANDS**—20th Century-Fox: We can hand this story very little, but the picture has sex, music, comedy, Betty Grable in a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sarong, Technicolor scenery, the clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier. What else would you want? (May)

✓ **THIS TIME FOR KEEPS**—M-G-M: Ann Rutherford and Robert Sterling find their first year of marriage pretty shaky going. It doesn't help any when Sterling goes to work for his father-in-law, Guy Kibbee. It's a nice little film. (May)

✓✓ **TO BE OR NOT TO BE**—Korda-U.A.: Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting tribute to her beauty and personality. She plays the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their troupe are caught in Poland by the Nazi invasion but manage to upset the Gestapo. (May)

✓✓ **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI**—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-doooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their Marines. The story is the familiar one of the smart-aleck, John Payne, who antagonizes his fellows, and later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Hara as the Army nurse who loves Payne, Nancy Kelly and William Tracy are all very good. (June)

✓ **TORPEDO BOAT**—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier in this timely and exciting picture. Jean Parker and Cecelia Parker are very good. (May)

✓ **TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A**—Republic: A too-anaemic *Thin Man* is this mystery story about a radio detective, John Howard, who, with his wife Margaret Lindsay, moves into an apartment vacated by Miles Mander and Mona Barrie and run smack into a little murder mystery. (May)

✓ **TREAT 'EM ROUGH**—Universal: Smartly paced yarn about a prize fighter, Eddie Albert, who, with Peggy Moran, helps clear his father, whose books show a shortage. (April)

✓ **TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE**—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family, and Jon Hall is his sailor son who returns home and falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's quaint and amusing and so well done. (June)

✓ **TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD**—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brian and Brian Donlevy join the army

and keep up all their old enmity and constant bedlamming, even falling in love with the same girl, Janet Blair, night-club singer. Sergeant Donald MacBride does his best to put the crimp on the boy's activities, which makes for a lot of laughs. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

✓ **VALLEY OF THE SUN**—RKO-Radio: Picturesque and romantic is this light-hearted Western, with James Craig preventing the marriage of Lucille Ball to Dean Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. Craig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian, *Geronimo*, played by Tom Tyler, is terrifically suspenseful. An escapist piece. (April)

✓ **WE WERE DANCING**—M-G-M: Melvyn Douglas, a Viennese baron, and Norma Shearer, a Polish countess, elope on the eve of Norma's wedding to wealthy Lee Bowman, and the penniless pair make a profession of being house guests of the rich, which works splendidly until Melvyn meets Gail Patrick. It's all too, too gay. (April)

✓ **WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?**—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Janis Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne, Joseph Allen Jr., and Ricardo Cortez. (June)

✓ **WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES**—Warners: This is the same Western you've seen before, only this time Constance Bennett is the shady-lady heroine and Bruce Cabot is the noble hero, and Warren William is the villainous bad man. (May)

✓✓ **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn plays a famous columnist who falls in love with and marries sports writer Spencer Tracy but is so wrapped up in her career that her marriage takes second place, which doesn't suit Tracy at all. It's gay, smart, funny. (April)

✓ **YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD, A**—M-G-M: Barry Nelson is a taxicab hero who is offered the job of piloting trucks over the Burma Road. There he meets Laraine Day. Timely. (April)

✓ **YOKEL BOY**—Republic: Alan Mowbray, head of a Hollywood studio, brings on the Nation's Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories, but the result is that Public Enemy Number One takes over and eventually saves the studio from ruin. Albert Dekker as the gangster and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are quite good, but it's corn. (June)

✓ **YOUNG AMERICA**—20th Century-Fox: If you're a Jane Withers loyalist, then see this last picture of hers for 20th Century-Fox. After a story like this, no wonder she wants to leave. It's all about how Jane, a snooty city girl, gets herself straightened out by the ideals of the 4-H Clubs. (May)

✓ **YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW**—Warners: Packed with gags is this comedy of two vacuum cleaner salesmen, Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, who find themselves in the Army. Donald MacBride is the colonel, and Jane Wyman his daughter, who shares the romantic interest with Regis Toomey.

Casts of Current Pictures

"AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE"—Republic: Mike Jason, Dennis O'Keefe; Bonnie Forbes, Ruth Terry; Cleo Arden, Gloria Dickson; Tom Forbes, Roman Bohnen; Mousey, George E. Stone; Cheevers Snow, Spencer Charters; Cyrus Bullard, William B. Davidson; Mickey Forbes, Bobby Larson; Ed Stanley, Joe Cunningham; Chief Dan Kady, Roscoe Ates.

"CORPSE VANISHES, THE"—Monogram: Doctor Lorenz, Bela Lugosi; Patricia Hunter, Luana Walters; Doctor Foster, Tristram Coffin; Countess, Elizabeth Russell; Mrs. Fagah, Minerva Urecal; Mike, George Eldridge; Angel, Frank Moran; Keenan, Kenneth Harlan; Sandy, Vince Barnett; Peggy, Gwen Kenyon; Phyllis, Gladys Faye; Alice, Joan Barclay; Toby, Angelo Rossi.

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"—M-G-M: Anna and Briggitta, Jeanette MacDonald; Count Palaff, Nelson Eddy; Peter, Edward Everett Horton; Peggy, Binnie Barnes; "Whiskers," Reginald Owen; Baron Szigethy, Douglass Dumbrille; Marika, Mona Maris; Sufi, Janis Carter; Iren, Inez Cooper; Zinski, Leonid Kinskey; Polly, Anne Jeffreys; Dolly, Marion Rosamond.

"I WAS FRAMED"—Warners: Ken Marshall, Michael Ames; Ruth Marshall, Julie Bishop; Bob Leeds, Regis Toomey; Penny Marshall, Patty Hale; Clubby Blake, John Harmon; Dr. Phillip Black, Aldrich Bowker; Gordon Locke, Roland Drew; Cal Beamish, Oscar O'Shea; Ben Belden, Wade Boteler; Stuart Gaines, Howard Hickman; Paul Brenner, Norman Willis; D. L. Wallace, Hobart Bosworth; Police Chief Taylor, Guy Usher; Kit Carson, Sam McDaniel.

"IN THIS OUR LIFE"—Warners: Stanley Timberlake, Bette Davis; Roy Timberlake, Olivia de Havilland; Craig Fleming, George Brent; Peter Kingsmill, Dennis Morgan; William Fitzroy, Charles Coburn; Asa Timberlake, Frank Craven; Lavinia Timberlake, Billie Burke; Minerva Clay, Hattie McDaniel; Betty Wilmoth, Lee Patrick; Charlotte Fitzroy, Mary Servoss; Parry Clay, Ernest Anderson; Jim Purdy, William B. Davidson; Dr. Buchanan, Edward Fielding; Inspector, John Hamilton; Forrest Ranger, William Forest.

"JUKE GIRL"—Warners: Lola Mears, Ann Sheridan; Steve Talbot, Ronald Reagan; Danny Frazier, Richard Whorf; Nick Garcos, George Tobias; Yippee, Alan Hale; Henry Madden, Gene Lockhart; Skeeter, Betty Brewer; Cully, Howard da Silva; "Muckeye" John, Donald MacBride; Mister Just, Willard Robertson; Violet Murphy, Faye Emerson; Jo-Mo, Willie Best; Ike Harper, Fuzzy Knight; Keeno, Spencer Charters; Paley, William B. Davidson; Truck Driver, Frank Wilcox; Watchman, William Haade.

"MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE"—20th Century-Fox: Michael Shayne, Lloyd Nolan; Catherine Wolff, Marjorie Weaver; Anne Wolff, Helene Reynolds; Doctor Haggard, Henry Wilcoxon; Roger Blake, Richard Derr; Dudley Wolff, Paul Harvey; Phillips, Billy Bevan; Chief Meek,

Olin Howland; Alfred Dunning, Robert Emmett Keane; Zorah Bey, LeRoy Mason; Coroner Larsen, Jeff Corey; Caretaker, Francis Ford.

"MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER"—Universal: Johnny Forbes, Kent Taylor; Beth Cornell, Frances Langford; Francis Carvel, John Littel; Gladys La Verne, Claire Dodd; Milton Davis, Shemp Howard; Chet Mathews, Douglas Fowley; Brandon, Wade Boteler; Inspector Dexter, Eddie Dunn; Jud Higgins, Aldrich Bowker; Sheriff Calkins, Harry Hayden.

"MOKEY"—M-G-M: Herbert Delano, Dan Dailey, Jr.; Anthea Delano, Donna Reed; Mokey Delano, Bobby Blake; Booker T. Cumby, Cordell Hickman; Brother Cumby, William "Buckwheat" Thomas; Cindy Molishus, Etta McDaniel; Begonia Cumby, Marcella Moreland; Pat Esel, George Lloyd; Mr. Pennington, Matt Moore; Aunt Deedy, Cleo Desmond; Mr. Graham, Cliff Clark; Mrs. Graham, Mary Field; Brickley Autry, Bobby Stebbins; Uncle Ben, Sam McDaniel.

"MOONTIDE"—20th Century-Fox: Bobo, Jean Gabin; Anna, Ida Lupino; Tiny, Thomas Mitchell; Nutsy, Claude Rains; Dr. Brothers, Jerome Cowan; Woman on Boat, Helene Reynolds; Reverend Price, Ralph Byrd; Baytender, William Halligan; Takeo, Sen Yung; Hirota, Chester Gan; Mildred, Robin Raymond; Pop Kelly, Arthur Aylesworth; Hotel Clerk, Arthur Hohl; Mac, John Kelly; Policeman, Ralph Dunn; Mr. Simpson, Tully Marshall; First Waiter, Tom Dugan.

"MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE"—Warners: Gladys Wayne, Faye Emerson; Bert Bell, Van Johnson; Scoop Conner, George Meeker; Randall, Frank Wilcox; Dapper Dan Malloy, Michael Ames; Mile-Away Gordon, Roland Drew; Mrs. Gordon, Ruth Ford; Jim Ainslee, Joseph Crehan; Warden John Bevin, William Gould; Bill Burgen, Douglas Wood; Prison Doctor, John Maxwell; Chief Electrician, Pat McVeigh; Guard, Dick Rich; Keeper, Fred Kelsey; Mike, Bill Phillips; Ramstead, Jack Mower; Ritter, Creighton Hale; Chaplain, Henry Hall.

"MY GAL SAL"—20th Century-Fox: Sally Elliott, Rita Hayworth; Paul Dresser, Victor Mature; Fred Haviland, John Sutton; Mae Collins, Carole Landis; Pat Howley, James Gleason; Wiley, Phil Silvers; Colonel Truckee, Walter Catlett; Countess Rossini, Mona Maris; McGuinness, Frank Orth; Mr. Dreiser, Stanley Andrews; Mrs. Dreiser, Margaret Moffat; Ida, Libby Taylor; John L. Sullivan, John Kelly; De Rochemont, Curt Bois; Dancing Partner, Hermes Pan; Monsieur Garnier, Gregory Gaye; Corbin, Andrew Tombes; Henri, Albert Conti; Tailor, Charles Arnt.

"MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE"—Universal: Dupin, Patric Knowles; Marie, Maria Montez; Mme. Roget, Maria Ouspenskaya; Beauvais, John Littel; Marcel, Edward Norris; Gobel, Lloyd Corrigan; Camille, Nell O'Day; Magistrate, Frank Reicher; Mons. De Luc, Clyde Fillmore; Gardener, Paul Burns; Madame De Luc, Norma

Drury; Detective, John Maxwell; Detective, Paul Bryar; Curator, Charles Middleton; Detective, Bill Ruhl; Naval Officer, Reed Hadley.

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"—20th Century-Fox: John Wheeler, Henry Fonda; Susan Miller (Linda Worthington), Gene Tierney; Warren, Laird Cregar; Ted Fenwick, John Shepperd; Colonel, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Maybelle Worthington, Spring Byington; Mrs. Fenwick, Marjorie Gateson; Fenwick, Sr., George Lessey; Kellogg, Frank Orth; Charles, Clive Morgan; Peggy, Iris Adrian; Captain Beasley, Thurston Hall; Mrs. Beasley, Clara Blandick; Captain Hurley, Charles Wilson; Paul, Edgar Morton; Chick, George Lloyd; Mrs. Clancy, Sarah Edwards; Miss Callanan, Gwendolyn Logan; Miss Alderney, Evelyn Mulhall; Landlady, Kathryn Sheldon.

"SABOTEUR"—Universal: Pat, Priscilla Lane; Barry Kane, Robert Cummings; Fry, Norman Lloyd; Tobin, Otto Kruger; Mr. Miller, Vaughan Glaser; Truck Driver, Murray Alper; Mrs. Mason, Dorothy Peterson; Mrs. Sutton, Alma Kruger.

"SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH"—RKO-Radio: Scattergood Baines, Guy Kibbee; Mr. Van Pelt, Jed Prouty; Helen Van Pelt, Dorothy Moore; Dan Knox, Charles Lind; Phillip Dane, Kenneth Howell; Mrs. Van Pelt, Regina Wallace; Mrs. Dane, Frances Carson; Cromwell, Arthur Aylesworth; Hipp, Paul White; Toby, Phillip Hurlic; Martin Knox, Walter S. Baldwin, Jr.; Trainer, Lee Phelps.

"SING FOR YOUR SUPPER"—Columbia: Evelyn Palmer, Jinx Falkenburg; Larry Hays, Charles Buddy Rogers; "The Mad Russian," Bert Gordon; Barbara Stevens, Eve Arden; Wing Boley, Don Beddoe; Kay Martin, Bernadene Hayes; Myron T. Hayworth, Henry Kolker; William, Benny Baker; Bonzo, Dewey Robinson.

"SPOILERS, THE"—Universal: Cherry Malotte, Marlene Dietrich; Alexander McNamara, Randolph Scott; Roy Glennister, John Wayne; Helen Chester, Margaret Lindsay; Judge Stillman, Samuel S. Hinds; Dextery, Harry Carey; Bronco Kid, Richard Barthelmess; Wheaton, William Farnum; Idabelle, Marietta Canty; Robert Service, Himself.

"SUICIDE SQUADRON"—Republic: Stefan Radetzky, Anton Walbrook; Carol Peters, Sally Gray; Mike Carroll, Derrick De Marney; Specialist, Cecil Parker; Bill Peters, Percy Parsons; De Guise, Kenneth Kent; Resident Physician, J. H. Roberts; Shorty, Guy Middleton; British Commander, John Laurie; Polish Bomber Commander, Frederick Valk.

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"—Paramount: A. M. MacGregor, Rosalind Russell; Tom Verney, Fred MacMurray; Jonathan Caldwell, Macdonald Carey; Ethel Caldwell, Constance Moore; G. B. Atwater, Robert Benchley; Fud Newton, Charles Arnt; Uncle George, Cecil Kellaway; Aunt Minnie, Kathleen Howard; Aunt Judy, Margaret Seddon; Moses, Dooley Wilson; Sam, George H. Reed; Sally, Margaret Hayes; Mickey Dowling, Sonny Boy Williams; Secretary, John Holland.

"TORTILLA FLAT"—M-G-M: Pilon, Spencer Tracy; Dolores "Sweets" Ramirez, Hedy Lamarr; Danny, John Garfield; The Pirate, Frank Morgan; Pablo, Akim Tamiroff; Tito Ralph, Sheldon Leonard; Jose Maria Corcoran, John Qualen; Paul D. Cummings, Donald Meek; Mrs. Torrelli, Connie Gilchrist; Portagee Joe, Allen Jenkins; Father Ramon, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Marellis, Mercedes Ruffino; Senora Teresina, Nina Campana; Mr. Brown, Arthur Space; Cesca, Betty Wells; Torrelli, Harry Burns.

"TRUE TO THE ARMY"—Paramount: Daisy Hawkins, Judy Canova; Private Stephen Chandler, Allan Jones; Vicky Marlowe, Ann Miller; Private J. Wethersby Fothergill, "Pinky," Jerry Colonna.

"TWIN BEDS"—Small-U. A.: Mike Abbott, George Brent; Julie Abbott, Joan Bennett; Nicolai Cherupin, Mischa Auer; Lydia, Una Merkel; Sonya, Glenda Farrell; Larky, Ernest Truex; Norah, Margaret Hamilton; Butler, Charles Coleman; Manager, Charles Arnt.

"WHISPERING GHOSTS"—20th Century-Fox: E. H. Van Buren, Milton Berle; Elizabeth Woods, Brenda Joyce; David Courtland, John Shelton; Norbert (Long Jack), John Carradine; Euclid White, Willie Best; Gilpin, Edmund MacDonald; Inspector Norris, Arthur Hohl; Jonathan Flack, Grady Sutton; Doctor Bascomb, Milton Parsons; Mac Wolf, Abner Bibberman; Meg, Rene Riano; Gruber, Charles Halton; Conroy, Harry Hayden.

"WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE"—Columbia: Anita Woverman, Joan Bennett; Christopher Reynolds, Franchot Tone; Major Zellfruits, Allyn Joslyn; Countess Oldenburg, Cecil Cunningham; Keith, Roger Clark; Thomas Woverman, Lloyd Corrigan; Muller, Lyle Latell; Mrs. Woverman, Georgia Caine; Maria Woverman, Barbara Brown; Jan, Erskine Sanford; Adolph Bietjelboer, Chester Clute; Hendrik Woverman, Hans Conried; Zanten, Romaine Callender; Chief Justice, Aubrey Mather; Gustav, William Edmunds; Mrs. Brandt, Curtis Railing; Miss Updike, Nora Cecil; Capt. Schmutnick, Kurt Katch; The Twins, Margaret Seddon; Kate MacKenna; Major Wilson, Gordon Richards.



A decorated Bob Hope decorates Photoplay-Movie Mirror. The Hope's seen with his medals—and Claudette Colbert—at the rehearsal of Hollywood's big Victory Caravan (see page 8)

Menus "Sparkle" with Signet

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CHERRY TARTS

... steal every heart

- 6 to 8 tender pastry tart shells
- 1 jar Signet Cherries (Bing or Royal Anne)
- 1 pkg. cherry flavored gelatine

Drain juice from jar of Signet Cherries. Add water to make 2 cups. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat. Add gelatine; stir until dissolved. Chill until jelly begins to thicken. Fill the pastry shells with well drained cherries. Over the cherries, pour the thickened jelly. Chill until jelly is firm. Top with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 6 to 8.

JELLIED PEARS

cool and satisfying ...

- 1 jar Signet Bartlett Pears
- 1 pkg. orange or strawberry flavored gelatine
- 3 or 4 vanilla wafers

Drain juice from jar of Signet Bartlett Pears. Add water to make 2 cups liquid. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat; add gelatine. Dissolve. Pour layer of jelly into shallow baking pan or individual molds. Chill slightly. Place pears in jelly, hollow centers up. Chill until firm. Fill hollows of pears with vanilla wafers, crumbled. Chill remaining gelatine until thickened. Pour into mold (carefully). Chill until set. Garnish with mint or other greens for individual molds. Cut portions from large mold and serve on lettuce or with whipped cream. Serves 6.

FROZEN CHEESE AND FRUIT SALAD

for a very special occasion

- 1 jar Signet Fruit Salad
- 1 pkg. cream cheese (3 oz.)
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk, whipped (or whipping cream, if preferred)
- 1 tablespoon gelatine (unflavored)

Drain juice from Signet Fruit Salad. Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup of fruit juice. Heat gently over low flame until gelatine is dissolved. Cool. Add cheese, mayonnaise, lemon juice. Mix. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Whip evaporated milk or whipping cream until quite stiff and add to mixture. Add 1 cup of fruit from Signet Fruit Salad. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Turn mold onto serving platter. Garnish with greens. Fill center with the remaining fruit. Serves 7 to 8.

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